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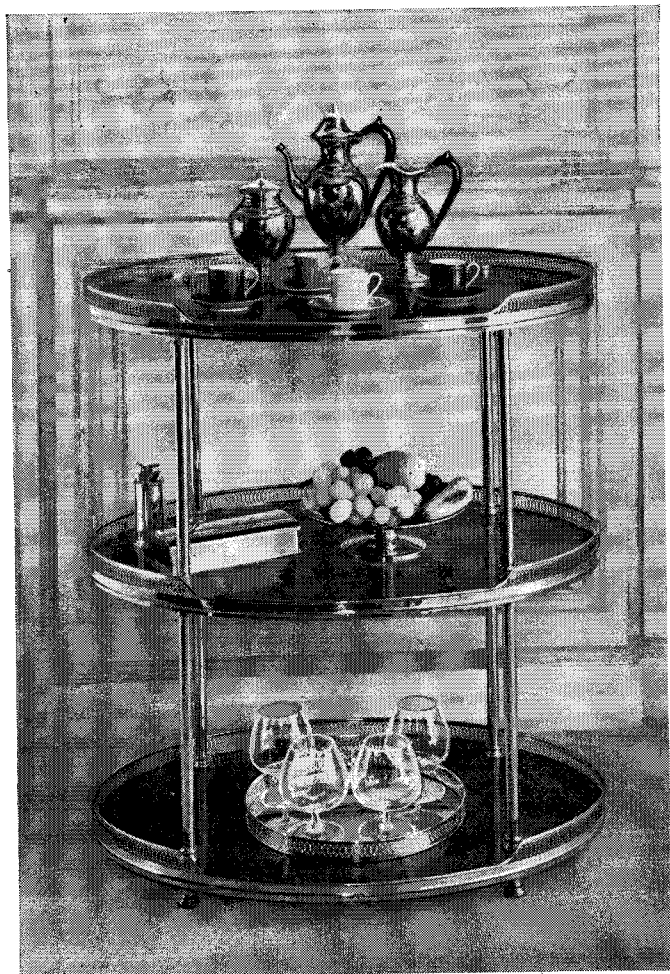
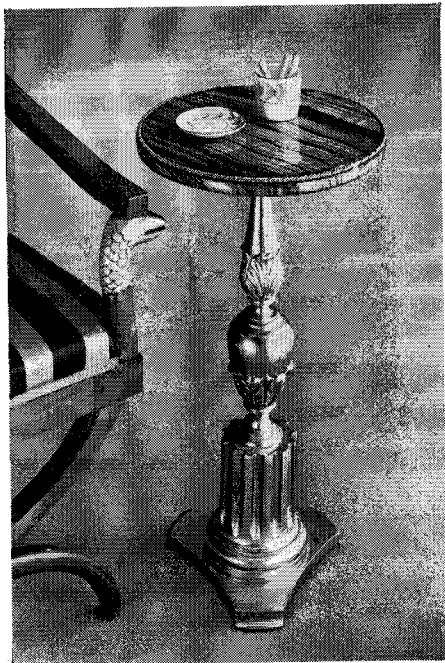
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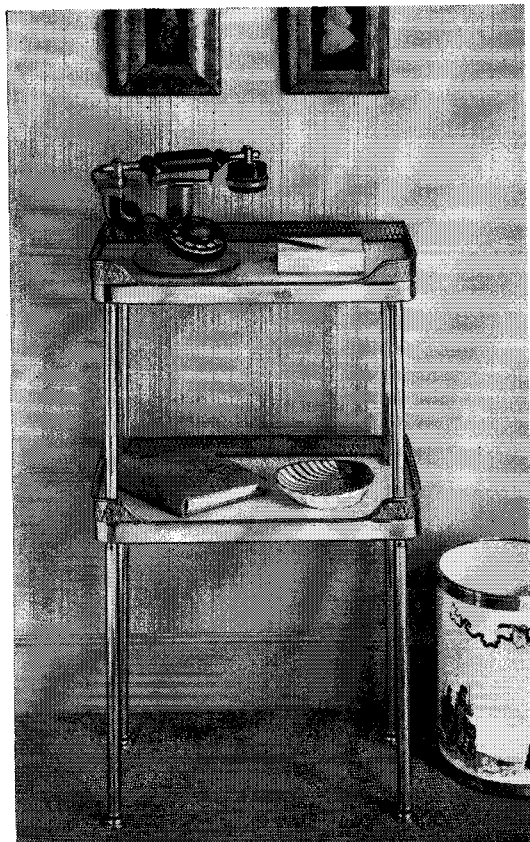
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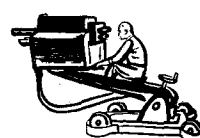
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE CAVE DWELLERS—William Saroyan's comedy about a group of derelicts in an abandoned theatre has some of the quality of "The Time of Your Life" but unfortunately there the matter stands. Carmen Capalbo directed a cast that includes Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)

COMPULSION—While this play, adapted from the Meyer Levin novel about the Loeb-Leopold case, has its effective scenes, it is all on a pretty primitive level. The cast of forty-four is headed by Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

FAIR GAME—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcee, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, but he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

MONIQUE—There are a couple of grisly surprises waiting for you at the end of this melodrama, but the preliminary exposition is long and rather tedious. The cast, which acts its collective head off, includes Patricia Jessel, Denholm Elliott, and Percy Waram. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)

NATURE'S WAY—All kinds of jokes about everything from childbirth to Southern dramatists strung together to no particular purpose in a parlor comedy by Herman Wouk. Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Audrey Christie head the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NUDE WITH VIOLIN—The stylish presence of Noël Coward does a lot to redeem this comedy of his about some dirty work in the world of modern art, but perhaps not quite enough. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a wonderful part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156.

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Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

THE ROPE DANCERS—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel are impressive in leading roles, and Boris Aronson designed the effective set. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SQUARE ROOT OF WONDERFUL—Carson McCullers' play dealing with a woman's struggle for maturity seems commonplace after her "The Member of the Wedding." Anne Baxter, Jean Dixon, Philip Abbott, and William Smithers have the leading roles. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIME REMEMBERED—This Anouilh comedy, about a wonderful collection of lunatics and lovers, is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. She is supported by a cast that includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders, and the sets, costumes, and incidental music are the work of Oliver Smith, Miles White, and Vernon Duke, in that order. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family, and José Quintero is the director. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** Tom Ewell

in a comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** An account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, is the astral visitor. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE COUNTRY WIFE—Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey, and Pamela Brown in William Wycherley's Restoration comedy. Directed by George Devine and presented by the Playwrights' Company. Malcolm Wells, and Daniel Blum. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

JAMAICA—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. E. Y. Harburg wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Fred Saily on the libretto; the scene and costume designers are Oliver Smith and Miles White, respectively; and the choreographer is Jack Cole. The cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

RUMPLE—Eddie Foy, together with some pleasant-looking girls, is about all this musical has to offer, since the book is a sad business, having to do with a cartoon character who gets out of the hands and head of his creator. Ernest G. Schweikert and Frank Reardon are responsible for the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, Lois O'Brien and Barbara Perry. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-2226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)

WEST SIDE STORY—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a little lacking in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **HAPPY HUNTING:** The only thing to be said about it is that Ethel Merman is in it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI

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THE NEW YORKER

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)... **ALBANY:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Joyce Gladmond head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." With Robert Weede (Richard Tori substitutes for him at the matinee performances), Betty Oakes, Art Lund, and Helon Blount, (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in a musical version of "What Price Glory?" The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. Edward Mulhare will succeed Mr. Harrison on Friday, Nov. 29. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—A play by Ketti Frings, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel, with Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith. The director is George Roy Hill and the producers are Kermit Bloomgarden and Theatre 200, Inc. Opens Thursday, Nov. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—A new play by William Inge, with Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart in a cast under the direction of Elia Kazan. Presented by Saint Subber, in association with Mr. Kazan. Opens Thursday, Dec. 5. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Noël Coward's musical play "Conversation Piece," with Joan Copeland, René Paul, and Sarah Burton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Brendan Burke. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Leo Penn (who will be replaced on Tuesday, Dec. 3, by Henderson Forsythe) and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

CRICKET THEATRE—Vicki Cummings in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-

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4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Richard III," directed by Stuart Vaughan and with George C. Scott in the title role. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, but tickets will not be honored after the curtain goes up.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Eileen Herlie in Karel Capek's melodrama "The Makropoulos Secret," adapted and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Previews Friday through Monday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

RENATA THEATRE—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGTHS—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE EAST—"The Will and the Way," an Irish comedy by Michael Molloy. Previews Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8:40, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:40. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 2. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Friday matinee, Nov. 29: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C."... Friday evening, Nov. 29: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, Nov. 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... Saturday evening, Nov. 30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."... Sunday matinee, Dec. 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Square Dance," "Sylvia Pas de

Deux," and "Fanfare."... Sunday evening, Dec. 1: "Orpheus," "Agon" (première), "Apollo," and "Firebird."... Tuesday evening, Dec. 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Cage," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Souvenirs," "Agon," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Four Temperaments," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Fanfare."... Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, Dec. 7: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Pied Piper."... Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Orpheus," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8089. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

BHASKAR AND SASHA—A program of the dances and music of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the stately homes of Park Avenue, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their favorite countinghouse. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this year is solely a *palais de danse*, operated by a remarkably cheerful orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel, and a large choir of violinists, who sometimes swarm all over the customers and sometimes just do waltz music. Closed Mondays... There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is serving up Moët & Chandon music at debaucherate speed, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Marie McDonald, who represents a one-woman Pacific Coast school of jazz, turns her throaty voice loose on songs by the composers of the Hit Parade and on conversation by the composers of the Hollywood smog. Closed Sundays... The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty... Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Guy Lombardo's orchestra, dreamily drifting along with the tide, which in this room never gets above a speed of four knots. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good chateau, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one can prance all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper by Fernanda Montel, whose hairdo and gowns are as sumptuous as the urbane life she sings about. She winds up on Wednesday, Dec. 4. Next evening, Julie Wilson, the Maisonette's household pet, starts singing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-



2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—From time to time during dinner and supper, the whopping Café Rouge offers dance music by the band of Les and Larry Elgart, whose orchestrations are garden-fresh, not cold-storage. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, though still arrayed as a simple, barefoot boy, is now turning folk music into folk opera, what with his vast entourage of singers and musicians. His own footwork during the downpour, which occupies the dinner and supper hour in the Empire Room, adds a touch of folk ballet. Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keep the customers on the move in between. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang and Dick Farney's trio plunk down genuine, handmade New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

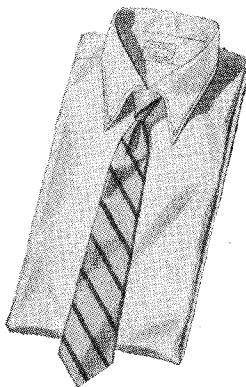
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most cooperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Paul Morse is the Sunday operator. . .

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Bud Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the blithe piano of the owner and the romantic piano of Ralph Strain (his last night is Sunday, Dec. 1) and Wayne Sanders; i.e., three piano men, no waiting. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten. The music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . .

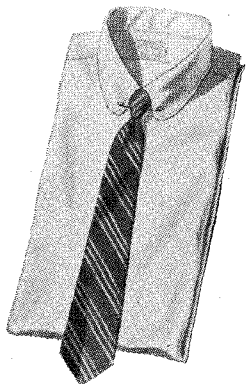
MONSIEUR, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Eternal Rome, city of musicians, city of chefs. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuît*) is Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, plus a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who keeps the night warm and nostalgic from nine to one. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight, and again from ten to one-thirty or even later. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The tongue-in-cheek



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BROOKS BROTHERS OWN PLAIN COLLAR SHIRT (bottom) *White Long Staple Cotton Oxford*, \$8. *White Scottish Broadcloth with Double Cuffs*, \$10.50. *White Domestic Broadcloth*, \$6.50. *Fine Blue, Tan or Grey Stripes on imported White English Broadcloth*, \$10.50. *Brookscloth in White*, \$10.50

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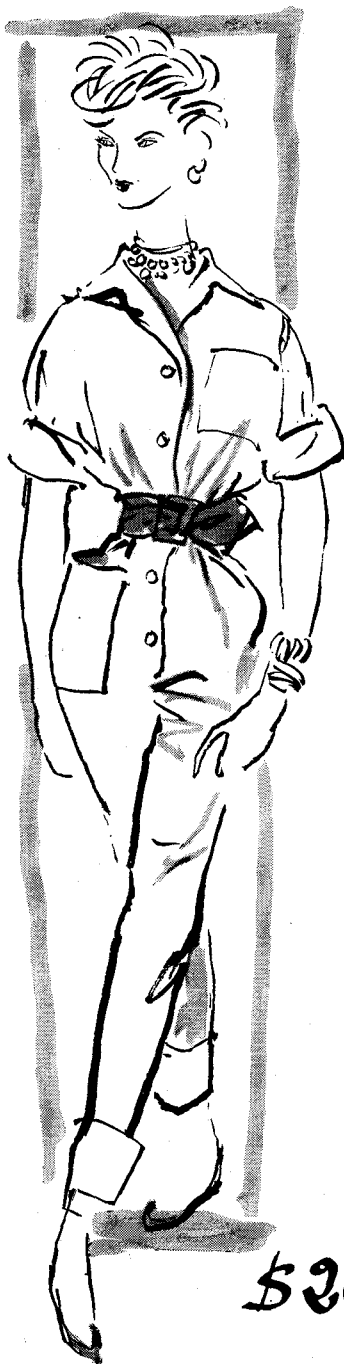
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

back-room art gallery becomes a conservatory of music at ten, the hour the Lee Evans trio begins its buoyant jive. Don Carey, the incumbent solo pianist, bows out on Sunday, Dec. 1; on Tuesday, Dec. 3, Hugh Shannon will begin his first New York public-house engagement in some years, playing and singing those cajoling songs of his. He starts at eleven. Mondays, a trio involving Denzil Best and Cecil Young is in charge, loosely and carefreely speaking. ... **CASANOVA**, 1538 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Period-piece décor runs riot, but everything else is on the q. t., even the piano, violin, and voice. All this is available every evening but Sunday. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A venerable institution revived in a nice new colonnade. The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbabons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A fine part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. There's rambling piano by George Feyer from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. ... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. ... **NINO'S**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti offers hearts-and-flowers piano every evening but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day, from five to ten. ... **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The important guest in this vast hurly-burly is Milton Berle, who is enormously comical whenever his patent separator can tell wheat from chaff. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, in real life) are off to the Camptown Races every night but Monday. True pioneers, they forge their own words, music, and instrumentation, all of it dizzy. The seven-day workers in the vineyard are Phil Leeds, whose gentle jokes can almost catch you unawares; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who make up their one-act comedies on the spur of the moment; and Les Garçons de la Rue, a four-man glee club just in from Paris. The latter-day Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. ... In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio and outlandish upsur by the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. ... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): In the extremely informal off-Broadway theatrics that go on here, Topsy is given a mordant reading by Stella Brooks, a *disease* to stamp out all other *diseases*, and Little Eva is given a bewitching read-

ing by Daphne Hellman, who has a trio as well as a harp at hand for her ascent to Heaven. Julius Monk, entrepreneur of the Downstairs Room, is master of these revels in his spare time, and Warren Vaughn is the pianist. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mort Sahl leaves no philosopher's stone unturned as he discusses what's wrong with you, me, him, and the world. He's a sound man, and a funny one. Now and then, Jimmy Giuffre's trio (Jim Hall and Jim Atlas are the co-partners) woos a current-idiom muse so gentle that she's almost supersonic. On Sundays, there's a reprise at 4:30 P.M., as well as the usual soirée. Closed Mondays. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, whether myth or manic-depressive, is a wit with a wonderfully devious turn of mind. Her compatriots in this madhouse are the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; Annette Warren, a soprano who comes under the heading of saucy soubrette; the Three Flames, who are extrovert musicians; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. The room is closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The little bar has songs by Ralph Blane, who knows exactly how to sing them and (teamed with the eminent Hugh Martin) exactly how to write them, plus Bobo Lewis, a rather bright girl, who horses about with some rather good jokes. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sunday, Dec. 1, Mr. Blane is off duty, and Miss Lewis cracks her last joke. Tuesday, Dec. 3, a new show arrives. ... **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): At the bottom of this underground duplex, there is Bobby Short, Hollywood's official greeter of the dawn, singing all about what to do with rosebuds after you've gathered them, and playing an enviable brand of superheated piano. His holiday is Sunday. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Precisely the right kind of music for cats to meow to is being made by such Original Dixielanders and Chicagoans as Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not everyone comes here to stop talking and listen, so down front is the best (in fact, the only) vantage point. Eddie Heywood's trio, a steady-going old-timer, and the Remarkable Rubin threesome, origin unknown, have the podium. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The progressive trios of Bernard Peiffer, who understands American piano better than almost any other Frenchman alive, and of Eddie Costa, an unsung but interesting plier of the keyboard, are in operation. The Peiffers take Sunday off, and the Costas are away on Monday. Wednesday, Dec. 4, is closing time for Mr. Costa et al.; Alex Kallao's threesome moves in the day after. Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are around from six to nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The voice of Sarah Vaughan, glissando as a toboggan slide, fills these precincts with vibrant jazz when Johnny Smith's counterpoint quartet and Jimmy Smith's trio are taking their breath-

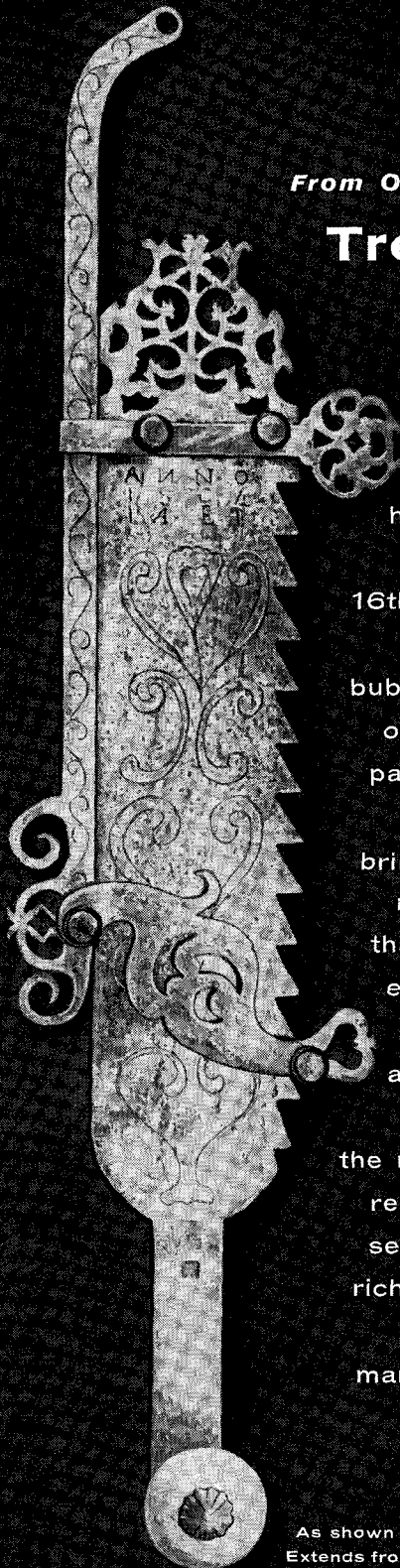
ers. This is the deal through Wednesday, Dec. 4. The night after, Count Basie's big band, for which Joe Williams emits the deepest of blues, opens fire. The Mitchell-Ruff duo reports for duty the same evening. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every night is lady's night, for the newest hands on the piano inside the oval bar belong to Marian McPartland, who's having herself a vintage year. Her trio reports at nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): A music room elegant enough to be a board room but down-to-earth enough to serve up the sort of cacophony its name suggests. The Riverboat Five Plus Two, which has all the essential equipment (such as tuba and banjo), is exactly right for the job. The intermission pianist is Harry Brooks, who is exactly right, too. On Sunday, Dec. 1, a college reunion—Hobart College's Russ Bowman and His Finger Lake Five Plus One, Williams College's Phinney's Favorite Five, both operating from 4 P.M. on. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): After the dinner hour, Barbara Carroll is at the piano, proving beyond doubt that there's nothing like a woman's touch around the house. Her touch is modern, but never to the point of austerity. She and her trio are there every night but Sunday. Between sets, Oscar Nord sits in at the keyboard. . . . **CHERRY LANE**, 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): Behind a gruff exterior, a small Byzantine palace, in the dining room of which a new triumvirate of prominent citizens—Dick Hyman, Milt Hinton, and Joe Puma—play jazz after ten. From dinnertime on, Clyde Burke, a reformed singer-with-a-band, contributes handsome madrigals at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall of the Henry Hudson Hotel by such valuable assistants as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. They play for both listening and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An old *Brauhaus* whose music has been aged in the wood since before Rampart Street was paved. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, the participants should be Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Seduc, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Modernist musicians come and go, in accordance with a timetable inexplicable to mere mortals. George Wallington's trio should be moving out on Thursday, Nov. 28, and Bobby Scott's duo should be moving in a day later. Les Jazz Modes (French for "quintet") should be leaving on Sunday, Dec. 1, and Horace Silver's fivesome is due next evening. Or so says an informed source. Sessions every Sunday from 3:30 P.M. until 7, too. One fact, though, is definite—the room is closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The town's tiniest soapbox, in which the quintet of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a cause, states its uncompromising but worthy ideas about how modern music should be played. Closed Mondays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Madison Room, the Finger Lake Five Plus One will go to it on Friday, Nov. 29; on Saturday, Phinney's Favorite Five will be there. The music, pristine in format, will run from seven to eleven.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Paintings by this Italian abstractionist; through Dec. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)
SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of



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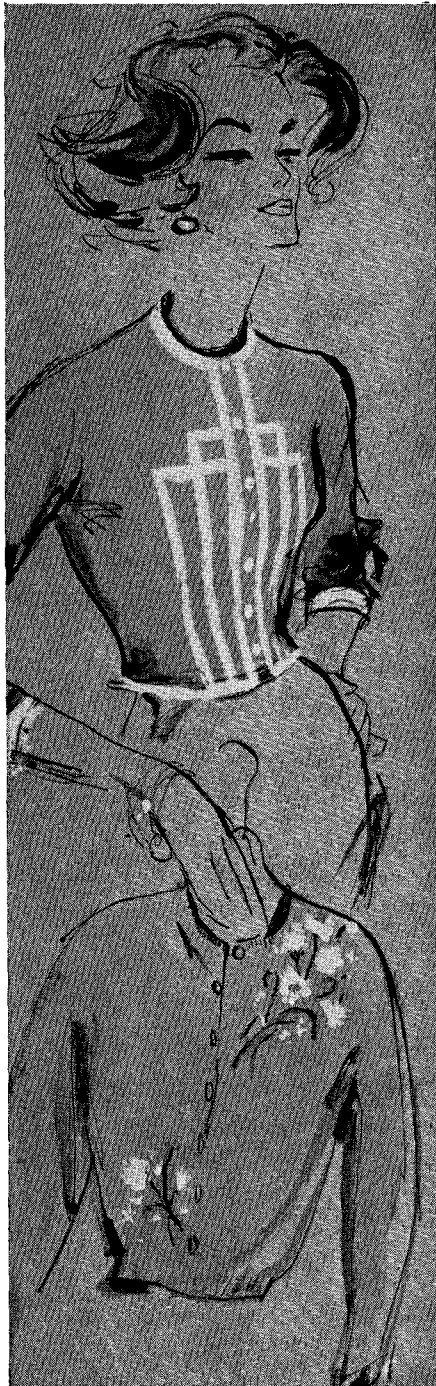
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hammered-copper sculptures, done in the last years of his life; through Dec. 12. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Preliminary drawings of the sets and costumes used in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Don Giovanni;" through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AARON BOHRD—New paintings, continuing his recent trend toward the trompe-l'oeil in style; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

HUGO CONSUEGRA—Abstract paintings, sombre in mood, by a young Cuban artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 2 to 6:30.)

ROBERT COOK—Bronze (mostly) and wood sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

ELAINE DE KOONING—Big, boldly patterned Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—A new set of his gracefully twining, looping forms, mostly in stainless steel; through Dec. 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Abstract water colors, as well as a ten-by-sixteen-foot canvas; through Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MILTON GOLDRING—Large and colorful abstractions, occasionally a little reminiscent of Matta; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Metal sculptures; through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Roko, 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Abstract oils, water colors, and gouaches; through Dec. 14. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

JAMES KEARNS—Sculptures and drawings, both done with a kind of Flemish solidity of form; through Monday, Dec. 2. (Gallery G., 200 E. 50th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER—The first comprehensive exhibition (1902-32) in this country of paintings by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE—Water colors and drawings, ranging in date from 1914 to 1940; through Dec. 14. (Saidentberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

WALT KUHN—A small but interesting group of his very rare landscapes; through Dec. 14. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE LUKS—Water colors, most of them done in the late nineteen-twenties in and around Old Chatham; through Dec. 21. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Meticulously painted still-lives and other oils, plus some drawings; through Dec. 14. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO MORANDI—Oils, drawings, and etchings, primarily still-lives, and these mainly of bottles in various arrangements, by an Italian who makes this his specialty; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—New abstractions, more fluent in design than previously; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

BETTY PARSONS—Recent abstractions, many of them on New Mexican motifs, in her first exhibition in almost three years; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—Drawings and other graphics, 1934-56, none ever exhibited before; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—A small set of biting

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARPREGE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

studies of prison life; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Abstracts; through Dec. 14. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

GERMAINE RICHIER—Bronzes by the French sculptress; through Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Dec. 14. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—New paintings, broadly calligraphic in style, by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

MARK TOBEY—Explosively effective drawings in ink and wash; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

VLAMINCK—Flower paintings and landscapes, dated 1909-56; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT—Abstract paintings, full of color and movement; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

YEKTAI—Impressionist oils; through Dec. 14. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Water colors, drawings, and a few oils, costing from \$100 to \$750, by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Arthur Dove; through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, ranging in price from \$100 to \$400, by Marsden Hartley, Jules Pascin, Ben Bann, and others; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, among others, Herman Rose, Philip Evergood, and Moses Soyer; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show contains oils chosen by Vaclav Vytlačil, Anthony Toney, and George Tooker; through Friday, Nov. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

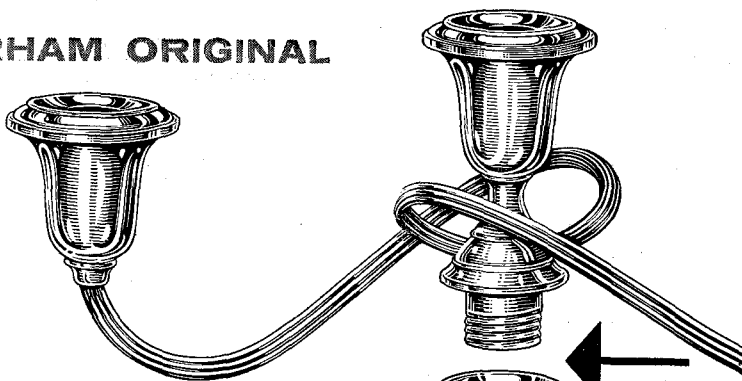
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the FINDLAY, 11 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters—Utrillo, Bonnard, and Momet, to name three; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Léger, Modigliani, and Severini; through Dec. 21. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Jan. 4. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Drawings and water colors, from Tiepolo to Picasso; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fourteen oils by Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists, plus a single sculpture by Modigliani; through Dec. 21. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Fernand Léger and André Masson, from the middle years of their careers, along with predominantly European sculptures by Degas, Henry Moore, and other twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Dec. 7.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Anthony Toney; starting Monday, Dec. 2. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Eula; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Larry Rivers; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky; starting Monday, Dec. 2. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Herbert Ferber; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Anne Ryan; starting Monday, Dec. 2. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jean-Paul Riopelle; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Palmer; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Hugh Wiley; starting Monday, Dec. 2. . . . Group shows at the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.; starting Thursday, Dec. 5. For the joint benefit of the Queen of the Hellenes Fund and the Hospitalized Veterans Service. **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.; starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and sculptures, some of

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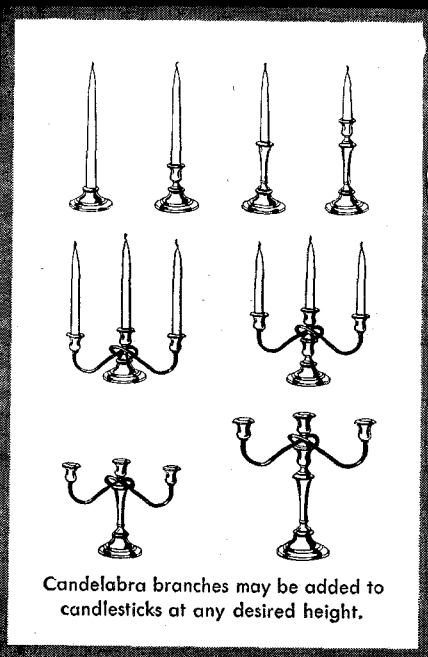


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them recent acquisitions. Among the artists represented are Homer, Marin, Pollock, and Noguchi.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that at one time or another have been donated or bequeathed to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of twentieth-century German paintings and sculptures by Kirchner, Klee, Lehmbruck, and others; through Sunday, Dec. 1.... ¶ An exhibit of American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Grosz, de Chirico, Mondrian, and others) acquired by the Museum during the past year; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States, a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller, and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A new selection of painted figures, masks, ritual vessels, and ceramics from the New World, Africa, and Oceania, in an exhibition stressing the use of color in primitive art; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, and Louise Nevelson are on the roster of fourteen sculptors responsible for some eighty works in a show celebrating the Museum's twentieth anniversary; starting Sunday, Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Antonietta Stella, Helen Vanni, Daniele Barioni, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Aida," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. (A benefit for the Hartman-Homecrest Children's Services.)... ¶ Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Victoria de los Angeles, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Risè Stevens, Emelia Cundari, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, and Leonard Warren. (A benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation; for tickets, call YU 6-6094.)...

¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Jan Peerce, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall—André Cluytens conducting on Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:30 (both with Guiomar Novaes, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:45 (with Leonid Hambro, piano). . . . ¶ André Cluytens conducting on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 (with Guiomar Novaes, piano). . . . ¶ Fernando Previtali conducting on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 6, at 2:30 (both with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Leontyne Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Davis Shuman, trombone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Emerson Buckley directing a performance of Puccini's opera "Le Villi," in concert form, with Mary Henderson, soprano; Paulo Mori, tenor; and Hugh Thompson, baritone. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing, with Cesare Siepi, bass-baritone. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30, the second and third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:40, a varied program, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF—Soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

PAGANINI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall, Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

PERRY O'NEIL—Piano. (Town Hall, Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

MAUREEN FORRESTER—Contralto. (Town Hall, Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

HARPSICORD MUSIC SOCIETY—The first in a series of three programs, this one a solo recital by Sylvia Marlowe. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

MICHAEL TREE—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

BERNARDO SEGALL—Piano. (Town Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI AND JOSEPH SZIGETI—A program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The third concert in the series, this one by the Mannes Trio. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. For



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tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

JOSEPH BATTISTA—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:30.)

GLENN GOULD—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Pierre Fournier will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Dec. 3, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, Ray Charles, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Chet Baker, Zoot Sims, Sonny Rollins, and others are scheduled to appear. A benefit for the Morningside Community Center. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

BLACK WATCH—The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Paolo Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, light-weights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 2... ♣ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. ... **SATURDAY, NOV. 30** (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia... ♣ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 30, at 3: Rangers vs. Detroit... ♣ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 1, at 9: Knicks vs. Detroit... ♣ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

RACING—At Jamaica: Daily at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thanksgiving Day between 10:30 and 1; Friday between 10:45 and 1; and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nightly at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track nightly at 6:51; additional trains Friday and Saturday at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Sonny Fox, narrator; Robert Nagel, trumpet; and a band from the High School of Music and Art. A second performance of a concert given on Nov. 17. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 2:40.)... **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

MUSICAL PLAY—"Dame Wiggins's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 11.)

EXHIBITS—A prolific assortment of electric trains, all bristling with the latest equipment. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.)...

¶ More trains, hustling along two thousand feet of track, together with Erector constructions and scientific displays, many of which the children can set going by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—The opening exhibition in the new Junior Museum is entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel" and is equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, not to mention its Sputniks, are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." Starting Tuesday, Dec. 3, there will be a new show, "The Christmas Star." (Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

MISCELLANY—"Santa Land" and "Ballet Echoes," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician, a clown, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 3.)...¶ Kajar, in a program of magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Ciardi reading from Dante's "Inferno." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The tenth national exhibition contains handbags, tapes, rugs, pictures, chair covers, religious vestments, and other pieces, in petitpoint, grospoint, and crewelwork. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:45: French provincial and other furniture and decorations, from various sources in France....¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 1:45: Autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts, from the estate of Thomas Henry Foster and from other sources....¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8: Japanese prints, the property of several collectors, among them the late Charles J. Morse....¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 1:45: Early English silver, dating from 1580 to 1820, and Minton porcelain, owned by George D. Widener and Mrs. Widener Dixon. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 30.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GERVAISE—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE GREEN MAN—Alastair Sim in a droll English farce having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Dec. 4.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

OPERATION MAD BALL—For a change, a really comical military film. Some soldiers attached to a medical unit stationed in France after the Second World War are distracted by the presence of a group of handsome nurses, and their method of impressing them—which includes pilfering practically everything that isn't nailed down from the mess of their outfit—is funny indeed. The highly skilled cast is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—The Broadway musical has been translated into a fast, merry, engaging film. Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Doris Day, and John Raitt race and frolic through the Sleepitite Pajama Factory in search of an elusive seven-and-a-half-cent raise. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay; Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen directed and produced the film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 28, tentative. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 1, tentative. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 4.)

THE RED BALLOON—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than



the half hour it takes to unravel. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 4. . . . 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 4, tentative.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES—A reasonably literate version of the book. They're all there—Jake Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley and Paris and the bullfights and Mike Campbell. With Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, and Eddie Albert. In overpowering color. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 30. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 1-3.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 2-4, at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE THIRD KEY—An inspector from Scotland Yard pursues a murderous safe-cracker in this English film, which never gets as clamorous as the usual movie descriptions of cops and robbers at their work but is still very interesting in its depiction of police methods. Jack Hawkins is stalwart as the inspector, and John Stratton, Richard Leech, and Dorothy Alison are commendable in supporting roles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Dec. 4.)

REVIVALS

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 4, tentative.)

FIVE FINGERS (1952)—Spy stuff, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 2-3.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Dec. 2-3.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 4, tentative.)

LA STRADA (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valfi. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Dec. 2-3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Nov. 30: "Accident" (1929); and "The Lie of Nina Petrovna" (1929), with Franz Lederer. . . . Dec. 1-4: "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929), directed by G. W. Pabst. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," Richard Egan, Jan Sterling.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Don't Go Near the Water," Glenn Ford, Gia Scala.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Bombers B-52," Natalie Wood, Karl Malden.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Kiss Them for Me," Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield, Suzy Parker.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Sad Sack," Jerry Lewis, David Wayne.

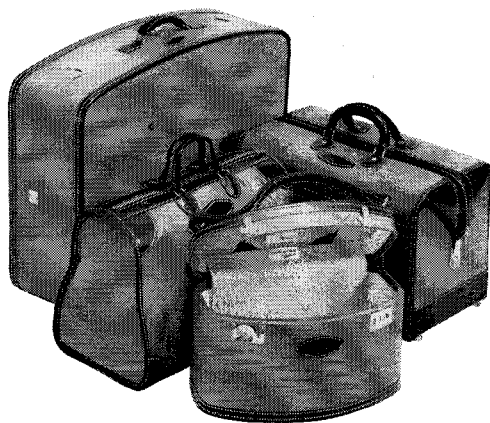
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
OPERATION MAD BALL.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Thanksgiving Day at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Friday, Nov. 29, at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2, 5, and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 2-4, at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.



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HARTMANN CARAVAN IN GRAY NYFOYLE AS ILLUSTRATED: 18" Station Wagon Bag, \$49.95; 42" Tally-Ho Garment Bag, \$79.95; 26" Pullman Case, \$75.00; 15" Train Case, \$49.95; Pony Bag, \$29.95. Also available in Buckskin Tan canvas. Prices plus taxes.

THE TRIP YOU'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR A LIFETIME is too important for anything but the best. This is the time for Hartmann . . . world's finest luggage.

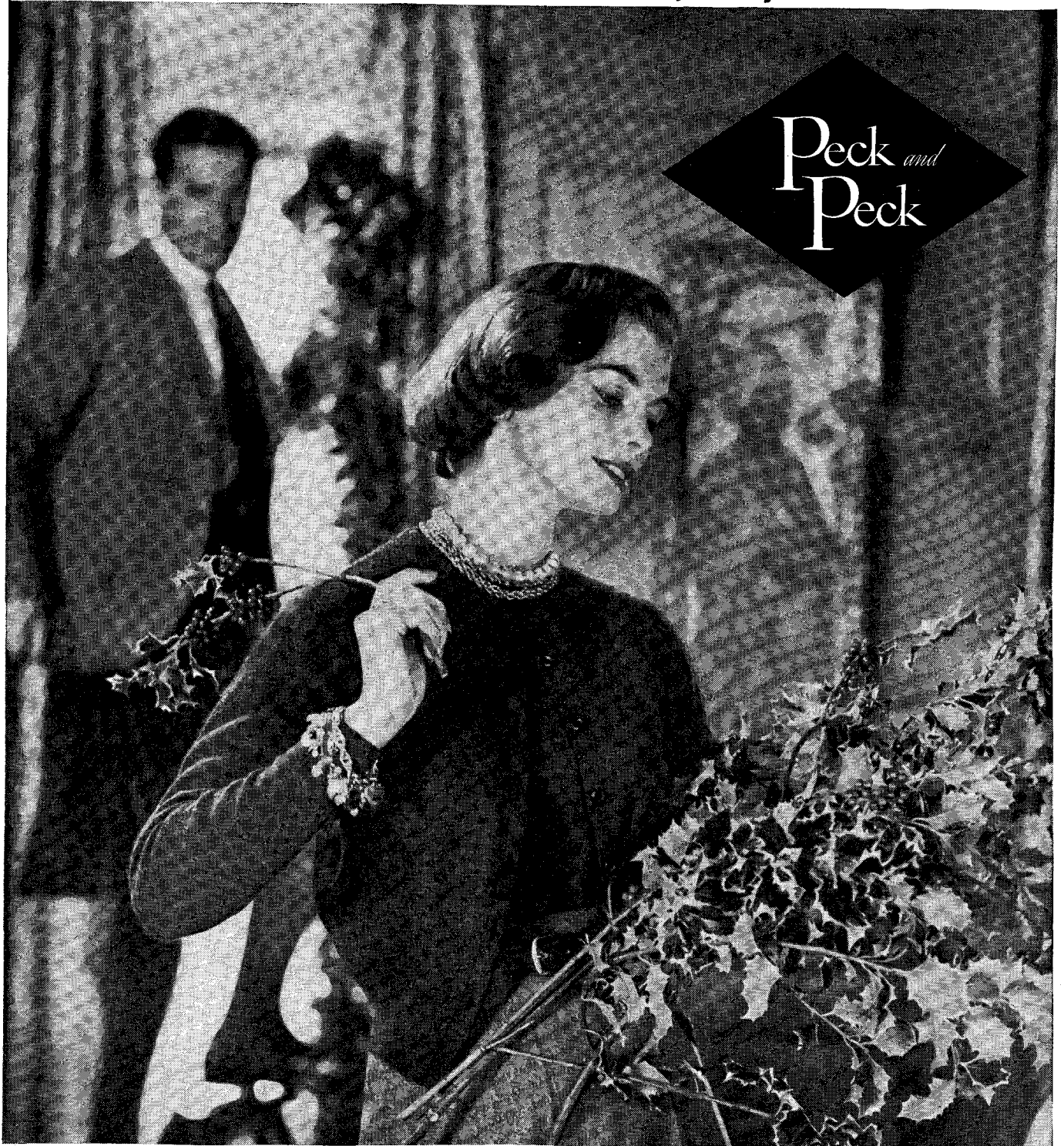
You'll travel with the assurance that your luggage reflects your own superb taste and good judgment. For example, if your choice is Hartmann's new Caravan in its excitingly different casual fashion, you'll enjoy unbelievable packing convenience . . . exceptional lightness . . . and the thrill of setting the pace in style. Above all, with Hartmann luggage you'll experience the extra courtesy and attention accorded those who live graciously . . . appreciate only the finest.

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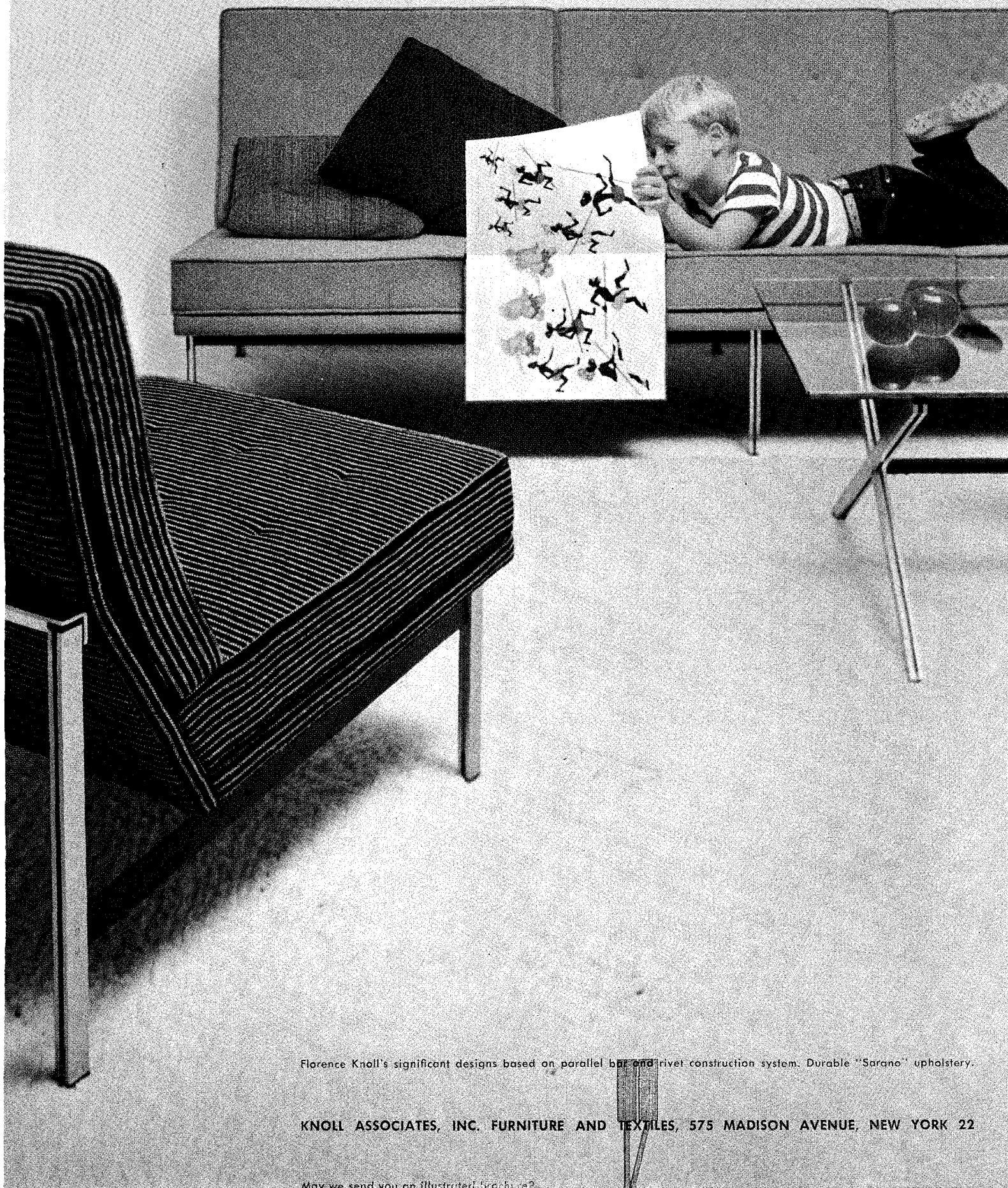


Christmas legend...
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Let your gift of Braemar spell the fashion story of the simple elegance that she loves. Angel-soft cashmere, full-fashioned and hand-finished inside and out with age-old Scottish perfection. St. Andrews blue, Highland red, Pibroch green, Partridge brown, and a full range of pale to deep tones. 34 to 40. *Clipped Cardigan, 31.95. Short-sleeved Pullover, 24.95.*

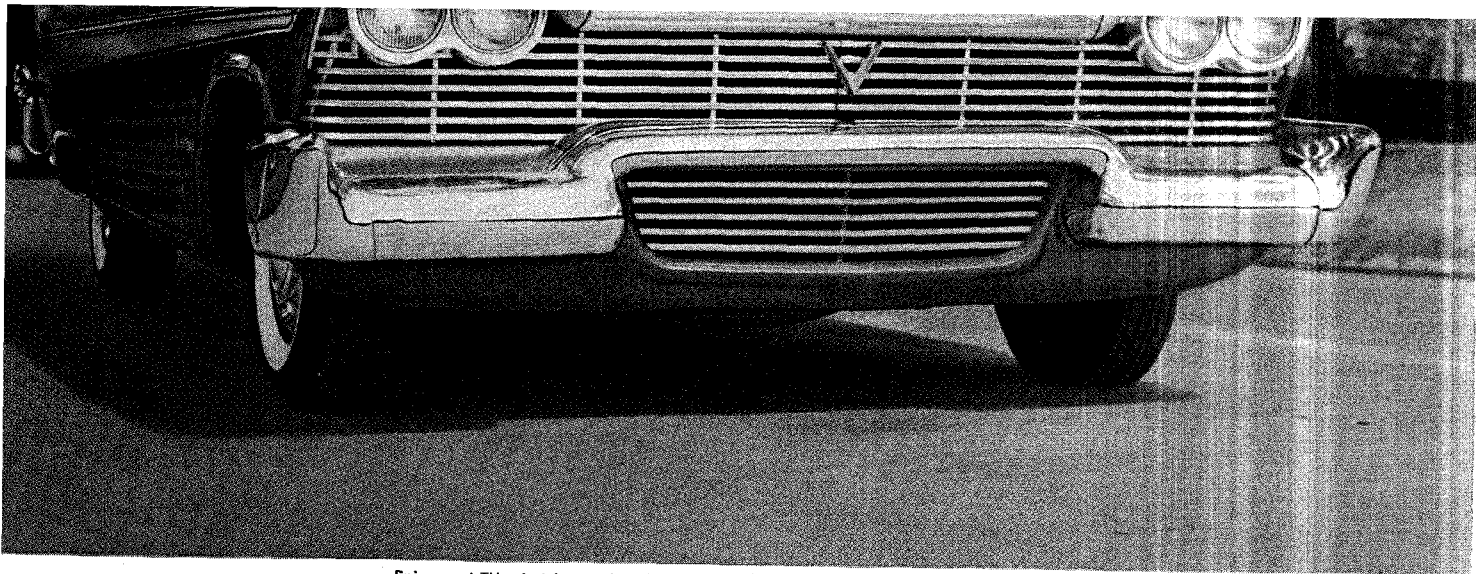
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
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Florence Knoll's significant designs based on parallel bar and rivet construction system. Durable "Sarano" upholstery.

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May we send you an illustrated brochure?



Enjoy great TV entertainment from Plymouth! "Date with the Angels," with Betty White, and Lawrence Welk's "Top Tunes and New Talent."

"WE DON'T FOLLOW THE LEADER...WE DRIVE IT!"

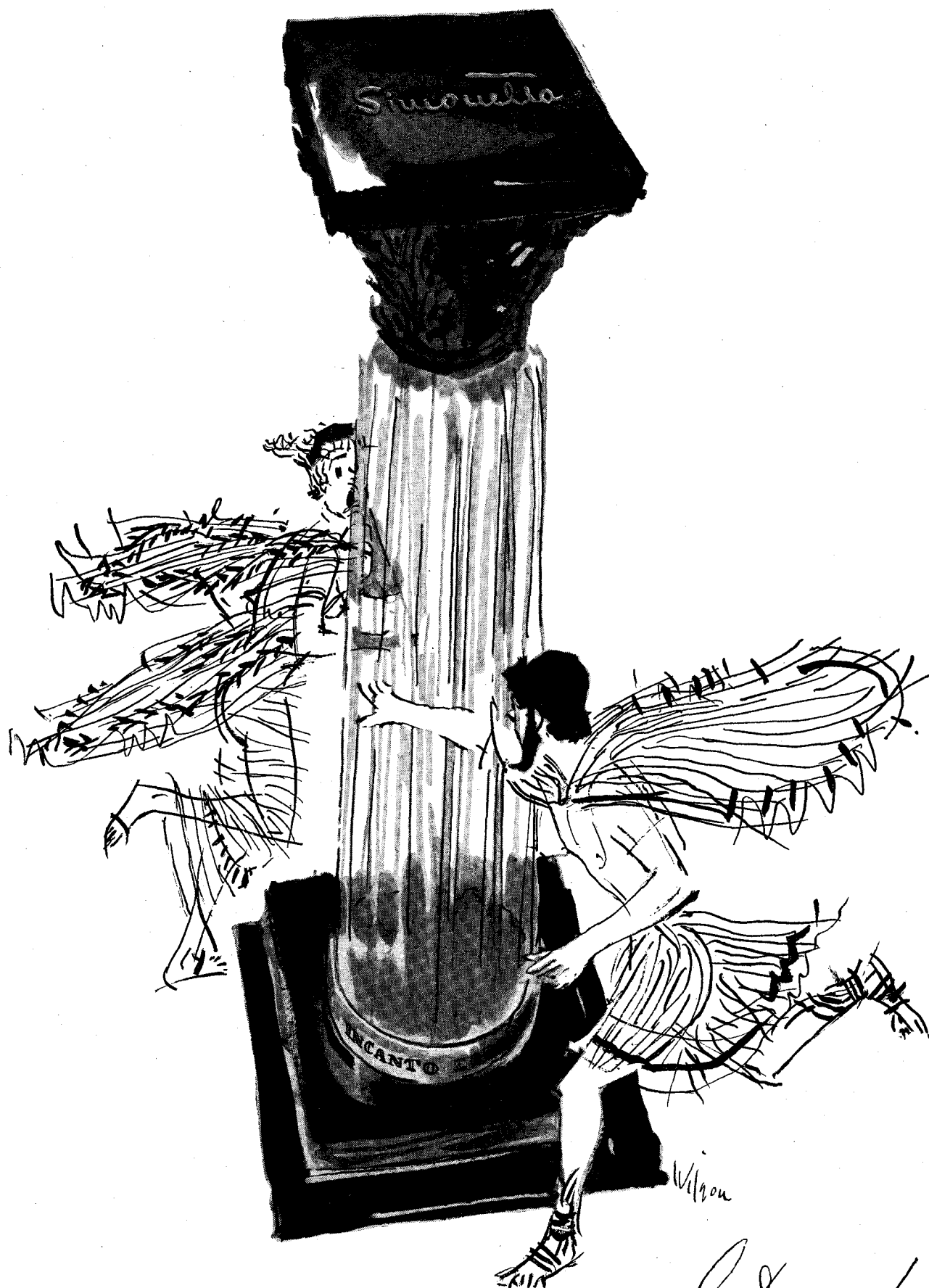
The pride of leadership is yours—unmistakably—in your new Plymouth! Know the thrill of owning the car that started years ahead of the "other two"—and then moved still further out front... for keeps! One trial drive will show you all the exciting advances and exclusive features that only the spacious and beautiful new Plymouth brings you in the low-price 3. See for yourself: There's no catching Plymouth!

Silver Dart Styling • **Directional Stabilizer Fins** • **Torsion-Aire Ride** • **Push-Button TorqueFlite*** • **Golden Commando V-8***
 A long, low sweep of beauty! For safer travel on the nation's highways! Luxurious big-car comfort! World's smoothest... easiest driving! The years-ahead engine!

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Star of the Forward Look **Plymouth**... ahead for keeps



It all began with Incanto —

Simonetta's impetuous fragrance from Rome

W. Wilson

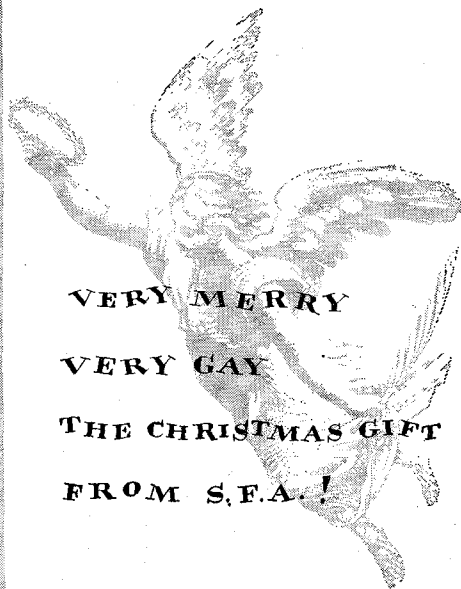


Fireside glamour—sleek black rayon faille pants with a golden key-fob. 12.95. And the gold-glittered imprint on our white cotton shirt. 10.95. Both 8-16 sizes. Young Elite® Separates.

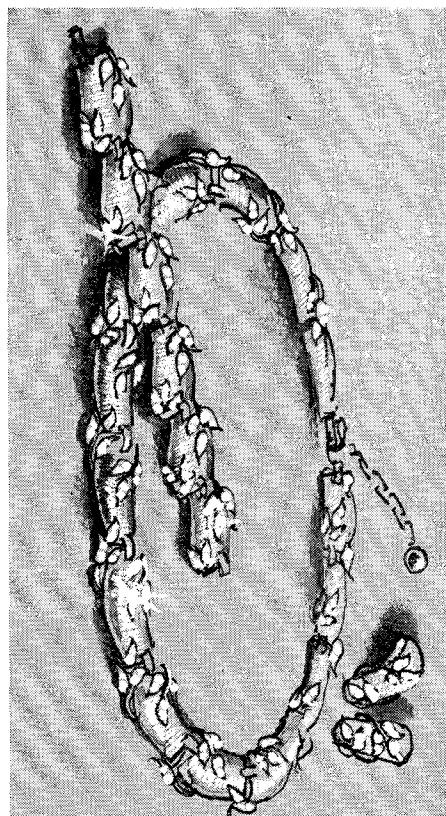


Turn over a golden leaf—and she'll discover a gleaming cultured pearl nestling in its finely brushed and veined center. Pin, 15.00. Earclips, 18.00. By Napier. Plus 10% Fed. tax.

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SAKS



**VERY MERRY
VERY GAY
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT
FROM S.F.A.!**



Our golden bough, delicately textured and entwined with tiny rhinestone leaves—a jewel look by Trifari she'll love. Necklace, 20.00. Bracelet, 15.00. Eardrops, 7.50. All plus tax.



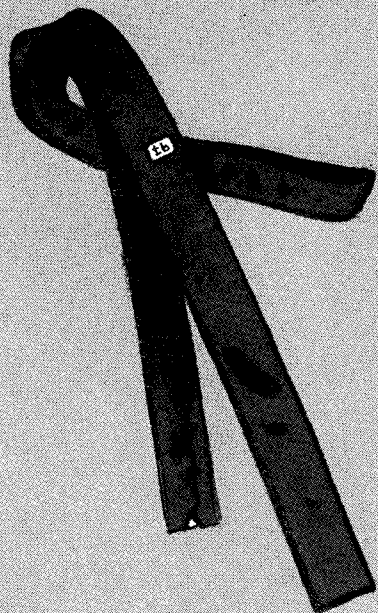
Quilting party, urban style—her prize patchwork skirt in black-and-white quilted cotton. 8-16 sizes. 25.00. Black wool jersey scoop blouse. In sizes from 10 to 16. 7.95. Young Elite® Separates.



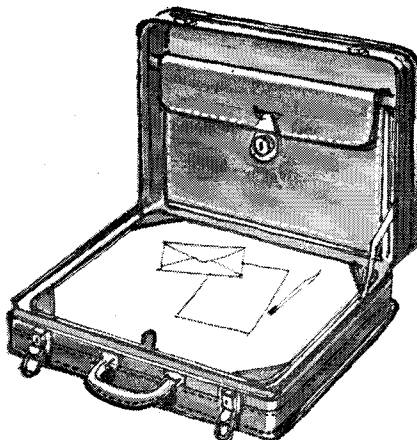
S.F.A.'s circus parade—a festive march all around our exclusive and impeccably tailored lady's shirt. In washable white rayon shirting with a luxury look and touch. 10-18 sizes. 8.95.

Mail and telephone orders filled • Saks Fifth Avenue • New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago • Detroit

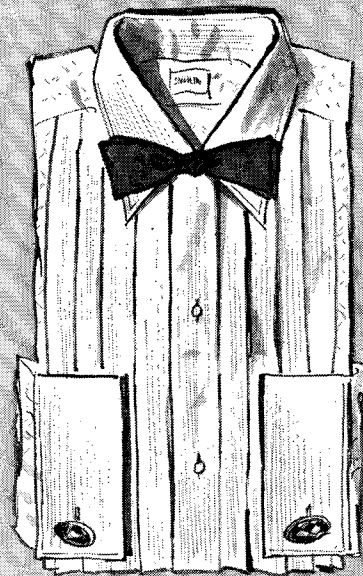
FIFTH AVENUE



Slim and lettered—our silk ties, monogrammed with his initials. Charcoal or medium grey, silver, black, navy, maroon or dark brown, 7.50. (Allow two weeks for delivery.)



Traveling secretary-valet. Our 18-inch cowhide case carries his overnight necessities as well as a removable writing board and leather document case. Sun tan color, 40.00 plus 10% Federal tax.



Night and day our white Dacron pique shirt stays crisp and fresh, requires little or no ironing after washing. Pleated front, French cuffs—correct for evening and business wear. In sizes from 14 to 17½, 15.00.



A cowboy Christmas! Our Western jacket in palomino-colored leather has extra-long fringe, brands of famous ranches, and embroidered steer and horse heads. In sizes from 4 to 16, 39.95.



Our exclusive "Ifi" Italian motoring coat is of finest-quality weatherproof cotton twill with a removable lining. In tan; 38 to 44 regulars and longs, 60.00 with matching cap.

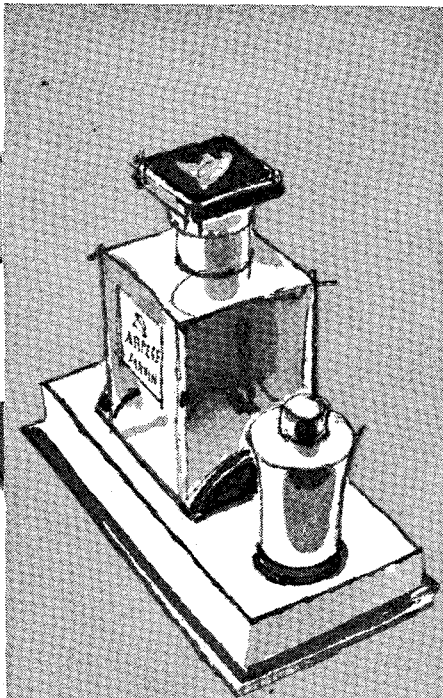


Warming thought—our Caerlee® cashmere sweaters, knit in Scotland exclusively for S.F.A. Navy, maize, medium grey, light blue, natural, lovat blue, black, white, red, charcoal grey or brown; 38-46 sizes. With long sleeves: 39.50. Sleeveless: 29.50.

Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • Fort Lauderdale

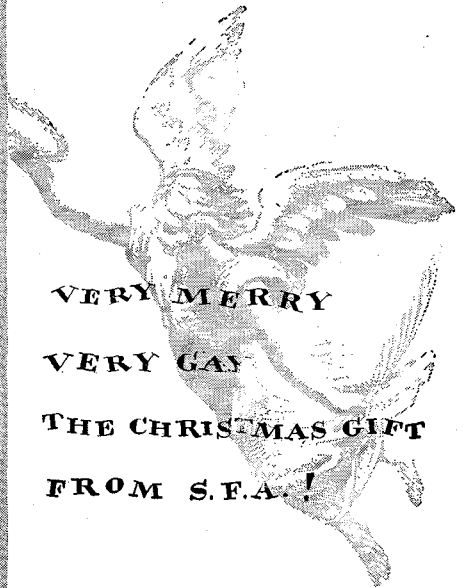


Handsome Couple—in the cloud-soft, wonderful, wonderful wool, fur fiber, nylon blend. Slip-on with chevron-knit collar; panel-front cardigan. Both full-fashioned in: White, blue, camel, cameo tan, black. Come in 34 to 40 sizes. Each 12.95.

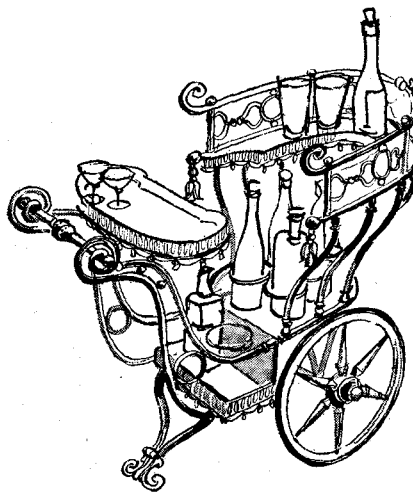


Promise her everything—give her everything Arpège! Lanvin Arpège Perfume with Atomizer, 1 oz. 25.00. Without atomizer, 1 oz. 23.50; 1/2 oz. 12.50. Cartier Purse Flacon, 4.00. Cologne, 6.00–10.00. Plus tax.

Very
SAKS



Indoor Blooms—flower the toe of our tapered rayon velvet slippers. Fireside-footwork in black, amethyst, ruby, turquoise, topaz, white. 9.95.



Pram Bar—our exclusive Italian import "Carrozzine." Deluxe brass and glass server from a one-of-a-kind collection for a one-and-only gift. 850.00.



Baggage deluxe—our handbag by Coblenz is sleekly shaped, golden clasped and framed in enamel. Calf or suede in black, brown or navy. 25.00 plus 10% Fed. tax.

Mail and telephone orders filled • Saks Fifth Avenue • New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago • Detroit

FIFTH AVENUE



Blazer jacket—tailored by Fletcher just for S.F.A. Imported blend of 55% wool and 45% cotton. Red with navy piping, navy with red, or dark grey with light grey. 6 to 12 Junior, 35.00. 13 to 20 Cadet, 39.95. 13 to 20 Robust, 42.95.



His and hers—baby wrapping. Hooded corduroy robes sparked with gingham. "His" has teddybear embroidery. "Hers" has kitten embroidery. Both white with red and white gingham trim. Infant sizes, 5.95.



Varsity sweater. Hand-loomed white cable wool knit with contrast trim and applied letter. College letters: Stanford, Northwestern, Chicago, Miami, California, Dartmouth, Michigan, U.C.L.A., Illinois, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia. Sizes: 2, 3, 3X, 6.95. 4, 6, 6X, 7.95. Also 4-6X sizes: Brown, Notre Dame, Missouri. Also 1-3 sizes, Miami college.



Billowy slip of daintiest nylon sheer. 2-layered skirt over layer of taffeta, embroidered trim. All white, white with pink, white with blue. 3-14 sizes, 8.95. Matching petticoat (not shown) 7.95. Ruffley nylon tricot gown, embroidery-traced, collared with nylon taffeta. White with pink, pink with white, 4-14 sizes, 6.95.



Holiday-pretty—our spanking little broadcloths with daintiest touches. Left, flurry of French dots and embroidery scalloping. Pink, 7.95. Right, flowery frills, embroidery, and a spatter of criss-cross stitching. White, 5.95. Both Infant sizes.



Partying trio. Rich velveteen for tapered pants and suspender jumper—both iced with val lace; to take turns with the fresh little broadcloth blouse that's lace-iced, too. Slacks, 8.95. Jumper, 8.95. Both black, red. White blouse, 3.95. All 3-6X sizes.

Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • Fort Lauderdale



KUHNER

New dramatic star... by Van Raalte!

For applause that refreshes — this gown of magnificent contrasts. The Empire bodice is Rambler Rose Chantilly lace, all Van Raalte's own; the skirt, a double drift of diaphanous nylon Illusion® tricot layers. Three glorious color combinations . . . Crème Beige with Black, Cloud White with Ecru, Aqua Lily with White. At your nicest stores.

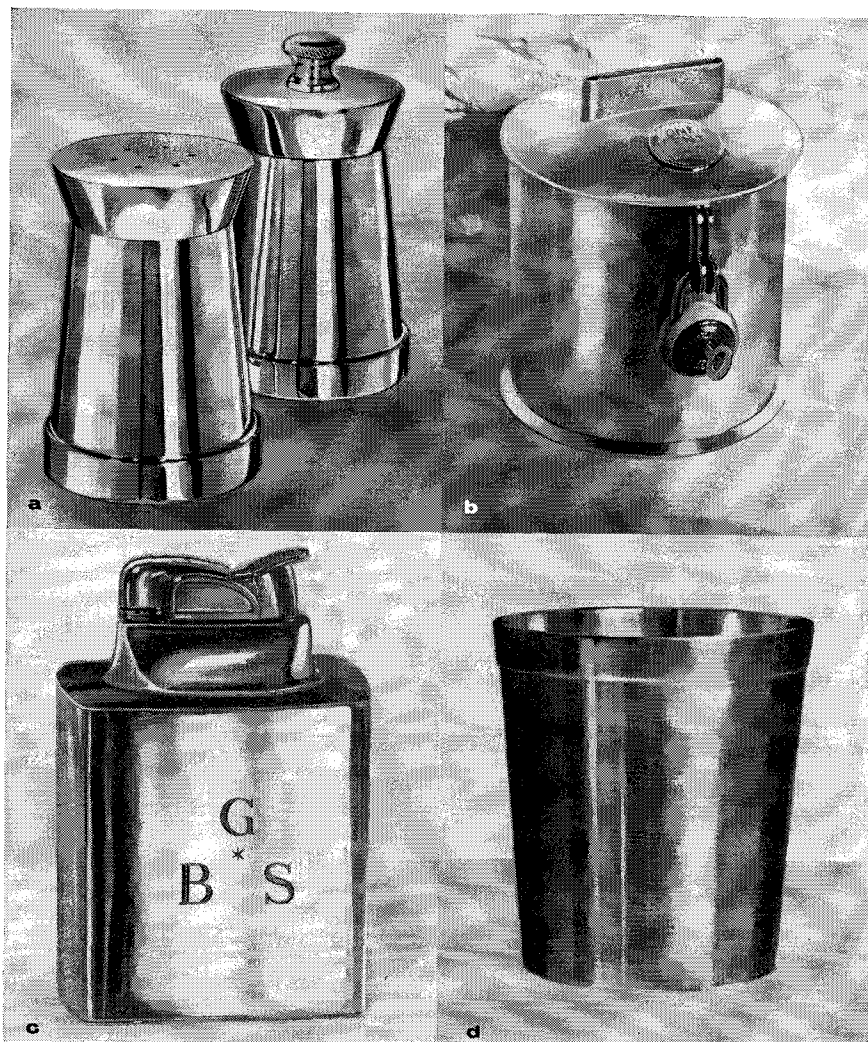
#8974 Sizes 32-38...\$16.95 Matching peignoir(not shown)...\$29.95

GLOVES • STOCKINGS • LINGERIE

Because you love nice things

Prepacked for Carefree Shopping

Each of these gifts, chosen for their popularity and good gift value, has been prepacked and gift wrapped... ready to be picked up or sent to you at a moment's notice. You can come in and get them without a minute of delay, or write or phone Jean Tree at PL 7-8100. Your gift will leave the store the same day.

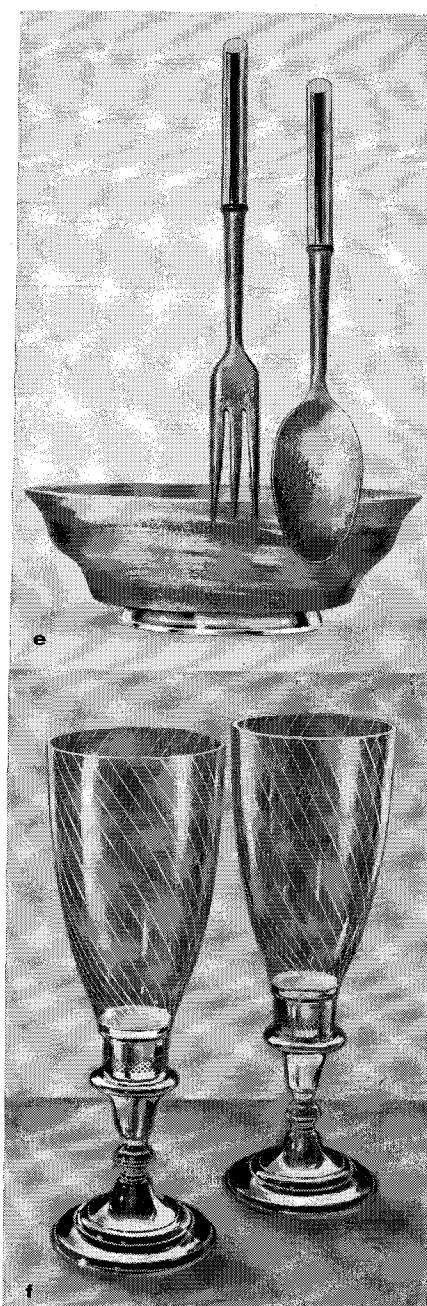


a. Sterling Salt and Pepper Mill are both fully lined to prevent corrosion. Mill is 2½ inches high with imported grinder . . . **\$12.75**

c. Sterling Silver Table Lighter, 3½ inches high, is sleek and simple with camel-like fuel capacity and dependable spark . . . **\$22.50**

b. Brass penny bank for young investors has an inset copper cent for luck, tiny padlock and two keys. 3½ inches high overall. . . **\$7.50**

d. Pewter Old Fashioned or 'On the Rocks' cup, handcast abroad, is 3½ inches high, satin finish . . . nice for Christmas cheer, ea. **\$7.50**



e. Sterling Trimmed Salad Set with 11-inch diameter is mahogany in your choice of golden, ebonized or traditional dark finish . . . **\$33**

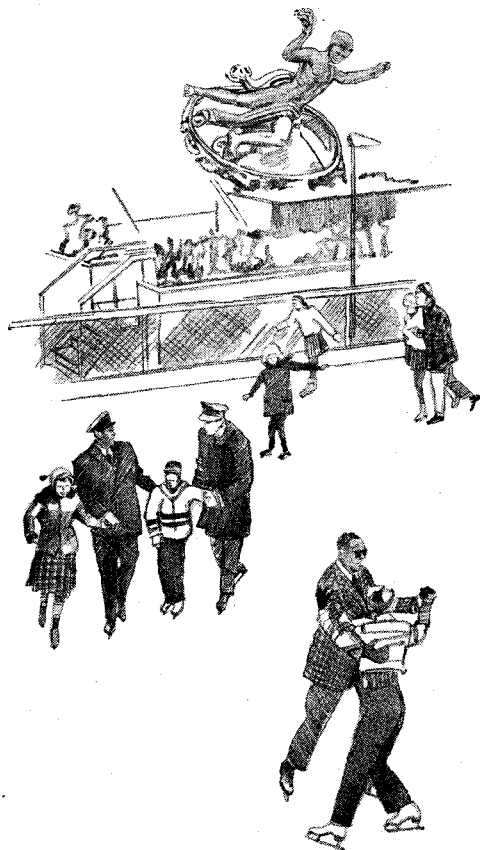
f. Sterling hurricane lamps have swirl etched globes that remove to allow use as console candlesticks. 10½ inches, **\$23**
13½ inches. **\$38.50**

Federal tax included where applicable
Add 50c each beyond delivery area.
Monogram on lighter \$1, show last initial

Write or Phone Jean Tree
for Orders. PL 7-8100.

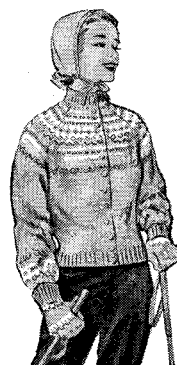
BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS



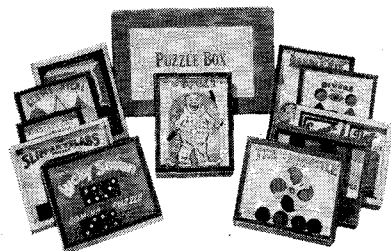
Where the Christmas Trail Crosses the Boulevard

The color and crispness of the outdoors mark the trail to Christmas, blazed for you in "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World." We invite you to follow it, to discover the unusual gifts we have gathered for your sporting friends and families.



Matching Hand-Knit Ski Togs. Imported, medium-weight sweaters with matching mittens and cap. Copen blue/light blue and white, dark gray/gray and white, white/copen and red. Sizes S,M,L.

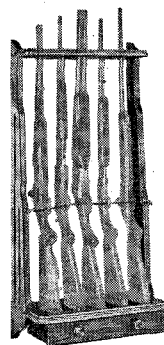
Cardigan Sweater . . . \$39.95
Slip-On Sweater . . . \$35.00
Mittens. \$6.00
Cap \$6.50



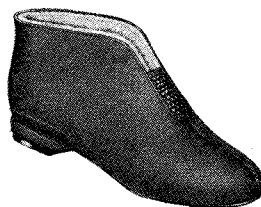
English Puzzle Box. For those who delight in solving provoking problems. From England, and especially designed for us, the box contains eleven new fascinating puzzles that will provide many an evening's pleasure. \$5.00



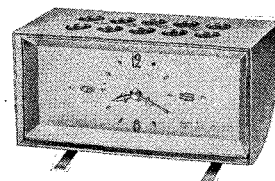
Italian Heavyweight Sweater. Bold hound's tooth patterns both familiar and favored, now knit in heavyweight yarn. V-neck. Unusual shades of blue on white or red on navy. \$44.50



Vertical 5-Gun Rack. This handsome rack of solid walnut or knotty pine hangs on wall or sets on floor. It has a roomy drawer, gun-locking device, and detachable legs. . . . \$32.50
Without drawer or gun lock. \$24.95



Men's Lined House Boot. Warm-up comfort after a long cold day at ski slopes or duck blind. Brown suede hide leather with sheepskin lining, panelled elastic front, composition sole and wedge heel. . . \$14.75



Solarion Clock. Our newest miracle...a clock that runs on light. Accumulator cell, activated by sun or electric light, stores sufficient energy for 12 months...gives complete freedom from power failures or electric outlets. Stores energy continuously without danger of overcharging. Satin-finished brass case. Tax incl. \$275.00

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FUR BY MAXIMILIAN

Nothing “begins” a beautiful room like a Bigelow

She's moving to a new home—doing something she's always dreamed of: starting her rooms “from the carpet up”—beginning with Bigelow broadloom.

Bigelow's lovely designs and soft-focus colors will be such a helpful guide. They will key her decorative style . . . help her choose furniture and draperies.

And what lasting comfort Bigelow will bring her home.

Its deep pile will cushion footfalls, soften voices. Her children will run and play more safely.

Your Bigelow retailer has luxurious, practical carpets in many colors and designs.

It's so easy to own a lovely Bigelow. You can carpet an average-size room on budget terms for a few dollars a week. Shown, left to right: *Corday*®, *Essence*, *Andante*.

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fine rugs and carpets since 1825



SÉMONT design in chiffon of nylon and silk. Pink, white, blue, black. Sizes 8-16. About \$70. (Slightly higher on West Coast.) At B. Altman & Co.; Jordan Marsh-Miami; Todd Brothers, Cincinnati; The J. L. Hudson Co.; Gano Downs, Denver; Ransohoffs, San Francisco. Earrings by Vogue. Shoes by Capezio.



The Dream Dress made with Care-free Du Pont Nylon

He's got his spies on you . . . in this chiffon femininity of Du Pont nylon mixed with silk.

Panels float from the shoulder. Pleats flutter softly. And, thanks to the long-wearing strength of Du Pont nylon, this romantic dress can dance all night and still ask for more.

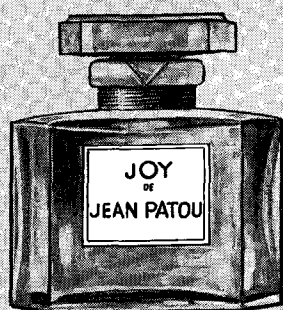
Nylon avoids the dance-floor casualties so many chiffons are heir to—*stays light and lovely!*

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or dress shown here.



JOY



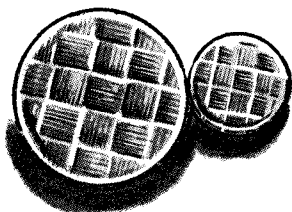
ostliest perfume in the

JEAN PATOU

See the "Knight" Before Christmas...



meaning the knight at the door of 65 East 57th Street
... Dunhill Tailors ... treasure-house of the most
unusual Christmas gifts in all New York!



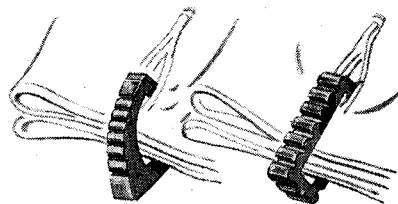
Blazer Buttons... \$5 the set

An authentic Dunhill exclusive. They come in gold, silver or antique bronze—all in the checkered pattern. 4 large buttons, 6 small.



Raglan shoulder Jaeger Sweater, \$30

Fashioned with all the flair of a fine garment. New neckline, bold, masculine rib stitch. Natural, black, navy, light blue, red, white. Sizes 36 to 46. Dunhill exclusive.



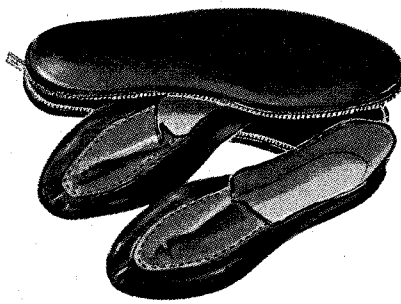
Exclusive Dunhill Cuff Links, 14 kt. gold

Notice the way they go around the cuff edge. The newest thing! Triangular spring type (left), plain or ridged design \$65, plus tax. Rectangular snap type (right) \$45, plus tax.



These Jewel Boxes are Yule Gems!

Herewith, the smartest kind of present you can give a man. The smaller jewel box is of black grained leather, \$20. The larger box, \$75. Same box, with lower compartment, \$95.



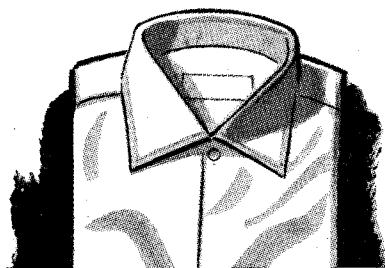
Italian Travel Slippers, \$22.50

These are hand made for us in Italy—a true Dunhill exclusive. Hand stitched moccasin insert. Colors: dark brown, black or black with red insert. Sizes 7 to 13.



For a Man-of-the-World

... this foreign language dictionary set is out of this world. Spanish, French, German, Italian and English ... beautifully bound in black, maroon or honey leather, gilt edge pages, and book ends ... merely \$15.



Custom Caste without the cost... \$12.50

In every sense a custom quality shirt, but ready to put on and much less expensive. An exclusive Dunhill import. Low set collar. Poplin: white, pale blue, champagne, \$12.50. Grey or blue pin-stripe, \$13.50. All sizes.



Silk Pajamas from Hong Kong... \$30

From the British Crown Colony come these boudoir costumes fit for a Casanova. Natural silk with smart blue stripe down coat front and trouser sides. Sizes A to D (C and D also in longs).

Of this you can be sure ... the gifts you find at Dunhill's are rarely, if ever, to be found anywhere else. They have been chosen for a truly "hard to please" clientele. Men who, as the saying goes, "have everything." Here at Dunhill's are many new, unusual and interesting things they haven't got ... yet.

Dunhill Tailors
65 East 57th Street, New York



T.A.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge

They'll yak on the yachts about this one. A chic chemise-done-with-belt as only Mr. Wragge could do it. Just for fun—flying fishes of silk print get on swimmingly with Moygashel® linen in Goatsmilk white, Twenty Fathoms green, Tamayo red, Sabu gold, Mynah yellow. Don't let this one get away. Sizes 8 to 16. \$45.



Wild Rice is the color in a textured raw silk called Copra cloth. Dress is sleeveless, jacket is lined. A costume that's fabulous—that's all! Sizes 8 to 16. \$125.

The car—a new Jaguar XK-150



Great elegance in the wonderful B. H. Wragge throw-away way. Pullover top, pleated skirt, brought together for a very special kind of look. All done in silk Sudan spiffed with textured raw silk—that shade called Wild Rice. Sizes 8 to 16. \$55.

At all *Bonwit Teller* stores; *I. Magnin*, California; *Harold's*, Minneapolis. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



gift lingerie to cherish by *Barbizon*

This beautiful dreamer will breakfast in bed on Christmas morn in a froth of a bedjacket of precious crepe remarque®, imported lace, and shimmering satin ribbon, a restless bit of a beauty at a startling little price of \$7.00, from a holiday collection of Barbizon lingerie exclusive in fabrics and fashions too pretty to iron — too flattering to resist — at your favorite stores.

©crepe remarque — nylon, dacron, cordura rayon is another no-iron miracle fabric that's Barbizon's alone!



The Seeing Eye *our pictorial past and present*



GATES OF FEAR. Barnaby Conrad. All the excitement, color, bravery, cowardice, lore of world-famous bullrings emerge in vivid accounts of top matadors' exploits. Over 75 illus., photos, drawings by Domingo, Llopis, etc. *Crowell*. **\$7.50**

THE CARIBBEAN: A Journey With Pictures. Fritz Henle & Paul Knapp. Picturesque shores, villages, lively people at work and play! 250 magnificent photos, 16 in color; text; bring exotic island magic to you. *Studio-Crowell*. **\$5.95**

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIRCUS. John & Alice Durant. Glittering pageant of top stars, clowns, freaks, famous owners, managers, Wild West and wagon shows, showboats, circus wars, disasters...in 50,000 words, 500 illus. *Barnes*. **\$10**

GOOD OLD CONEY ISLAND. Edo McCullough. The most rambunctious—scandalous—rapsallion—prodigious—splendiferous—Island on Earth. Vivid history by a member of the Tilyou family of Steeplechase fame. 100 photos. *Scribner's*. **\$5.95**

MR. LINCOLN'S WASHINGTON. Stanley Kimmel. 260 photos, many never published before, unfold capital 1861-1865. New insight into Civil War...Lincoln's years in White House. Text based on timely news accounts. *Coward-McCann*. **\$7.50**

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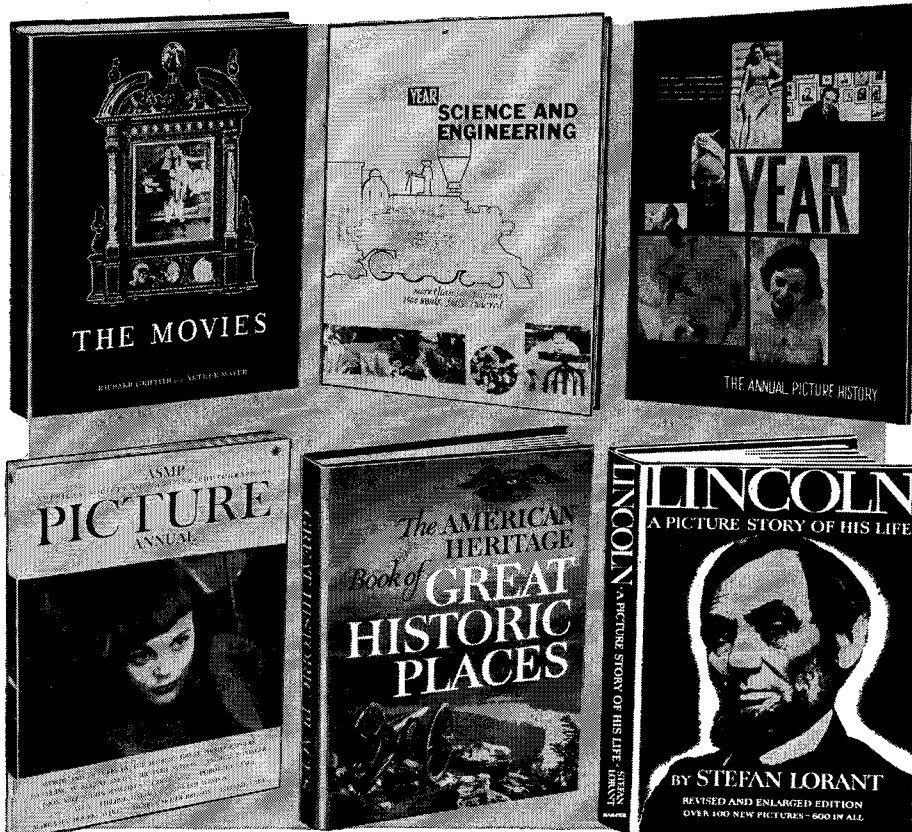
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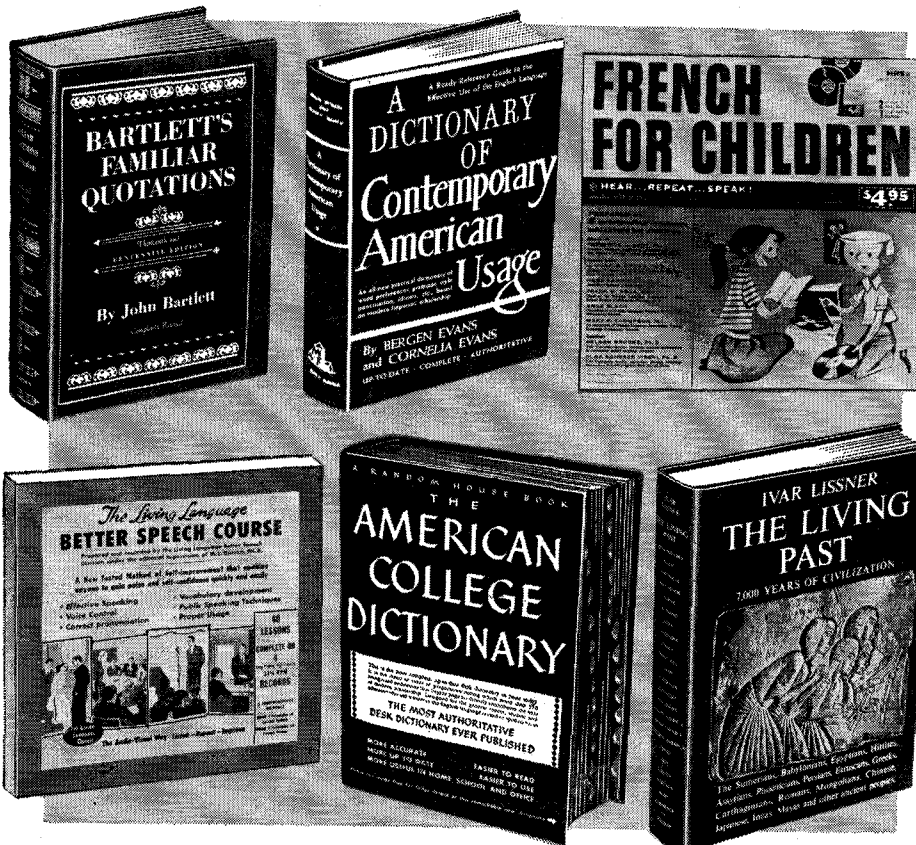
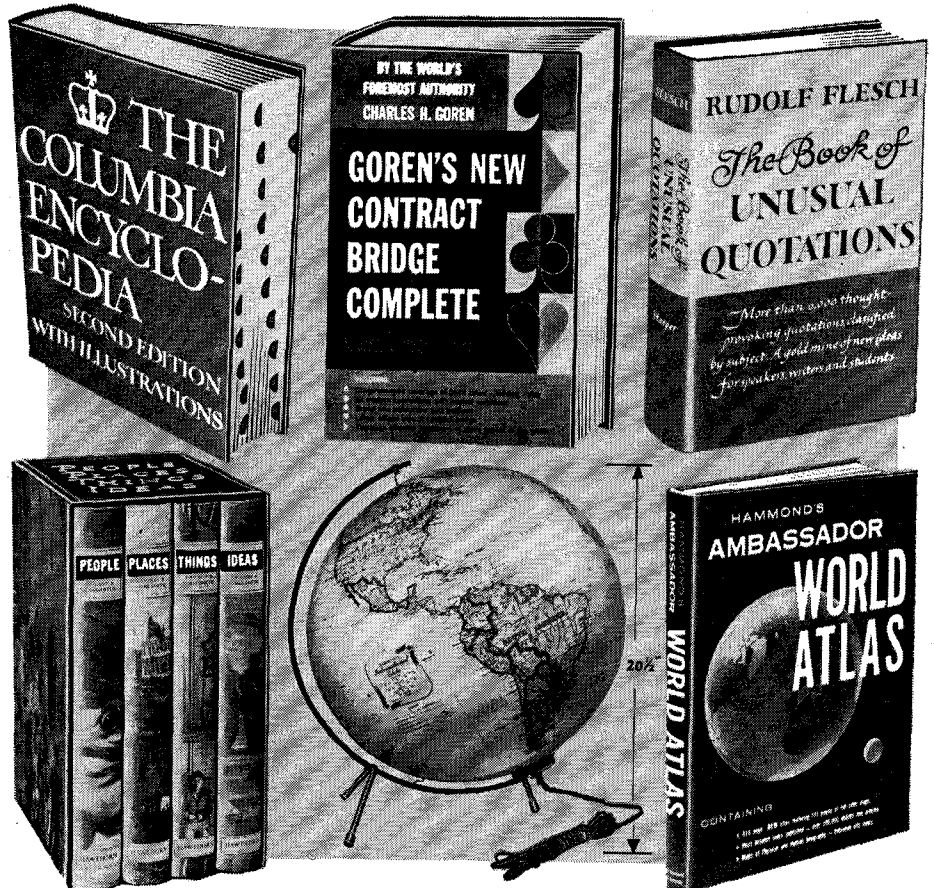
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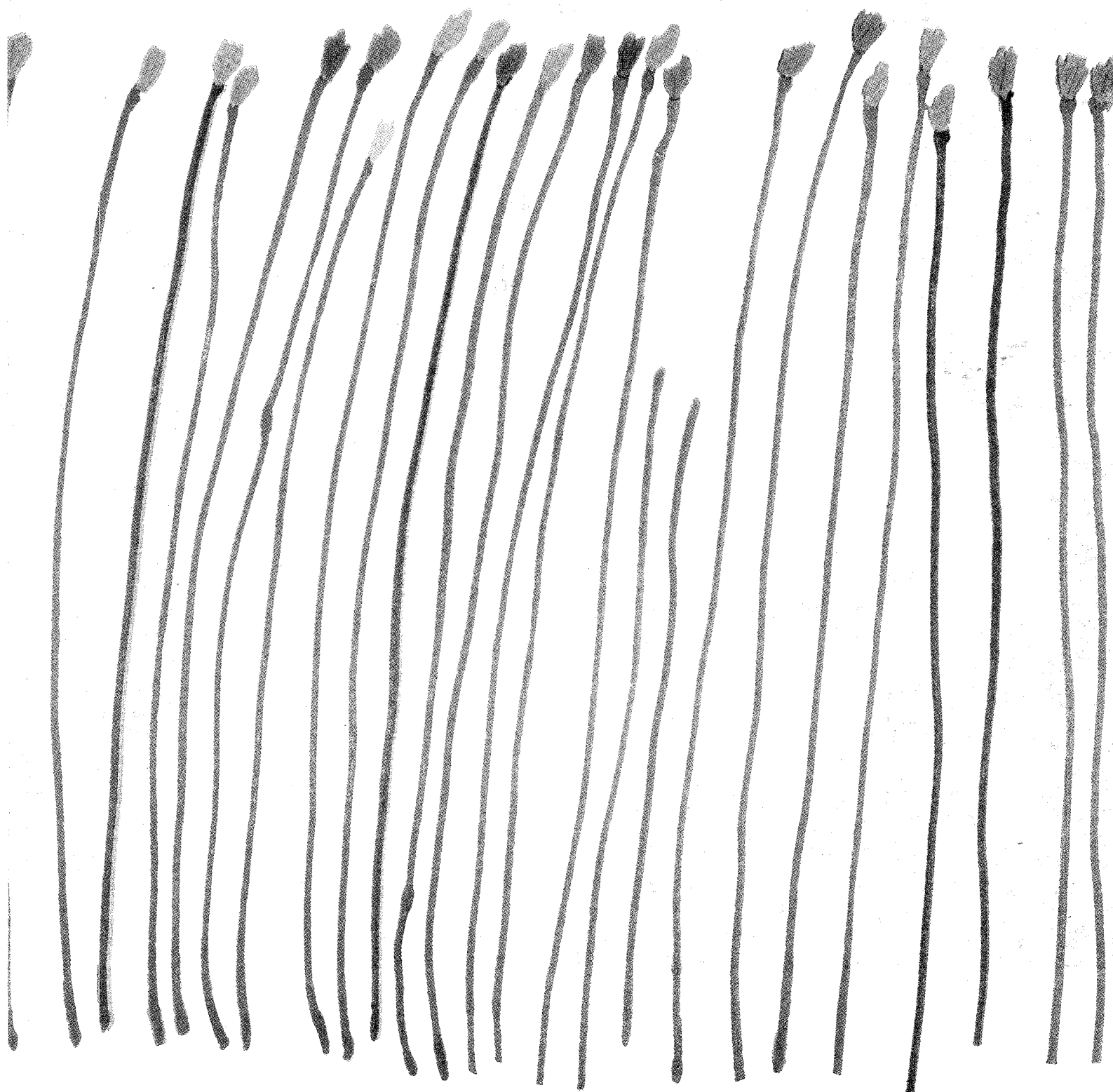
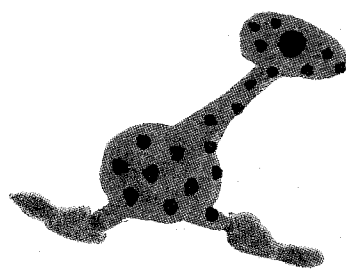
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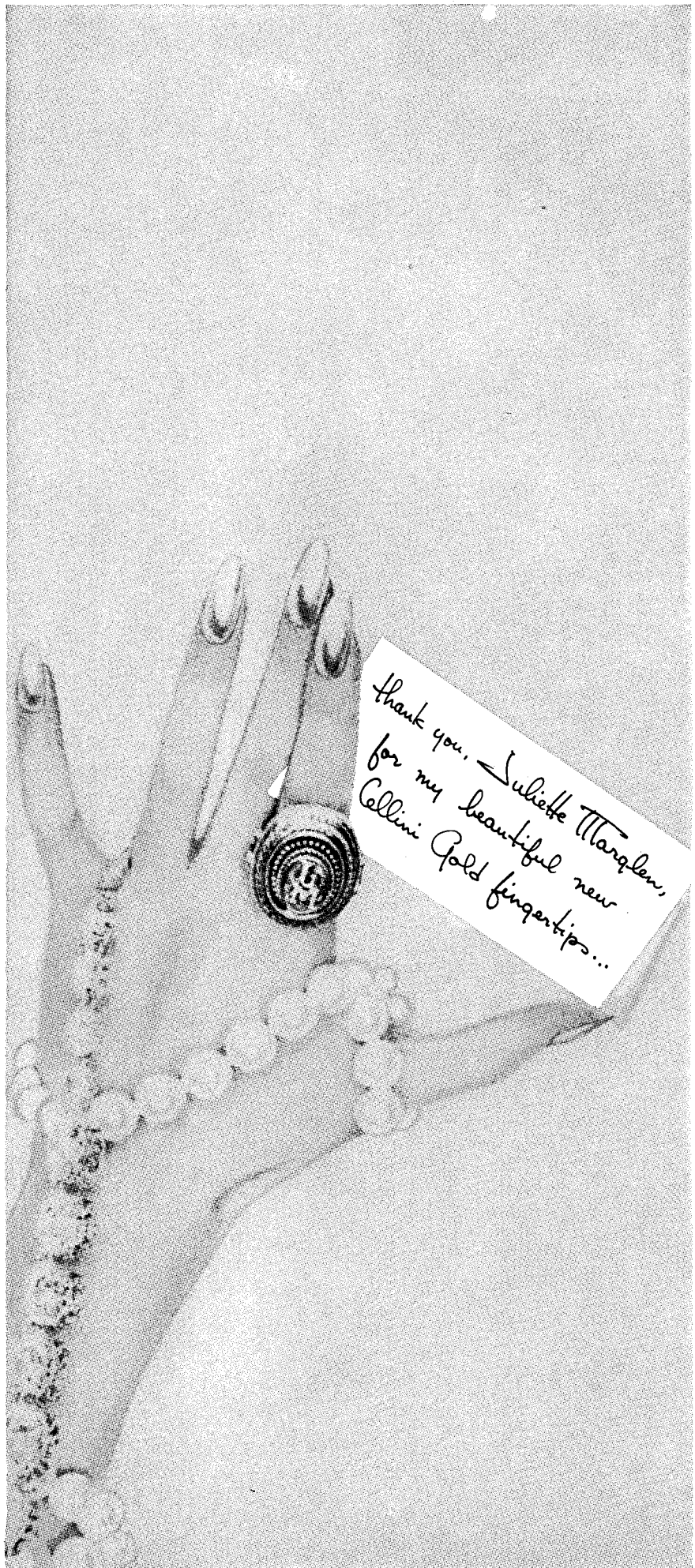
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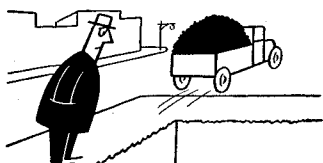
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR a good many years now, we've been of two minds about the way New York persists in transforming itself—not, as in the old joke, by taking the streets in at night but by taking the blocks down by day. We've complained that the local building boom has led this impetuous city to change its face too fast and too capriciously, and our sorrow at seeing precious landmarks beaten into rubble and carted off to the Jersey Meadows has



cancelled much of our pleasure in the spotless glass towers that have leaped up in their place. (We've even managed to regret that our seedy old friend Third Avenue, laddered with "L" shadows, reeking of stale beer, should have been turned so quickly and easily into the dapper stranger it is today.) Lately, though, we've begun to wonder whether our mourning over these drastic urban changes isn't, like most mourning, self-indulgent. The business recession we keep hearing about has caused us to entertain second thoughts about our local builders, for no sooner does the boom we have been deploring threaten to end than we find any number of reasons for admiring it. The faintest hint of things' coming to a standstill in this now tirelessly tearing-down-and-building-up city—of a day when not a single workman between the Battery and Spuyten Duyvil would be digging, blasting, laying bricks, or welding—makes our heart sink. It turns out that we don't want the city to stop making itself over, after all.

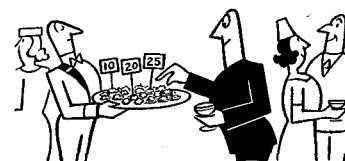
It's with unaccustomed enthusiasm, therefore, that we hail the opening this week of one of the biggest buildings

ever to go up here—the thirty-eight-story, aluminum-skinned mastodon called 666 Fifth Avenue, which occupies the entire block between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets on the west side of the Avenue and contains a million square feet of office space. No. 666 has been built by the Tishman Realty & Construction Co., which has also built, and in some cases owns, two dozen other buildings across the country, including 445 Park Avenue (the first of the big postwar office buildings in New York) and the Marion Davies Building, at 460 Park Avenue, and it is the company's masterpiece. When we were taken on an informal tour of it a few days ago, Norman Tishman, president of the company, proudly encouraged us to examine every nook and cranny, from the neatly tiled walls and floors of the sub-basement to the vast air-conditioning chamber on the roof. The sidewalks of specially quarried paving stones, the sheets of red French marble lining the lobby, the waterfall by Noguchi in the open arcade on the ground floor—everything we saw was of the finest materials and the most careful workmanship, and we found ourselves murmuring superlatives. On an unfinished floor high in the gleaming (perhaps overgleaming) tower, Mr. Tishman showed us where his private office was going to be. He stood in the dust of the concrete underflooring, among heaps of pipe and sheet metal, and, with quick gestures, indicated doors, panelled walls, a desk, a couch, a fireplace; it was all vividly there to him, as real as it would be when the last ashtray had been put in place. Thinking of the bleak news in the financial section of the morning paper, we expressed the hope that No. 666, the biggest building the Tishmans have ever built, would not be their last. Mr. Tishman glanced out over the city, taking its measure from river to river. "Certainly not!" he said. "There's an awful lot of building still to be done in this town, in this country.

I don't see us stopping now. Besides, even 666 won't last forever, you know; someday it'll have to be replaced. Not open yet, and already I can think of that!" Mr. Tishman appeared to have caught himself going too far; he shook his head, and then added, as if finding consolation in the thought, "Maybe my grandsons will be the ones who tear it down."

Low-Cal Lucullans

CALORIE is the word for this day and age, so it may be timely to report that the calorie content of a mushroom stuffed with Parmesan cheese and spices and onion is ten, of a devilled chicken ball twenty, and of a water chestnut in bacon twenty-five. We know this because receptacles laden with these cocktail delicacies were so flagged at a recent Slenderella Cookbook Luncheon we attended at the Am-



bassador. Snatching one after another (for they were delicious) during the lengthy drink period that preceded the luncheon proper, held to launch a compendium of six hundred and ten weight-controlling recipes and two hundred and seventy weight-controlling menus by Miss Myra Waldo, we exchanged greetings with Miss Elaine Ross, of the *Westchester News*; Miss Mary Munro, of *Printers' Ink*; and Mr. William McK. Chapman, of *House & Garden*.

"I once wrote a book called 'Reduce and Enjoy It Cook Book,'" Miss Ross said.

"I'm from Texas," Miss Munro said. "I've been here a year. I wouldn't go back to Texas for *anything*."

"I'm from Princeton, New Jersey,



"Gee, Og, it's nice, but isn't it awfully big?"

and I go back there every night," Mr. Chapman said. "You know Livingston Biddle, Sr.? We had dinner with him the other evening, and I was admiring his collection of big-game heads when I saw, in with them, a couple of shrunken human heads. 'Grandfather shot them,' one of his grandchildren told me."

Swollen with seven or eight hundred calories of cocktail food and whiskey, we let out our belt and took our place at table between Miss Munro and Princess Marina Sterbatov, a Slenderella

vice-president. "We started seven years ago with five salons," the Princess said, as svelte as you please, during the cream-of-tomato soup, listed on the menu as eighty-five calories. "Now we have a hundred and eighty-four salons in the United States, three in Canada, and one apiece in Hawaii, Paris, Zurich, Düsseldorf, and Brussels. We have a complete program for slenderizing: posture correction, circulation stimulation, and muscle toning on the Slenderella Table, which was developed by two professors at Ohio State University;

a high-protein-menu plan worked out by Dr. William Fishbein, of Chicago; and a dietetic supplement of Slenderella mints. Every day, we slenderize over forty thousand women, aged fourteen to eighty, and since 1950 we've taken off four million inches. We're about to open a salon in London. Henry Spiegelblatt, executive assistant to our president, and I are flying to England this afternoon."

"We'll inspect various London reducing salons and then visit our places on the Continent," said Mr. Spiegel-

blatt, an exiguous executive across the table, as we plunged into rock Cornish game hen Véronique (210 cal), sautéed artichoke hearts (60), and wild rice (80). "We're opening in Rome in February. We weigh our patients every week and measure them for a figure analysis every two weeks."

"I escaped from Russia after the Revolution and from Budapest in 1945," Princess Sterbatov said. "I have an M.D. and a Ph.D. in psychology, but I can't practice here."

"Don't let them tell you that Texas is a good place to live," Miss Munro said, over a chocolate roll (110), and up rose Dr. Fishbein. "The problem of obesity is one of the most pressing problems confronting the people of the United States, because there is so much food here," he said.

He recommended Miss Waldo's book highly, and she made a brief, modest speech. "What I've tried to do is give you recipes for dishes you're accustomed to eating and calorie-reduce them," she said.

"She's married to Robert J. Schwartz, an attorney, who wrote 'The Dictionary of Business and Industry,'" a man opposite us said. "It defines forty-five thousand business and legal terms."

As luck would have it, we had a copy on our shelves, so upon regaining them we seized it and, on an impulse, looked up Livingston Biddle, Sr. No Biddle, but what do you suppose bicycle tires are, industrially speaking? "Brilliant cut diamonds with too-thick girdles." Slenderella has a tieup with Altman's, which is pushing Slenderella Gift Packages of Low-Calorie Foods, and we suggest an axis with Schlumberger. Slenderella-Schlumberger low-cal cabochons for Christmas, to match Milady's muscle tone, and tell Tiny Tim to watch his tummy.

Time

A FRIEND of ours who lives in London went to the Dorchester Hotel one day last month and asked if it was too early to book seats for a series of concerts for this winter. "Oh, no," said the young man at the theatre-ticket counter. "It's not too early yet."

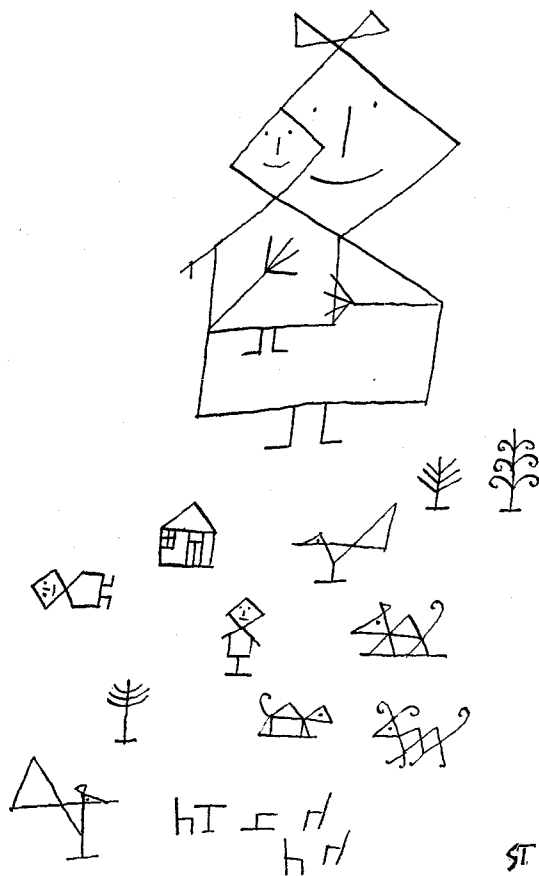
Free Association

MORT SAHL, the lightning, inexhaustible thirty-year-old monologist and nonconformist's

nonconformist from California, is back in town and doing a full-house business at the Village Vanguard, near Sheridan Square. There, armed only with the bulldog edition of the *News* or the *Mirror* and dressed in a red sweater, a white open-necked shirt, and gray slacks, he improvises non-stop several times a night, for as much as an hour at a crack, on such sacred and profane themes as foreign policy, hi-fi, spies, sports cars, and integration; raps knuckles on the Right, Center, and Left along the way; and speaks at top speed a language that is a unique cross between a philology paper and the argot of modern jazz. We tracked Sahl down one afternoon last week at the apartment of a friend of ours, and found him a thin, compact, jumpy, hawk-faced man with deep-set eyes and dark hair, a hair-trigger laugh, and a broad smile that creases his face into enormous, identical parentheses. He was wearing a yellow open-necked shirt, a tan jacket, and dark-brown slacks, and for three non-stop hours he talked, pausing only to catch his breath. "I couldn't get a thing going when I came here for the first time, in 1952," he said. "I lived in a hotel on West Forty-seventh Street on eighteen dollars a week, which covered room, laundry, and loaves of day-old bread from the A. & P. I'd been starving on the University of California campus, in Berkeley, for a couple of years,

auditing courses, and graduating by osmosis. I'd got a B.S. from the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, in 1950 in public administration, with a minor in civil engineering, and I was really doing graduate work there on street-traffic engineering. But I scuffled up to the U. of C. all the time because my family was putting this dollars-and-cents thing on my back and the base period of bohemianism was just starting around there, and nobody judged you. I was trying to be a writer. I wrote four one-act plays that were produced in L.A. I wrote a novel and a lot of short stories. I even wrote an oratorio for Stan Kenton—a big, heavy, serious, epic thing for half a dozen actors and the full band. I bound it up nicely in a book and showed it to Stan, and he was stunned. I wrote eighteen sets of lyrics for some songs one of his arrangers was doing. I used words like 'misanthrope,' and he was stunned. But I had a very jealous attitude toward my writing. I sat on it. Then I discovered I had to talk. I'd go into the strip joints in L.A. and ask them to let me perform for free during intermissions. I did intermissions at the Palladium when Kenton was there, before four thousand people. Despite all the folklore about the faith of friends in the struggling young artist, my friends constantly discouraged me. 'What do you think you're doing?' and 'How are you going to make it doing that?' I became very bitter.

"Suddenly I got my first job, as a vacation replacement at a very bohemian place out in North Beach called the hungry i, all in lower case—the hungry intellectual, yes, and under the bohemianism and the nonconformism the anxious asp—at seventy-five a week. That was Christmas, 1953, and I laid a very big egg. They were interested in the folk singer on the bill—one of those guys with their shirt open to the waist—and I guess they didn't think I had any right to be so caustic when I didn't show any self-confidence, even though I had a latent Christlike vision of myself. Knocking the pharisees and publicans. I was so nervous I began bringing a newspaper onstage with all my cues stapled to the inside pages. I was free-associating, indicting all the bright young people. Then, one night, somebody laughed. I think he was an economist connected with the National Labor Relations Board. Then somebody else laughed—the conformist—and the thing started building. I stayed eight





"I'd lend you the money, but I don't want to lose you as a friend."

months, because the owner never had the courage to fire me. I was already losing discipline as a performer. I'd get going within the cadence of the audience's laughter, and sometimes I'd build for a solid thirty minutes and still never reach the core of what I wanted to say. I don't kid myself. I'm not a comedian. I don't build jokes around myself. There's too much to say about everything else, and nobody is saying it. I began getting discovered when I went to Chicago. I've been discovered—and dropped—six or seven times, all over the place. Eddie Cantor ('Don't wear that red sweater. Wrong associations'), Groucho Marx ('I love your act, but it'll never go'), Ed Sullivan, Perry Como. I was on Jack Paar's television show, and he spent two hours backstage before it demoralizing me by telling me not to be esoteric. He said the audiences were made up of Rotarians. I was on nine and a half minutes, being esoteric, and had to stop six times for applause.

"I need the therapy of doing a lot of different things, especially since discovering that I'm suffering from what Paul Desmond, the alto saxophonist, calls 'erosion of identity.' No personal life—that sort of jazz. When I finish my show, I buy all the newspapers and magazines and read till six in the morning. Natural curiosity. I'm going to do a novel. There's less quicksand in the written word. I've never had a big reverence for poetry, though. Kenneth Rexroth standing up before a jazz group in San Francisco and saying, 'Do the dead know what time it is?' Man! I'm working on an L.P. idea with the trombonist Bill Russo—a little satire on jazz.

Things are building. Adlai Stevenson told me one night in Chicago, 'You're more successful with free association than I am with painstaking editing.' Bill Blair, his old buddy and law partner; James Jones; Dr. Carl Binger, the Harvard psychiatrist; Leonard Bernstein—they've all been into the Vanguard. Audiences are in an oxcart until someone chooses to propel it."

Bearing Up

A FRIEND of ours had occasion to call his sister at her home, in Montclair, the other day and was surprised when the telephone was answered by his six-year-old nephew, who should have been at school. "Why, Danny," said our friend, "how are you?" "Fine," said Danny. "I'm sick."

The Object

EVERY time we get up to the R.C.A. Building's sun deck, a flight above the seventieth-story observation roof, we have the invigorating hallucination that we're on the flying bridge of a vast and nutty ship. This recurring fantasy of ours had never loomed so dreamlike as it did under the light of a waning moon, in the center of a galaxy of regular stars overhead and Con Edison stars underfoot, during the hour or two before a recent and frosty dawn. The moon was a little below us, just to the right of a neat, incandescent flying carpet of fractocumulus and squarely over Hoboken, and it scattered its glittering light on the Hudson with the customary spellbinding effect of moon sheen on water. Street-light sheen marked

the remainder of our encircling waterways. So did the running lights of tugs, and of a distant low-flying helicopter. Silky scarves of haze wound around the minor skyscrapers beneath us, and a moonlit band of haze sat all along the New Jersey horizon. "Crummy, that haze over New Jersey," remarked Harry Bondy, one of our seventeen companions on celestial watch. "That's just where the Object is supposed to cross—rising from Staten Island and proceeding northeast, low over Hoboken as far as our view is concerned, though actually it'll be above Pittsburgh." Bondy, a bespectacled, bushy-haired machine designer

who lives in Flushing, is leader of the New York City Moonwatch team, a collection of sixty-five amateur astronomers—business and professional men, and, by a wide majority, college students—organized last January to cooperate with a hundred and two other Moonwatch teams in the nation in taking care of the visual tracking of satellites launched during the International Geophysical Year. A satellite—it was the Russians' Sputnik II—was due over the western horizon at 5:24 A.M.

The night watchman had admitted our night-blooming band at the Fiftieth Street entrance at four-fifteen and turned us over to an elevator operator, who conveyed us to this fortunate region above the city's haze. "We've watched from here a number of times, as guests of N.B.C., since the first Sputnik was launched," Bondy told us, "but we've only just now concluded arrangements with the Rockefeller Center people to have this as our official site, and to use it on our own. They're providing us with access—when we give them twenty-four hours' notice, that is, which is more notice than you can count on from new satellites—and they're furnishing electrical outlets and a storage box for our equipment, when we get our equipment."

Another figure swam out of the gloom, identified itself as Robert L. Frey, by daylight a ticket-agency official and by night the president of the Moonwatch team's parent Amateur Astronomers Association, and chimed in, "We're still hopeful, but so far we've had no response from a dozen big New York firms we've asked to help us get

equipped. The Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, up in Cambridge, gave us plans last May for special telescopes, which we'll be able to build out of military-surplus elements for thirty dollars each in the workshop of the Association's Optical Division, in the basement of the Hayden Planetarium—but first we need the thirty dollars each. The Russians copied the Smithsonian's plans and ran up really superior precision instruments, for what must have been two or three hundred dollars each, and they're using them now."

The rank-and-file Moonwatchers had taken up positions along the western railing and were indulging in such chit-chat as "Who knows an angle whose tangent is two-fifths?" and "Where's a math book?" Bondy sang out to them, "All right, let's go on some magnitudes. There's Sirius, over the Empire State Building—magnitude minus one and a half." "Minus one point six," he was corrected by a youthful colleague. "Half is close enough," Bondy said. "When the Object appears, it should be brighter than Sirius—a conspicuous naked-eye Object. Now, then—Rigel, magnitude plus point three..."

We found that we were beside Mary Churns, the twenty-one-year-old statistical clerk from Brooklyn who distinguished herself last month by becoming the first New Yorker to sight Sputnik I's rocket in its tours over the city. "Betelgeuse," she was saying to herself, her eyes lingering aloft in search of her older and less ephemeral heavenly acquaintances. "Cassiopeia. Cepheus. Arcturus." She told us the Object, when, or if, it appeared, would resemble the light on a high-flying plane, taking perhaps five minutes to cross the sky. "The first one," she recalled affectionately, "passed right through the handle of the Big Dipper."

Bondy returned to our side and remarked, "The purpose of all this is to pinpoint the Object in relation to familiar stars and to our point of observation, all to a fraction of a second." He showed us a tape recorder and a short-wave receiver he had just set up on the railing. The short-wave receiver was yowling with

static, and this was punctuated at intervals of a second by a low, throbbing pulse beat. "That plunking is the official time signal from the National Bureau of Standards," Bondy said. "The tape will record it, and superimposed on the time pattern will be the calling out of fixes from team members when they sight the Object. Afterward, we'll go down to an all-night cafeteria, reduce our findings on star charts, and phone the results, collect, to the Smithsonian people in Cambridge, who will compute the Object's orbit." The radio stopped throbbing and remarked sleepily, "This is WWV, the National Bureau of Standards, Washington. When the tone returns, Eastern Standard Time is 5:15 A.M."

Bondy gazed at his wristwatch for a minute and then called out, "It is now five-sixteen, eight minutes to time forecast. We are now on alert. No talking until you call out your fix, giving your name as you do so." All eyes turned toward the band of haze beyond Hoboken's faerie shores, and no sound was heard except the maddening throb of old WWV, broken at five-minute intervals by WWV's sleepy voice—

"Eastern Standard Time is 5:20 A.M. ... 5:25 A.M. ... 5:30 A.M. ... 5:35 A.M. ..." Our feet were freezing. "We'll give it another five minutes," Bondy muttered. "Eastern Standard Time is 5:40 A.M.," said WWV, and Bondy said, "I guess we missed it. Better luck next time."

The thwarted Moonwatchers scurried around, packing up their electronic gear, and Miss Churns drew our attention to a bright planet over Queens, in a quadrant of the night that glowed faintly with the first fire of dawn. "Jupiter," she said, in the tone of a navigator who knows the value of a star to steer by. "You can count on Jupiter."

Unintimidated

A COFFEE fiend we know dropped into an espresso joint in Greenwich Village the other day and found himself whiling away his time reading the graffiti on the wall beside his chair. Most of the stuff was pretty humdrum, but he was arrested by a legend, done in elegant calligraphy, that read, "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?"



"My God, Harry! Do you know what we forgot? We forgot to change the names to protect the innocent!"

WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE

PAUL LAWRENCE came back from work early. Jill lost count of the pile of shirts she was checking on the upstairs landing and impatiently started again, cramming each shirt into the laundry basket and muttering, "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." By the time she had captured them all and written them down in the book, he had shouted for the children and, after a great deal of rustling and whispering, they had shut themselves in the sitting room.

With desperate speed, she began to count sheets. Louisa, their twelve-year-old daughter, came two steps at a time up the stairs, stopped short on the landing, and said furiously, "Oh. There you are. Can't you move?"

"But I'm in the middle of doing the laundry."

"Well, we've got to bring something upstairs. Can't you just go away for a minute?"

Jill dropped her armful of sheets; she had already forgotten how many there were. "All right," she said, trying to look pleased. "I suppose so."

She went and sat on her bed. She was

tired, and there was nothing to do in the bedroom, so she just sat on the bed and waited. In a few moments she heard steps on the stairs, the crackle of new, stiff brown paper, her husband swearing as he stumbled over the laundry basket.

"Where shall we put them?"

"Up in the attic, stupid."

"Won't she go up to the attic?"

"Of course she won't."

"Well, how do you know she won't?"

"Oh, do be quiet!"

They creaked on up the stairs. She gave them another couple of minutes, then crept out of the bedroom and began counting the sheets again.

Paul came down from the attic hitting the dust off his suit and looking exhausted. "Hullo," he said. "What on earth are you doing?"

"I should have thought it was obvious," she said, writing down six sheets.

"Isn't it rather a peculiar time to be doing the laundry?"

"Well, it goes tomorrow."

"Oh. I see."

Naturally, she couldn't do the laundry tomorrow. He sat down heavily on

the stairs, watching her. "There's an awful lot of it," he said gloomily. "Couldn't we cut down on it a bit?"

She realized that he had spent too much money today and was regretting it. She scooped up three pairs of his pajamas and pushed them into the corners of the basket. "If you'd wear drip-dry shirts," she said, "like everybody else."

"But I loathe all that nylon and stuff."

"Well, then. Eight shirts at one and sevenpence each. Pajamas are one and ten. No one else sends clothes to the laundry. Why don't you buy a washing machine?" At last she had the whole lot battened down. She straightened herself, pushing the hair out of her eyes. "You could have bought me one for my birthday, come to think of it."

He was alarmed. "Really? Would you have liked a washing machine? I didn't think of it."

"No," she said. "I wouldn't."

"I could have got one on the hire purchase," he insisted. "But I didn't think of it."

"But I don't want one!" she said, smiling desperately.

"All right, then why did you say—"

The children came out of the attic and peered down over the banisters. "Are you going to stay there all night?" Louisa asked. "We want to bring something down."

"All right," Jill said, dragging the laundry basket across the landing and bumping it down the stairs. "I'm just going."

SHE had prepared, as far as possible, for tomorrow. Her birthday cake, with one deceitful candle, was ready in the larder; she had washed the kitchen floor, and bought groceries for two days, and checked that the tin opener and the corkscrew were both in the drawer. She took a pile of mending and sat down on the window seat in the sitting room. The sun was misty, the small, narrow gardens littered with disorderly November flowers—leaning stacks of Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums like spilled copper, Aaron's-rod and seedy willow herb, slovenly splashes of dahlia against the gray brick walls. Somewhere, somebody was burning leaves. The clock in the hall chimed and struck the hour.

As she counted the strokes, one hand gloved in her husband's sock, she was momentarily caught by a sharp composite memory of all her birthdays. She could actually feel anticipation, even pleasure, flash through her, as though tomorrow really contained a mys-



"Who gets the bread and water?"

tery; as though she might unwrap something—a doll, the shrouded bulk of a new bicycle—that would really be a surprise, an astonishing happiness. It had left her before the clock had finished striking. If only it was all over, she thought, stabbing the hard heel of the sock with the needle.

"We want the scissors," Jane announced, bursting through the door. Her round, seven-year-old face was stern. "We are very busy."

"Bring them back," Jill said. "And be careful."

The door slammed, the child pounded upstairs. Two minutes later she was back again. "Where's the string?"

"I don't think we've got any string," Jill said brightly.

Dismay threatened. "What shall we do, then?"

Jill pulled her hand out of the sock, lifted the pile of mending off her knee, and began to look for the string. She groped in the back of shelves, hunted through the drawer of the desk, which contained bits of sealing wax, dried-up bottles of marking ink, three or four unidentified keys, two pipes, various bits of broken china, an old toothbrush, and some lighter flints, but no string. Jane sat down patiently and looked at a magazine. Jill looked systematically through the broom cupboard and kitchen drawers, and produced at last a roll of green garden twine and six yards of new pink ribbon intended for reviving someone's party dress. "You'll have to manage with this," she said.

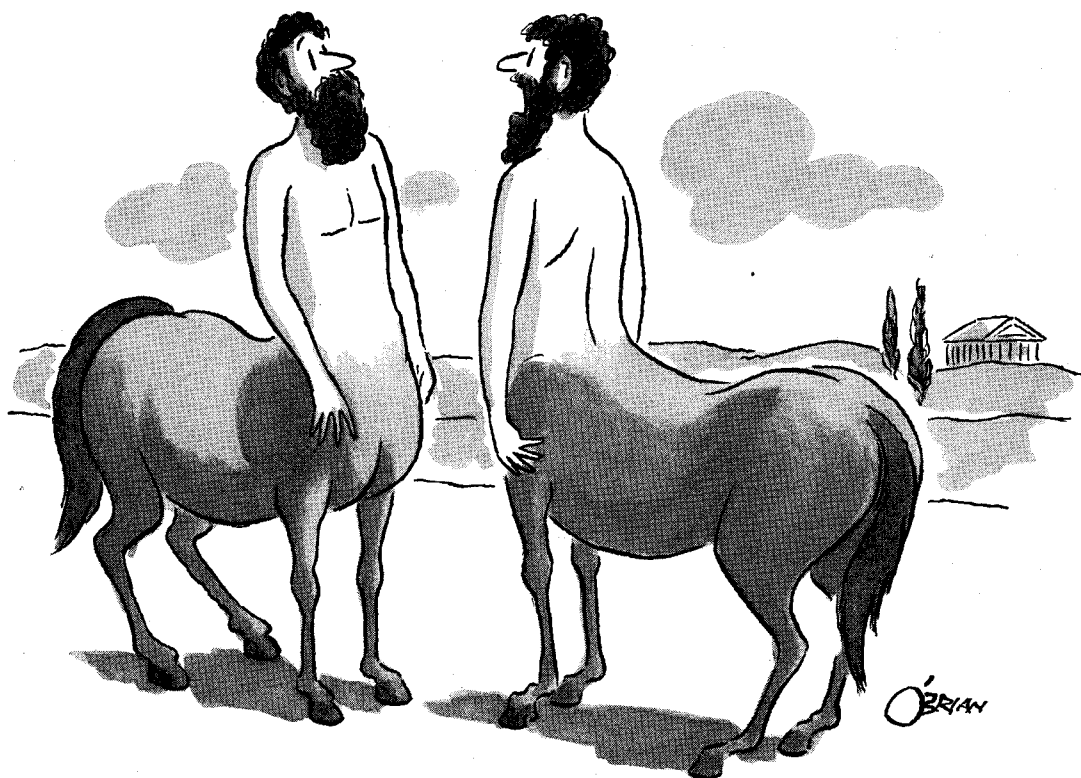
Jane looked at it critically. "All right," she said. "I suppose it'll do."

She went off, and Jill sat down again, lifting back the mending. She decided not to bother with the sock but to do something restful, like changing all the buttons on Louisa's coat. Jane hadn't brought back the scissors, so she gnawed and pulled at the buttons for a while and then gave up, folding the coat neatly over the back of the chair and waiting.

Becky, the middle one, was the next to come down. She put her sharp little face, weighted with horn-rimmed glasses and topped with a scrub of chopped red hair, round the door and asked, "Daddy says where's the glue?"

"There might be some in the cupboard."

Becky was ten and had just finished a two-year-long impersonation of Roy Rogers. The change had been sudden



"I'm worried about Nick. His horse came back without him."

and extreme. The checked shirt, the patched jeans, the stringy neck scarf were still in a heap on her bedroom floor. She now wore one of Louisa's petticoats, trailing its grubby frill two inches below a velvet skirt she had salvaged from the dressing-up box. She also wore ballet pumps and a large *broderie-anglaise* blouse that Jill remembered putting away to give, in another three or four years' time, to Louisa. Round her neck, instead of the scarf, she wore a broken necklace of plastic beads, cunningly mended with fuse wire. She looked as though she had just been converted by a visiting missionary.

"Becky—" Jill began.

"Yes?" The huge spectacles, which the child had mistakenly been allowed to choose for herself, flashed innocently.

"Oh, nothing. It should be on the bottom shelf."

"I've got it. By the way, how old will you be tomorrow?"

"A hundred and ninety-five."

"No. Really."

"Thirty-nine." But she couldn't help adding, "I think."

"Gosh. Daddy didn't know." She wandered to the door. "I asked him," she explained. "He said oh, about thirty-five or something."

Jill smiled. Her face was already beginning to ache a little.

"We need to know, you see, for the play."

"Do you mean to say there's going to be a play?" There was always a play. It took up—mercifully, in some ways—most of the afternoon. "Really?" she asked incredulously.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you. Oh dear."

"It's all right. I'll just pretend I don't know."

In a little while, her husband came down. "Well," he asked in a distraught way, "and how's the birthday girl?"

She looked at him imploringly. She had the absurd idea that she could ask him to abandon the whole thing.

"The children are working like blacks," he said.

"How sweet of them." She smiled quickly.

"Looking forward to your day off?"

"Oh, yes. Of course I am."

"That's good."

He settled himself in an armchair and closed his eyes. The expression on his face was that of a man doggedly resting before a battle that might well be his last.

NEXT morning, Jill woke, opened her eyes, took in the gray square of window and the sound of rain, snapped her eyes shut again. Thirty-nine, she thought. It didn't mean anything. She was relieved and, turning cautiously over, settled to sleep again.

In five minutes, the alarm began to ring. Her husband had, of course, taken

the day off. However, because it was her birthday, the alarm had been set for half an hour earlier than usual. He groaned and humped about the bed a little, then got up. She heard him putting on his dressing gown and shuffling out of the room.

"Honestly!" she heard before the door closed. "We've been up for *hours*!"

She got quickly out of bed and brushed her hair, peering at herself in the damp mirror with the superstitious feeling that overnight her hair should have gone gray, the wrinkles multiplied. She looked much the same, except for the anxious smile that already seemed to be driven into her face. She shut the window and switched on the heater, then got back into bed and folded her hands calmly over her stomach. The great thing, she told herself, is to relax. Just relax, and it may all be quite painless.

The door opened and the three clear, sturdy voices struck up: "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday"—Paul joined in rather haphazardly—"dear Mother, Happy Birthday to you!"

"Oh," she said. "What a lovely surprise."

The children filed in, businesslike, serious, dumped their packages on the bed, kissed her, and stood back. Paul followed with the tea tray and kissed her and wished her a happy birthday.

"Well," she said. "I don't know where to start."

They glanced at each other and giggled shortly. She began untying the pink ribbon.

"Oh, what a beautiful card!" she said. "Did you make it, Becky?"

Becky nodded. "I made up the poem, too."

"Let's read it, then."

"Thirty-nine is not such a very great age to be, Think how you'd feel if today you were ninety-three."

There was a moment's silence.

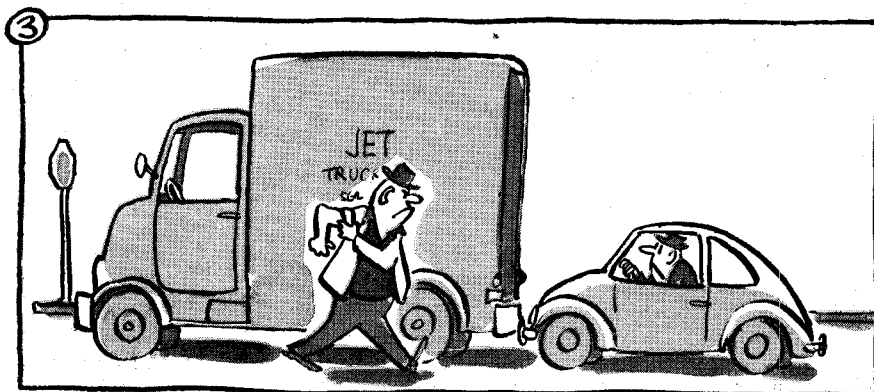
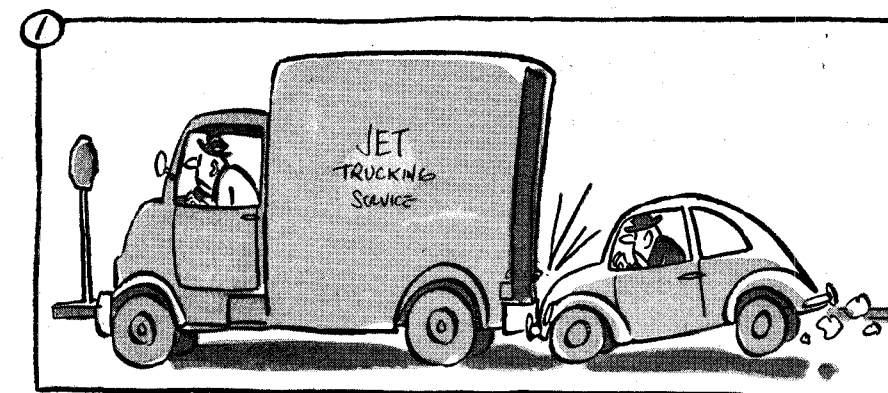
"Well," Jill said, "I think it's perfectly lovely. And a blotter, too! Just what I wanted. *Thank you, darling.*" She kissed Becky, who blushed almost purple.

"Open mine now," Jane said.

"But it's a needlecase! And you made it all by yourself! *Thank you, darling.*"

While Jill was kissing Jane, Louisa, who thought her youngest sister a frightful showoff, looked distantly out of the window.

"Now, what ever can this be?" Jill said. She unwrapped, with caution, two quilted coat hangers. "Oh!"



she breathed. "And another poem!" "It's not much good," Louisa muttered.

"I'm sure it's brilliant."

"You're Thirty Nine today,
So Happy Birthday, Mum.
You may feel rather old,
But to us you're still Twenty One!"

Paul choked over his tea. The tray nearly upset, and, helped by this distraction, Jill kissed Louisa warmly. The worst was over.

The remaining presents were from Paul. The sweater, a size bigger than last year's, would be quite possible if she took the collar off and had it dyed. She said it was lovely, and the perfume was lovely, and the Braque print—she nervously turned it the right way up—was really lovely.

"I think it's perfectly ghastly," Louisa said.

"Oh well," Jill was amazed to hear herself saying, "we can't all have the same tastes, can we? And it's awfully cheerful." She kissed her husband gratefully. "I don't know how to thank you," she said. "Such wonderful presents."

Something was wrong—her tone of voice or what she said; there ought to be more. They waited, and she kept smiling, and at last Paul said, "Well, you'd all better go off and get dressed. I'll go down and get breakfast."

"I really don't want any," Jill said. "Please don't—"

"But you always have breakfast in bed on your birthday!" Louisa blazed. "You always do!"

"Oh well, then. All right. Thank you," she said humbly.

Left alone, she wound up all the pink ribbon, which, if ironed, might still do for the party dress. She folded the wrapping paper and arranged the cards on the mantelpiece and got back into bed. A faint smell of burning crept up from the kitchen. How wonderful it is, she told herself sharply, to be loved.

THE rule on her birthday was that she was not allowed to do anything. This had started when Louisa was about four. It had impressed Louisa, if no one else, as a wonderful idea, and she had never allowed it to be forgotten. She was a highly organized child, very good at giving orders. Combined with remarkable beauty, this made her, at twelve, rather formidable.

Unhappily dressed in the new sweater, Jill sidled downstairs at about ten o'clock. Louisa was vacuuming the sitting room.

"Why didn't you stay in bed?" she asked. "And rest?"

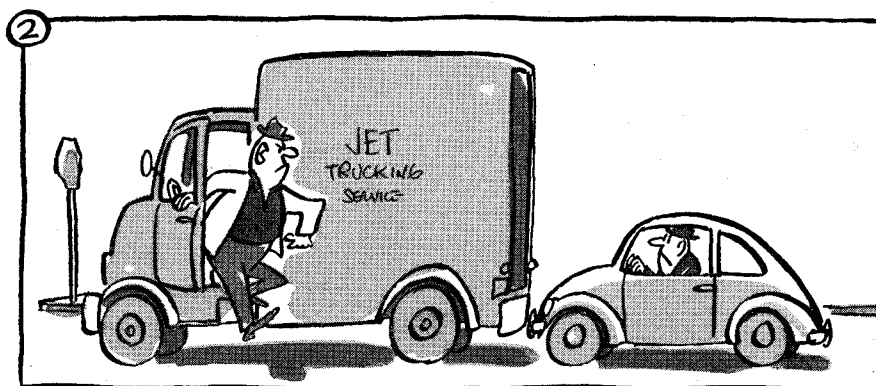
"Oh well . . ." Jill said.

"It's a pity, because if it was a nice day you could sit in the garden."

"Yes," Jill said.

"Well, do you mind moving, because I want to Hoover over there?"

Jill went back to the bedroom and did her nails. When they were dry, she



"Everyone's trying their damndest to please you."

"Oh, really. If that's your attitude."

"Good God, if you can't appreciate it, I'm sorry."

"Oh..." She hung her head, watching the pale-gray coffee dripping onto the carpet. "Of course I appreciate it, Paul."

"Well, then. Now, where do you want this chest of drawers?"

"Over there," she said humbly.

He picked it up, carried it across the room, and dumped it against the wall. "Now," he said. "Why don't you go downstairs and look at a magazine or something?"

"All right." It struck her that they were behaving in the most curious way. He looked shifty and sick, and it suddenly occurred to her that he really hated her birthday, hated her growing older—that, in fact, he was ashamed. She was certain of it. He was ashamed because he could no longer avoid knowing that she was middle-aged.

"Paul—" she began.

"Well?" He had his back to her, pushing in the drawers.

She couldn't think what to say. "Do you love me?"

"Of course. You might just have a word with Louisa. She tries hard on your birthday."

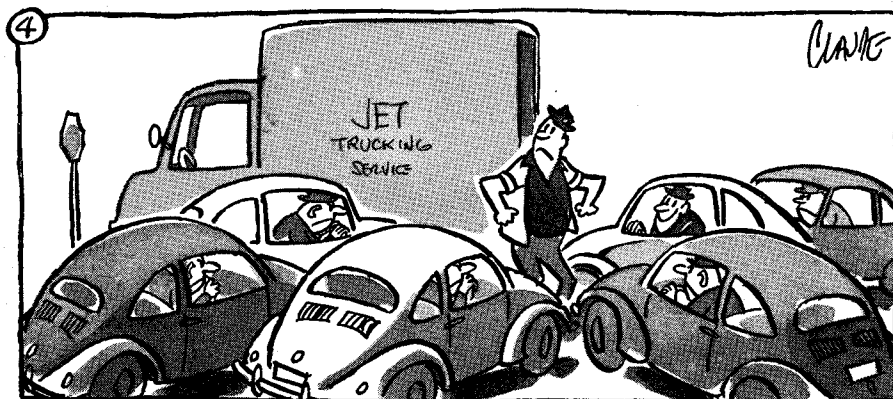
"I know," she said. "You all do."

"Well, then. I'll go and get the lunch. You just relax. You know—relax a bit."

"Yes," she said. "All right."

He went heavily downstairs. She sat down on the bed and began pulling the fluff off the blanket and rolling it between her finger and thumb.

THE play, this year, concerned two princes captured by a wicked wizard and saved in the nick of time by a benevolent fairy aged thirty-nine. Last year it had been two princesses captured by a wicked witch and saved in the nick of time by a benevolent fairy aged thirty-eight. Jane and Becky played the princes, and Louisa doubled in the other parts. It was full of "Oho!" and "By my troth!" and "Whither away?" After each scene, Jane applauded loudly and was scolded by Louisa. There were three scenes, with an interval between the second and third for the birthday cake and ice cream. While Louisa was bringing them up from the kitchen, Jane and Becky danced to a long-playing Sidney Bechet record. As time wore on, their faces became grimmer and their breathing louder, but they continued to lollop bravely about and never moved their eyes from the audience,



thought of tidying her drawers, and this reminded her that she had, for weeks, been meaning to move the chest of drawers over to the other side of the room, where it would not only look better but hide a small patch of damp on the wall. She resolutely put this idea out of her head and went downstairs again. Louisa was dusting, Becky was finishing the washing up. They both seemed disappointed to see her, so she went and stood in the dining room for a little while, looking with interest at the rain, until Jane burst in and said, "Oh. You're here. We're going to lay the table now."

"But it's not nearly lunchtime!"

"Well, that's what Louisa told me to do. Couldn't you go for a walk or something?" she suggested sympathetically.

Jill went upstairs again and looked at the chest of drawers. She closed the door and cautiously pulled out the drawers, balancing them on the bed. Then she pulled the heavy chest carefully, inch by inch, across the room. One of its feet got caught in the carpet, so she lay down on her stomach and lifted up the chest with one hand while niftily tucking the carpet under its foot with the other. She was lying half under the bed and had just got the carpet straightened when Louisa came in.

"I brought you some coffee," Louisa said, and then, "Oh! What are you doing?"

Jill got up and took the cup without

looking at her. "Thank you," she said. "I was just moving the chest of drawers."

"But why?" Louisa wailed. "On your birthday!"

"Oh, don't be so silly," Jill snapped. "Why shouldn't I move the chest of drawers on my birthday if I want to?"

"But you're meant to be resting!"

"But I don't want to rest!"

They glared at each other, and slowly, painfully, Louisa's eyes filled with tears. Jill held out her hands, but the child turned her head away and ran down the stairs. Nobody cried on her birthday, Jill remembered hopelessly. She knelt down and heaved savagely at the chest, upsetting the cup of coffee, which poured—a scalding christening—over her new sweater.

"Louisa's thoroughly upset," Paul said from the doorway. "I do think you might—What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm trying to move the chest of drawers," she said, getting up slowly. "It isn't a crime. It isn't hurting anybody. It isn't spoiling anyone's fun."

"Look at that sweater."

"I know."

"It's ruined. When I think what it cost—"

"Don't tell me," she said. "I can always have it dyed."

"Why can't you rise to the occasion a bit? You've thoroughly upset Louisa."

"Is it Louisa's birthday?" she snapped suddenly. "Or mine?"

who kept smiles of appreciation clamped firmly on both their faces. At last the record ended. Jill cut the cake and remembered to wish.

"What did you wish?" Jane asked when she had eaten her cake.

"Don't be silly," Louisa said. "She can't tell. Come on, we've got to do the third scene now."

They hurried busily away.

"It's a lovely play," Jill said timidly. "Are you all right?"

Her husband nodded. He was absolutely exhausted and had put down four dry Martinis before lunch in order to nerve himself for the washing up. Jill had changed into a dress, and made up her face with great care. In spite of this, she had begun to feel slightly hysterical. It was not surely necessary for the fairy to grow so old?

"Gadzooks!" Louisa cried, looking evil. "Those princes will make me a jolly fine supper . . ."

At the end of the play, the entire cast sang "God Save the Queen" and "Happy Birthday to You." Then the curtains were drawn back, and Jane inexplicably burst into tears. Becky, too, hung about, looking moistly through her enormous glasses.

"They're tired," Jill muttered, patting them hopelessly. "I'll put them to bed."

"You can't," Louisa said, looking disgusted under her benevolent fairy's crown. "It's your birthday. You're going out. I'll put them, if they're such babies."

"But I'm sure there's time—"

"You wouldn't want Mummy to bathe you, would you? On her birthday?"

Dumb, guilty, swamped in tears, Jane shook her head.

"Then come on." A tinsel-and-muslin wardress, she pushed them out of the room. "And if you're good," Jill heard her saying, "you can watch television for half an hour—but mind you, not a minute longer." Their voices, like the voices of tired, nattering old women, retreated up the stairs.

JILL tidied the sitting room and poured herself a drink. The day weighed heavily on her, like some expensive mistake, a lapse of good taste, that, once paid for, is irrevocable. The bonfire of leaves had been extinguished by the day's rain. The air had become clear and watery as spring, and birds were twittering and fussing in the tall, grimy trees. The year, yesterday so mellow, had become petrified in a gray, damp evening.

"Well, shall we go?"

THE CANTANKEROUS ONE

I
When true love broke my heart in half,
I took the whiskey from the shelf,
And told my neighbors when to laugh.
I keep a dog, and bark myself.

II

Ghost cries out to ghost—
But who's afraid of that?
I fear those shadows most
That start from my own feet.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

She turned reluctantly. Paul had changed his suit but not his expression. He went straight over to the decanter and poured himself a triple whiskey.

"Yes," she said. "When you're ready."

"I'm ready now."

"All right, then. Let's go."

"Well, what do you mean, when I'm ready?"

"Nothing. Where are we going?"

"Where do we always go on your birthday? Pierre's, of course."

"How silly of me," she said. "I should have known."

THEY came home, rather unsteadily and in silence, about eleven. The children were all asleep. The house felt surprisingly normal, freed from tension. There was even a banana skin in the sitting-room grate, which Louisa hadn't tidied away. They climbed slowly upstairs, not speaking, yawned and sighed in the cold bedroom. It's over, they both thought, pulling off their shoes. Weariness, apathy drowned them. They moved about the room as languidly and pointlessly as fish in a small tank. When, at last, she had turned down the coverlet, put his pajamas ready on the pillow, opened the window, and turned off the main light, he was still standing in his shirt, looking vaguely around. She had already forgotten about her birthday. Her face, after an enormous yawn, settled back lax and unsmiling.

"Do hurry," she said. "I'm dropping."

He picked up his pajamas, looked at them with distaste, and let them fall

in a heap on the floor. Then he wandered to the wardrobe, took out a clean pair of pajamas, and began, with laborious concentration, to undo the buttons.

In one movement she sat upright. Her whole body was stiff and trembling. "You can't wear clean pajamas!" she said.

He lowered toward her, his head stuck forward. "Why not?"

"You had clean pajamas last night."

"And is there any reason," he inquired, skidding a little over the words, "why I shouldn't have clean pajamas tonight as well?"

"Of course there is!" She was desolate, outraged. "We can't afford the laundry! You said so yourself! We can't afford the laundry!"

At last he let fly. "Then why don't you wash them yourself instead of fooling around all day moving the furniture?"

"Why should I wash your horrible pajamas? Why should I?"

"Don't shout," he said. "I cannot stand you shouting."

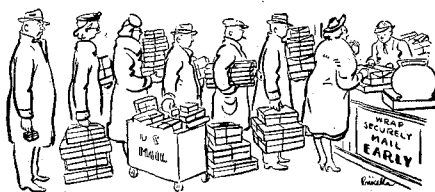
"Why shouldn't I shout?"

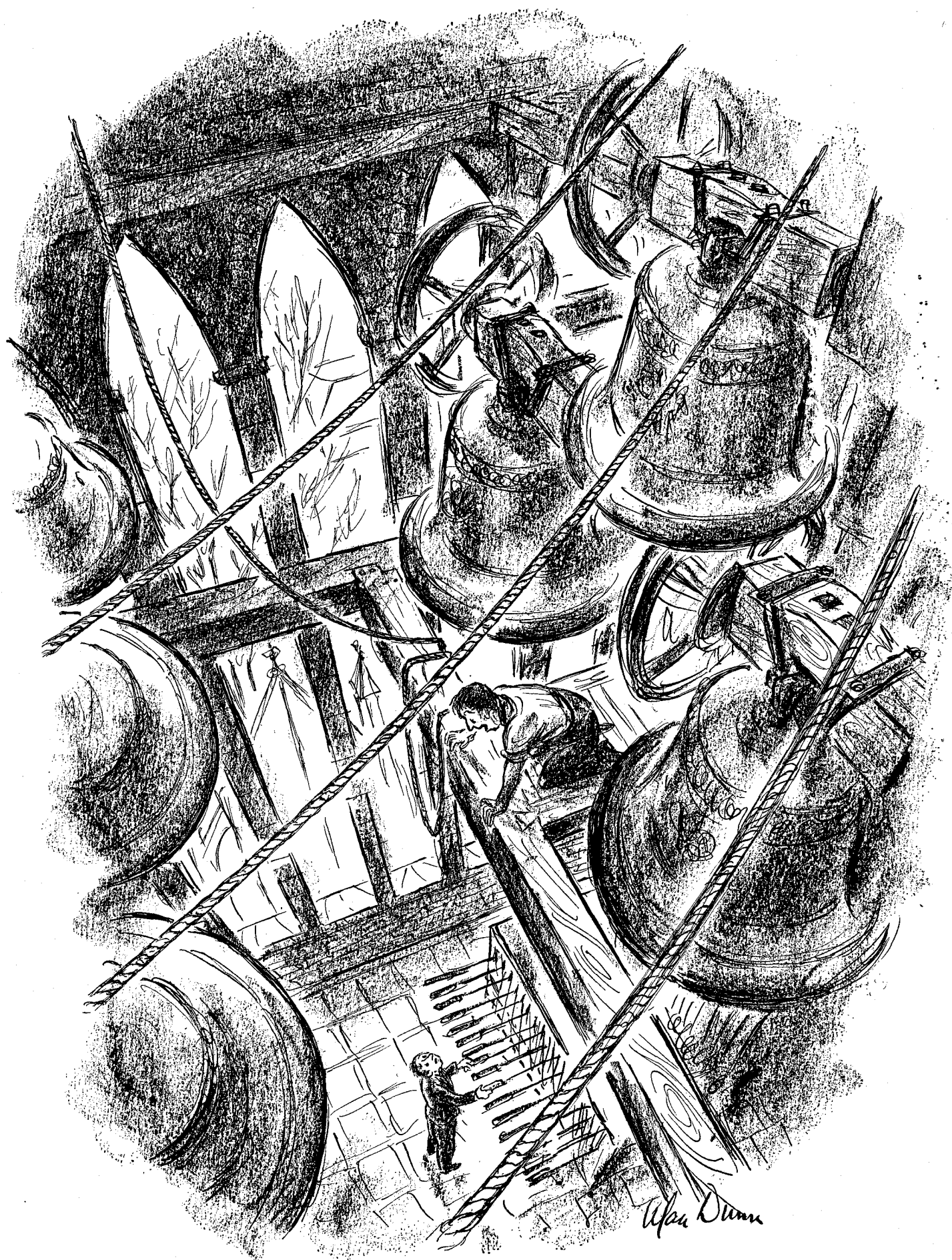
"Because," he said, "you are too old."

They stared at each other. All sound, even the sound of breathing, had stopped. He went out of the room, carrying the clean pajamas. He went downstairs. She heard the sitting-room door close.

He had drunk too much, of course. It had been a strain. She had only been trying to save him the expense of the laundry. He was overtired. He would soon come back and apologize. She turned off the bedside light and lay on her back, staring at the patterns of the street lamp on the ceiling. The clock chimed and began to strike midnight. Next year, she realized, I shall be forty. She lay waiting, the little smile of gratitude fixed on her face like a distant welcome.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER





"O.K. on 'ding.' Now give me a 'dong.'"

"THERE IS A HOST APPROACHING NIGH"

THESE autumn Saturdays, usually just about when we have finished lunch, as I stand in front of the south window in the kitchen scraping the dishes over the sink, I will hear a rapid drumbeat, and the sound of martial music is carried to me on the soft November air. It is the University of Virginia band, marching to Scott Stadium for the football game. Most of the tunes it plays are familiar to me. As I wash the plates and cups I start to sing along with them, only the words I sing are often not the same as the words they are singing to the music over there.

My husband, who is a professor, takes the reasonable attitude that since he went conscientiously to every football game Brown played when he was an undergraduate, every game Harvard played when he was working for his doctorate, every game Princeton played when he started out as a young instructor until the day it was revealed unto him that football is a dull game that he cares nothing about, he need never waste another Saturday afternoon.

My own ardor, as I continue to sing to the stirring, faraway music of the band, has little to do with football as a sport. I, too, went to every game

Harvard played—during the five or six years when I was, first, a Boston sub-débutante, then a débutante, then what used to be called L.O.P.H. ("Left on Poppa's Hands"), yet in all that time I never became absolutely certain what a first down was.

My feelings about football games, which are deep, go far back into my childhood to the day when my father and my Uncle Edward took me to see my first, a Yale-Harvard game in the Harvard Stadium. Harvard won the game—at the time this did not surprise me—and today I can remember all the words of all the songs we sang that cold November day; which is why I am able, after all these years, to sing Harvard's words to the tunes the Virginia band is playing, while over at Scott Stadium they are singing other versions.

But I don't quite sing Harvard's words, either. The way I begin one of the songs is "Buck the line for Harvard, For Harvard wins today..." When my younger son, who is a Harvard junior, overheard me at this once, he exclaimed "Mother!" in tones of the deepest outrage, embarrassment, and disgust. "The actual words are 'Hit the line for Harvard,' in case

you are interested," he added coldly.

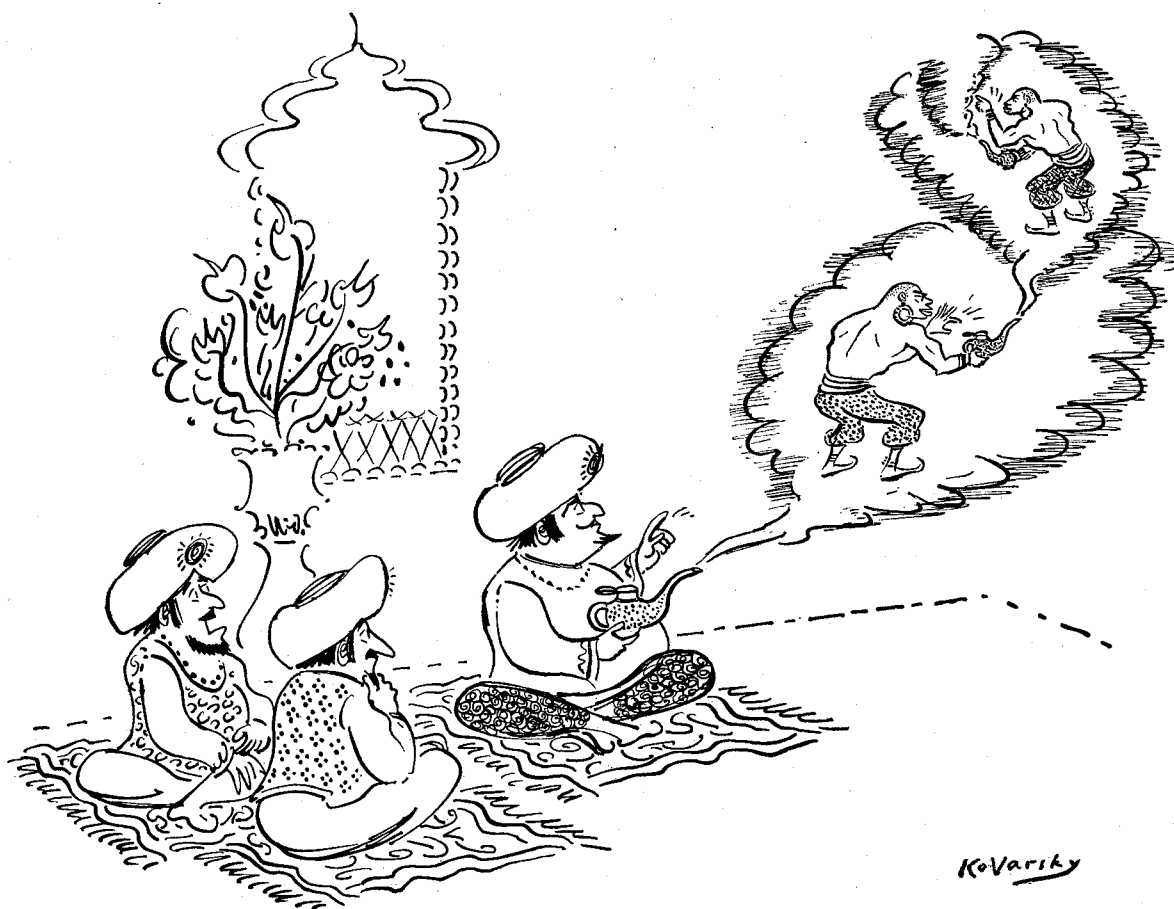
"I know," I said. "But I'm singing Grandpa's words."

"You couldn't be! He *couldn't* have sung that," he insisted so feverishly that I felt I had better get to the bottom of what it was he thought I was singing. There proved to have been a mistake. He thought I had sung "Butt the line for Harvard," and, familiar with my ignorance of the most elementary rules governing sports, feared that I was confusing football and soccer.

My father, a highly original man, had his own version of most things. He had managed to be the only male in several generations of his family—and among several brothers—who did not go to Harvard. After passing its entrance examinations he departed for Paris, where he studied painting for several years, in the eighties and nineties, at Julian's and the Beaux-Arts. On returning to Boston he plunged into a career entirely devoted to the practice, teaching, and criticism of art. But he was not content to rest upon these atypical laurels. Instead, he became the most ardent Harvard rooter in all his family. He went to its games, read its news, upheld its name, to an extent that the other brothers still living—an architect, a professor of English, and a railroad man—never dreamed of.

Perhaps, by going there, they had got Harvard out of their systems. My father never got Harvard out of his system. I remember, as a child, hearing him say about a boy cousin of mine whose family sent him to Yale, "That was a damned silly thing to do. Why should anybody send a son to a little place like Yale or Princeton when there is Harvard?"

My childhood, in the environs of Boston, was for some reason overlaid by a haze of melancholy. The suburban streets, deep in russet leaves I scuffed through on my way home from school; the country road behind our house (covered with white stones that at an earlier, happier stage I had believed to be dragon's teeth), up which I wandered to lonely, autumnal woods; our



"Talk about passing the buck!"

house and grounds, seemingly always silent, unpeopled, lifeless, filled me with sorrow and resignation. That was the way this place was, and there was nothing a child, an unpopular child, could do about it.

My days were redeemed by the appearance of my father, who generally got home from his studio in Boston about half an hour before dinner. He would fling the front door open so that it banged against the wall, stamp into the hall, slap the newspapers and packages he carried down on the spinet, which served as a hall table, as I hurled myself down the steep front stairs and into his arms. When I was little, I used to be in bed by that time, and he would come upstairs and tell me stories of Paris, of landscape painting in Holland, and of wine tours taken on a bicycle all over France. But as I grew older, his belief that I should learn to take part in grown-up conversation made possible long hours at the round dining-room table, where I sat between my gay, witty father and my beautiful mother, who was also a painter, and inhaled my education.

It was during such a dinner hour that my mother said, "I had a letter today from your brother Edward. He's coming to stay with us over the Harvard-Yale football game."

"Good," my father said. "He said he'd get me a ticket."

"He's got three," my mother said. "He was kind enough to suggest I come, too. Do you think he'd mind awfully if I declined? All the barberies are going to drop off that branch if I don't finish my still-life."

"Art first, life afterward," my father said. "How would you like to go, old socks?"

All I could reply was "Oh!"

Uncle Edward—my professor uncle—was a great favorite of mine and I was a great favorite of his. During moments of demonstrativeness he would call me his chocolate cucumber, referring to a box of candy he had once brought me, impelled principally by scholarly curiosity as to what a chocolate cucumber could possibly be. (They turned out to be quite good.) He was a very tall man, so thin that he was known to his loving students as Spike, and, like many thin men, he could keep on eating almost indefinitely. My



"He kept telling me he was a Renaissance man and that I cramped his style."

mother had once kept on asking Uncle Edward to have another piece of pumpkin pie and each time, absorbed in conversation, he had passed up his plate; the only reason she stopped asking him and he stopped eating was that a second pie ran out. He spoke in a voice so dry as to be almost flat; and this tone of his, for some reason, was deeply reassuring to me. It was as if it counteracted, nullified, the mysterious sadness that overclouded my life.

Unlike Uncle Edward, my father was given to bursts of ebullience. He rose every morning at half past six and took a cold bath, which rite he accompanied by arias from the Italian operas, rendered *forte*. He would then eat a breakfast of cereal, two boiled eggs broken over toast spread with anchovy paste, several cups of coffee with sugar, and depart for his studio in a great flurry of lost outer garments and shouted farewells. This routine he followed as usual on the morning of my first football game.

"Meet you in Harvard Square at twelve!" he called to me and Uncle Edward as we continued to sit at the breakfast table, soberly partaking of Cream of Wheat. The front door slammed, and he was gone.

"I never saw a man so wedded to his art," Uncle Edward observed, help-

ing himself to a large spoonful of strawberry jam.

"Every moment lost from the studio is a moment wasted, to him," my mother replied, half proud, half mournful. She rose hurriedly from the table to go out to the kitchen and accomplish the giving of the day's orders, so that she could get on with her still-life.

"When you have climbed out of the jam pot," Uncle Edward said to me, "we might go for a walk."

We went far up the stony road in the chill, early, echoing November morning. Uncle Edward was a member of the Appalachian Mountain Walking Club, and always able to introduce me to new secrets of woodcraft. This time, I remember, he drew a penknife from his pocket and showed me how to peel birch bark, in a wide strip, off a tree back in the leafless woods. The sun sent faint watery rays down the pine-needle paths that were first trodden, Uncle Edward had told me, hundreds of years ago by the Indians. It did not seem sad or lonely here any longer, but quiet, peaceful, and interesting.

"Time to get started," he said, looking at his gold pocket watch. My stomach contracted as I remembered the excitements ahead.

We took the train to Boston, and

from there the subway to Cambridge. At every stage of our journey the crowds became denser, noisier, gayer, until we emerged into a Harvard Square swaying with raccoon coats, red velvet and blue felt cloche hats, crimson banners with an H, blue banners with a Y, enormous chrysanthemums, and bright-plaid steamer rugs carried over people's arms.

We stood waiting together on the island of the subway entrance in companionable silence, jostled as though by the waves of a cheerful, noisy ocean. In a few minutes my father appeared, waving a folded newspaper.

"Hello, old boy," he greeted his brother. "Hello, job lots. This is his bully! Suppose we get some lunch."

I crossed the traffic jam on Massachusetts Avenue between my tall father and my taller uncle. "She shuts up like a clam whenever anything new is going on," my father reported over my head in fond, paternal tones.

"An intelligent practice," Uncle Edward replied, dryly.

We went to a place where we were supposed to put our plates of lunch on the broad single arm of our chairs. I suppose it must have been merely the Waldorf Cafeteria of those days, but to me it laid claim to a total glamour, with its laughing, pushing crowds of young men and beautiful girls. I remember the elaborate layer cake I was gravely munching when all at once the strains of martial music struck my ears.

"Come on, boys!" my father exclaimed. "We've got to see the band go over the bridge."

"Temper your transports," Uncle Edward said. "I want to finish my coffee."

When we joined the throngs in the Square, the music came to us in gusts upon the breeze. "List to the sound of the Flying Widge," sang my father with it—improvising, I realized later. "There is a band approaching nigh, Harvard is marching up the bridge. . . ."

"Deland's tactics are out of date," remarked Uncle Edward. "That yellow house is where your great-grand-uncle lived when he was president of Harvard," he added to me.

"Oh, *do* come on, Edward," my father cried. "Behold, they come in view, Who wear the crimson hue. . . ." he continued to sing, as we turned in to Boylston Street. Before us I could see, sure enough, with its flags waving and its band playing, Harvard marching over the Anderson Bridge.

On the way to the stadium they bought me a banner and a maroon chrysanthemum with a white H affixed

THE MAPMAKER ON HIS ART

After the bronzed, heroic traveller
Returns to the television interview
And cocktails at the Ritz, I, in my turn,
Set forth across the clean, uncharted paper.
Smiling a little at his encounters with
Savages, bugs, and snakes, for the most part
Skipping his night thoughts, philosophic notes,
Rainy reflections, I translate his trip
Into my native tongue of bearings, shapes,
Directions, distances. My fluent pen
Wanders and cranks as his great river does,
Over the page, making the lonely voyage
Common and human. This, my modest art,
Brings wilderness well down into the range
Of any budget. Under the haunted mountain
Where he lay in delirium, deserted
By his safari, they will build hotels
In a year or two. I make no claim that this
Much matters (they will name a hotel for him,
Not me), yet, lest in the comparison
I should appear a trifle colorless,
I write the running river a rich blue
And—let imagination rage!—wild green
The jungles with their tawny meadows and swamps
Where, till the day I die, I will not go.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

to it, and a program containing the words to the songs.

"Do you think you could be a good girl and stand right here without moving, while Uncle Edward and I leave you for a minute?" my father asked when we had reached the foot of a flight of concrete steps inside the stadium.

I nodded. They moved away.

"You're sure you'll be all right?" my father called, turning around.

"She's a sensible child," Uncle Edward said, taking his arm.

Past me where I stood swept droves of the young men in their coon coats, crimson scarves, and battered gray felt hats, conducting their girls with the silken legs and high, high heels and tight little crimson skirts that came just to the knee. I stayed stock-still, obediently, in the angle of the stairs, in my school coat, pleated plaid skirt, and the red sweater I had put on specially for Harvard.

I saw my father and my uncle coming back before they saw me. They were arm in arm and deep in talk. I heard my father say, "You take just

one bum steer and your whole damned life seems to go down the drain."

"You've done pretty well," Uncle Edward said. "Forget it."

A trickle of terror chilled me, and under my feet the abyss yawned. My father *not* happy?

"Good old fat sides," my father said, and took me by the arm. We went up the stairs and emerged into the enormous, space-filled, howling, gaudy stadium.

As we found our places, facing a sign on the field that said "35," a row of young men in white sweaters with crimson Hs were leading the cheering, by a series of violent physical convolutions that ended in their all turning handsprings in unison. "Har-*vard* . . . Har-*vard* . . . Har-*vard*!" the crowd roared. The cheerleaders walked up and down, clapping. The band broke forth again in brassy gaiety.

"With the Crimson in something flashing, amid the cheers of victory, Old Eli's hopes we are dashing. . . ." sang my father, waving his program from side to side and sitting on the edge of the board, with seat numbers, that was under us. Surely I was mistaken about the meaning of what he had said? My anxiety turned itself around in a circle, lay down, and went to sleep. The teams ran on the field, flexing their knees.

I stood up when my father and uncle stood up, and sat down when they sat down, but I did not really understand





any of the hurried explanations they kept tossing over their shoulders at me as the game progressed. Nor did I mind not understanding. The spectacle was more than sufficient. The radiantly sunny afternoon passed slowly by, as a blimp hung silently above the stadium, and now and then a small white biplane flew over. At intervals the numbers in the scoreboard at the end of the stadium disappeared with a jerk, and other numbers were jerked into their places. On the field the teams swept up, swept down, crashed head on into total impasses, ran about in scattered disorder. Once in a while one huge-shouldered player would free himself and go running down the field alone, hugging the ball, while both sides rose to their feet like a great wave and roared. Then a player would kick the ball from the field, and it would soar up and curve over the white goalposts.

As the afternoon grew later and colder, I could see the twinkling, as of fireflies, from a thousand points of light where people on the Yale side were lighting cigarettes in the dusk. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a moan began to rise from across the stadium. "Aaahhhhhh," it swelled, and receded again.

"That's the Undertaker song," my

father explained hastily when I pulled at his sleeve. "The Yales think they're going to win. They're not, though. We are." He returned to frantic cheering.

"Poor . . . old . . . Har . . . vard . . ." moaned the Yale side.

We did win. A player with monstrous shoulders broke loose right in front of where we sat, and ran, weaving, down past the Yale goal line. The little fat man in the middle of the field held up both arms, and in the gathering dusk the Harvard side burst out in a long, hoarse scream. Hats were thrown into the field. Uncle Edward and my father and I stood and watched the students stream down off the stands to snake-dance up the field. The goalposts tottered and went down.

Slowly we made our way down the steps and through the mobs in the field to the exit, and walked around behind the stadium to the field house. There, under a white blaze of electricity, the crowd, with upturned faces, was chanting, "We want Owen. . . . We want Owen. . . ." It was a scene of the greatest exaltation.

After a while, a young man in a heavy sort of bathrobe came to the door of the field house and waved. The crowd yelled a pitch higher, in ecstasy.

I looked up into my father's face to see if he, too, was ecstatic.

But his face was sorrowful and resigned. My stricken heart sank into my stomach.

A moment later, Uncle Edward took my arm and we turned. "Well, it's been Harvard's day," Uncle Edward remarked to my father as we began to move away.

"Yep," my father said. "Some place."

Then the band, which had come up at the head of the long procession of snake-dancers, broke into a fresh tune. My father's face lighted up. "Buck the line for Harvard," he sang, waving his rolled-up program. "For Harvard wins today . . ." In the chill and violet dusk, filled with the music of the brasses, the cries of the crowds, and the strange distant echoings of twilight, we made our way back to the road, and over the bridge to the subway.

AND that is the version I sing today, as I stand looking out over my back yard, washing dishes and listening to the Virginia band as it marches to Scott Stadium. I am seized by something of the old conviction that a football game is a glorious and ultimate experience that used to impel me to accept



"Keep an eye on him. I think he's a comparison shopper from F. A. O. Schwarz."

every invitation to go to the Harvard games (except one I got from a Dartmouth boy; I would not sink to sitting on the Dartmouth side). Suddenly I am tempted to let the dishes wash themselves, hurry over to the stadium, see if a ticket hasn't been turned in, go in, and watch the game.

For over there people will be waving across at friends, girls in bright-colored hats will be laughing up into their escorts' faces, banners—orange-and-blue ones—will flutter from the stands in the afternoon sunshine; the cheerleaders throw themselves about in transports; a roar rise as the team jogs onto the

field and the mystic rite of football begins.

But then I have to laugh. For I can't help realizing that I would actually rather—with long delicious strokes of the brush over the dirty old white—paint the guest-room furniture Chinese red.

—NANCY HALE

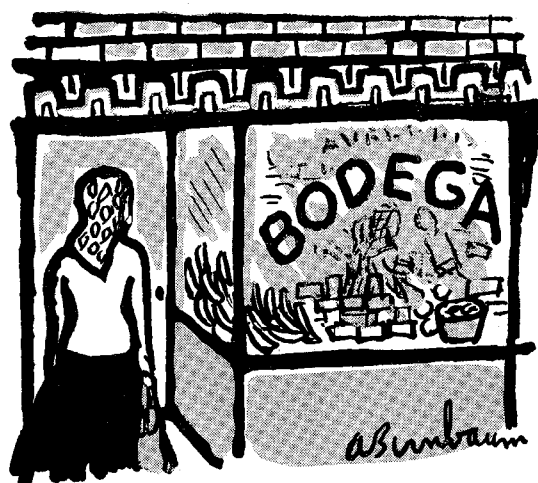
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PUERTO RICANS

EL BARRIO DE NUEVA YORK

LAST New Year's Day, by the estimate of city officials, there were five hundred and fifty thousand Puerto Ricans living in New York—a fourteenth, roughly, of the city's population. Nearly all of them had come here from their native island, or been born here, in the preceding ten years, though a trickle had been coming in since 1898, the year the United States took over Puerto Rico from Spain. The trickle was composed mostly of cigar makers, merchant seamen, and women garment workers, and they settled in three spots—on Sands Street, in Brooklyn, and on Ninety-ninth and 135th Streets, in East Harlem. For years, these communities were tiny. A cigar maker who came here just before the First World War has told me that among them they numbered only a few hundred people, and that, as he remembers it, he came to know almost all of them personally. After 1917, when the Puerto Ricans were made full-fledged citizens of the United States by Act of Congress, the trickle gradually began to swell. Still, it was not until the late twenties that there were enough Puerto Ricans in East Harlem to give it a really Spanish flavor, and it was not until the thirties that Puerto Ricans started referring to East Harlem as El Barrio, or El Barrio de Nueva York—*barrio* meaning either “village” or, in an urban context, “ward.”

Today, El Barrio, enormously expanded, is the main Puerto Rican settlement in the city, though by no means the only one. Its principal crossroads is 110th Street and Lexington Avenue, and in the I.R.T. station there the lavatory doors bear the words “HOMBRES” and “MUJERES” as well as “MEN” and “WOMEN.” If you ascend to daylight from that station, you can expect to see Puerto Ricans on every hand, and you may well see no one who is not Puerto Rican. Moving out from this crossroads, one finds that El Barrio's boundaries are not very distinct. On the north, it fades off toward the Harlem River, giving way here and there, above 116th Street, to Negro areas. On the west, it is bounded by Central Park and, above the Park, by what is called Central Harlem—the area between Fifth and Eighth Avenues. On the south, it tends



to end a little below 100th Street, but the line is ragged. And on the east, it pretty much extends to the East River, except for a few blocks to the north and south of 116th Street, where it yields to an Italian enclave. Before 1945, this enclave covered most of the area bounded by Lexington Avenue, 100th and 124th Streets, and the river, but since then it has been shrinking steadily—north, south, and west—as the younger Italians, especially, have moved out and the Puerto Ricans have moved in.

Thus do boundaries within the city change. And with them changes, though more slowly, the meaning of terms like Central Harlem, East Harlem, and Harlem itself. “People here carry place names with them when they move,” a city planner explained to me recently. “In the thirties, of course, we had the depression; few Negroes were coming to the city, and Harlem was still a fairly small place. The war brought many new Negroes in, and Harlem began spreading. It has been spreading ever since, with Puerto Ricans and more Negroes arriving all the time. As it has spread, people have naturally felt the need to subdivide it, and now you get a great emphasis on the ideas of East, Central, and West Harlem.” Only a few Puerto Ricans live in Central Harlem, but quite a lot are scattered, in patches, through West Harlem—a district that, as many people see it, now ends only at the bank of the Hudson. There are those in Hudson River neighborhoods like Morning-side Heights, Manhattanville, and Washington Heights who are fighting Harlem's westward drift, semantically

and otherwise, because they want to preserve the character of the old neighborhoods, and also want the old place names to survive, with their old connotations. How they will make out no one can tell. In any case, Harlem now appears to be a somewhat spotty island-wide band extending from somewhere above 100th Street to somewhere below 155th Street, and there are Puerto Ricans in many sections of it, with East Harlem constituting their section par excellence.

On the West Side, Puerto Ricans can be found from Harlem down to the Chelsea district, in the Twenties, though almost nowhere in extensive patches. Above Fifty-ninth Street, of course, the north-south arteries—notably Central Park West, Broadway, West End Avenue, and Riverside Drive—are likely to be lined with big apartment houses, and, by and large, Puerto Ricans have not moved into these. They have, however, made strong inroads into the side streets, taking over brownstones from their earlier occupants (often Irish-Americans), overcrowding them, and helping to run them down. With its slums and near-slums interleaved with homes of the middle class, the West Side is unique among the city's Puerto Rican districts, which in general tend to be slums pure and simple, shared with Negroes or with the less mobile remnants of European immigrant groups, and this laminated quality makes for a tricky problem of adjustment. Many of the older West Side families have traditionally believed in raising their children without class distinctions—in sending them to public schools, for instance—and the Puerto Rican influx has put their principles to a severe test. A high percentage of Puerto Ricans in a school almost inevitably slows the teaching down—because of the language problem, if nothing else. Moreover, when Puerto Rican children are in a majority on a street, they can, like any such majority, be rough on other children. Faced with these facts of life, quite a few West Side families have reluctantly started sending their children to private schools, which are booming in that region, or have moved off to the suburbs. Some of those who remain may try, in all good will, to mix with their new neighbors—in



"Do you think I like being a hypochondriac?"

the P.-T.A., say—but in the best of circumstances this is apt to be difficult, so great is the gulf between the customs and living standards of the two groups. Farther down the West Side, the contrast in living standards is less sharp, for sections like Chelsea and Hell's Kitchen tend to be slums unmixed, or slums interspersed with industrial islands, such as garment factories and the headquarters of trucking firms. The Puerto Ricans have been moving into these neighborhoods for several years—they now form a third of the population of Chelsea—though not without objection from the older residents there. For several days in the hot weather of 1949, Chelsea was the scene of anti-Puerto Rican riots, during which the newcomers were beaten up, clubbed, and chased off the streets.

Below Chelsea, the Puerto Ricans die out—they are not noticeable in Greenwich Village, or from there eastward to the Bowery—but they recur, and thickly, in New York's classic slum and classic beachhead for newcomers, the lower East Side. Here, along with Negroes, they have been moving in for

the past five years or so, as the older immigrants—particularly the Jews and Italians—have moved to the suburbs or the country. The Italians usually move out bag and baggage, severing all ties with the old neighborhood, but the Jews often keep their shops going behind them, changing their merchandise to suit the new customers and either hiring Puerto Rican salesmen or learning Spanish themselves. In the sidewalk stalls of Orchard Street, one may now find bright-colored pictures with Catholic motifs and bearing legends like "*Dios Bendiga Nuestro Hogar*" ("God Bless Our Home"), and the big Jewish shops on Delancey Street—the Fifth Avenue of the quarter—are now likely to advertise their wares in Spanish as well as English; the word "ZAPATOS," for instance, may be seen on a shop-window sign just below the word "SHOES." As for the smaller shops, on the side streets—notably the *bodegas*, or little Spanish-American grocery stores—they are often owned by Puerto Ricans, who thus show a commercial bent that is not shared by the Negroes, a group that resembles them in certain

other ways. Negroes rarely keep shops in New York, and in some places, on the lower East Side and in Harlem, Puerto Ricans do it for them.

New York's slums have always been full of such cosmopolitan juxtapositions, and this is particularly true of the lower East Side. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the region was a rustic suburb for well-to-do Anglo-Saxons, and most of the streets there got Anglo-Saxon names; Stanton and Rivington Streets were named for Tory sympathizers, and Chrystie, Forsyth, Eldridge, Ludlow, and Allen Streets were named for heroes of the War of 1812. Soon after that war, Irish immigrants began pouring into the neighborhood, and before long they were followed by immigrants from Germany, Italy, and just about every country in Central Europe—even today there are said to be twenty-seven nationalities in the district—but then, in the nineteen-twenties, our immigration laws were tightened and the influx stopped. The more static of the immigrants have remained there, enjoying fame as a social phenomenon and receiving much attention from settlement houses and other agencies of uplift; I have been told that more charitable aid goes to the lower East Side than to any other place of its size in the world. Now that the Puerto Ricans have entered this antechamber, they are, of course, getting much of the aid themselves. In fact, the settlement houses have stirred to new life at their coming.

Outside Manhattan, there are large numbers of Puerto Ricans in various parts of Brooklyn (the Sands Street colony is still thriving) and in the south Bronx. There are few in Queens so far, but there are lots in Suffolk County, in sections of New Jersey, and in other Northeastern centers of light industry, including Bridgeport and Rochester, and some have gone as far west as Chicago, where there are reported to be about twenty-five thousand of them. But New York is the main goal of the migrants setting out from Puerto Rico. It is the place they think of when they think of the great world. It is where the ships used to bring them and where the planes bring them now. The Puerto Rican government encourages the migrants to fan out, instead of piling up here, but insofar as they do fan out, it is largely to New York's hinterland; the West is far off, and they shy away from the South because of segregation. So most of the migrants come to New York, and, once here, they tend to concentrate in old slums or in what housing experts call



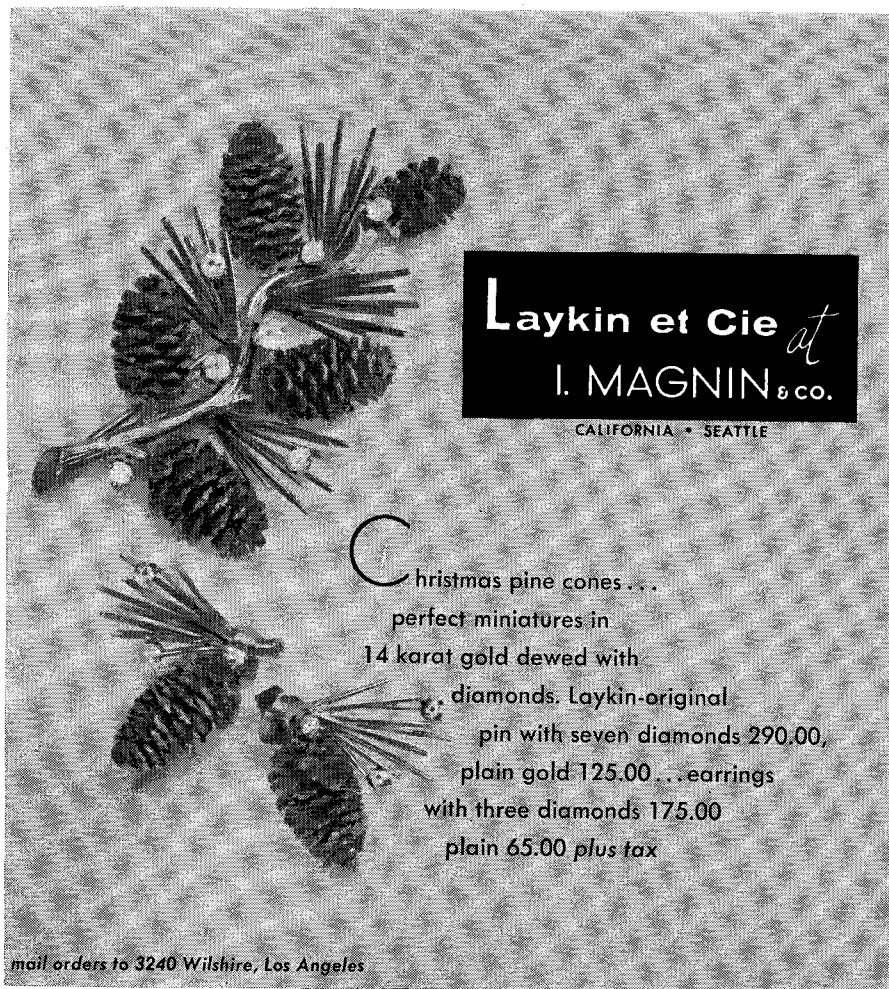

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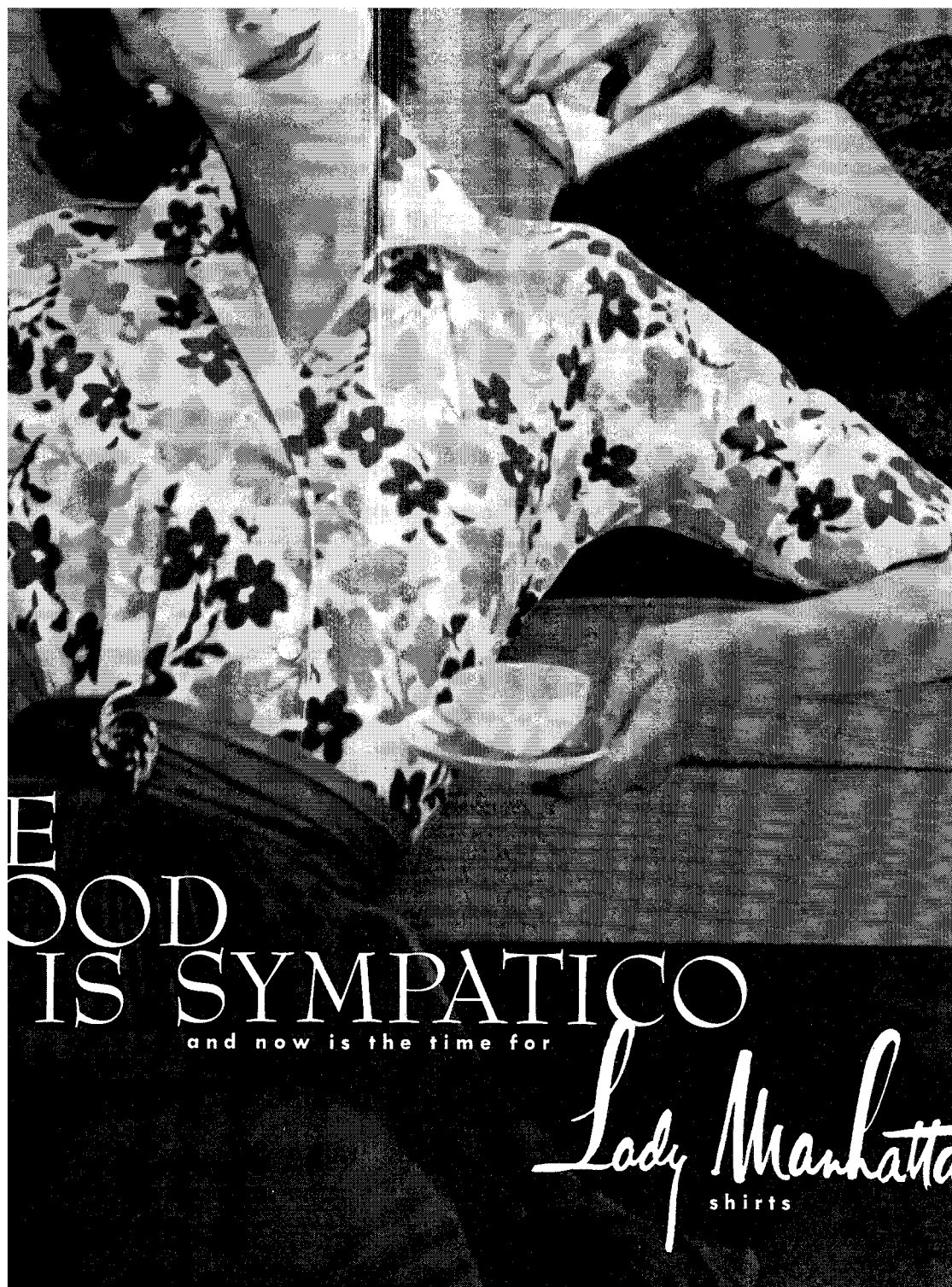


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changing neighborhoods—neighborhoods on the verge of becoming slums. Within New York, they tend to be quite mobile; sometimes by necessity and sometimes by choice, they move around a lot. This is least true, perhaps, of those who settle in El Barrio, where there is a relatively long Puerto Rican tradition, and most true of those who live in places like the lower East Side, where conditions are bad and new housing projects keep churning things up. Almost any slum-clearance venture, it appears, is apt to hurt the Puerto Ricans at least temporarily, for it obliterates the tenements that are, economically speaking, their natural homes.

ONE often hears from old New York residents who do not welcome the Puerto Rican migration that the islanders come here with the idea of getting on home relief as quickly as possible, and it is true that the proportion of them on the Welfare Department's rolls is slightly larger than that of New York residents as a whole. (Unmarried Puerto Rican mothers with broods of little children get much of the relief.) But nearly all city welfare officials deny that Puerto Ricans migrate with relief as their object. They come to join their near and dear ones or to get jobs, these experts say, and relief is something they fall into later, and accidentally. As far as jobs go, the Puerto Ricans share the lower rungs of the ladder with Negroes. Although in most lines of work Negroes have an advantage, partly because they speak English and partly because they have been here longer, Puerto Ricans seem to have the advantage in the garment trade. The island's women have a tradition of fine needlework; and not only its women but its men have been credited with a good deal of manual dexterity and finger dexterity. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has about forty thousand "Spanish-speaking" members in the city—almost a fifth of its total membership here—and most of them are Puerto Ricans, who like to be lumped with Cubans, South Americans, and other Latins under this heading, since "Spanish-speaking" is thought to be a less derogatory term than "Puerto Rican" in New York right now. One hears that without its Spanish-speaking employees the garment industry would be in a bad way. In some garment factories, solid rows of Puerto Rican women sit at sewing machines, chattering away in Spanish as they slide the dresses under the needle. You can find Puerto Rican men in these shops, too, and in



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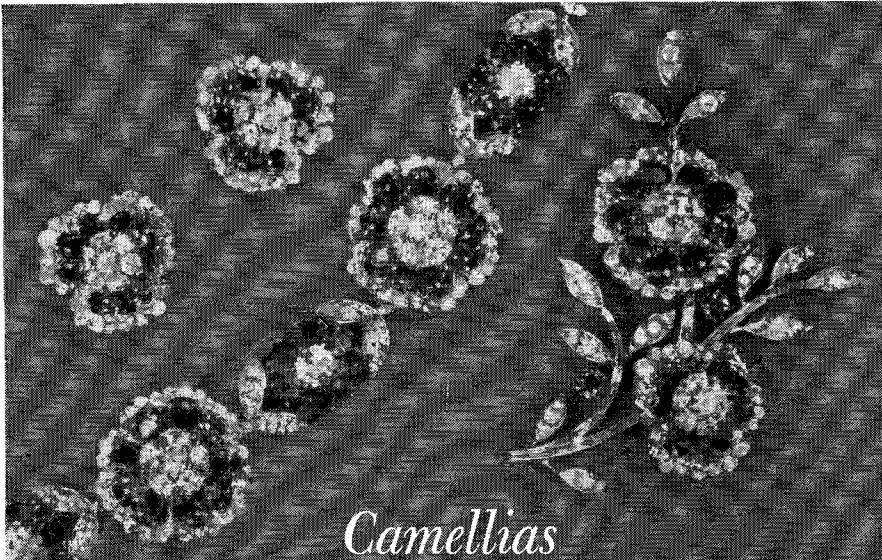
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a variety of other light manufacturing plants. In the past few months, I have visited a foam-rubber plant, an aquarium-supply house, and a corrugated-box factory, all in New York and all employing many Puerto Rican workers. In fact, New York, the Puerto Rican influx, and this kind of offbeat light industry seem to have some sort of affinity. Large numbers of Puerto Ricans work at assembling TV and electronic equipment, here and in nearby cities. Others are messenger boys. And, of course, still others work in hotels and restaurants, chiefly as busboys, dishwashers, or vegetable men, though they can rise if they are really determined to; the Hilton and Sheraton hotels in New York employ hundreds of Puerto Ricans, and, like the garment trade, would be in a bad way without them. The number of Puerto Rican women in domestic service here is negligible, though a great many Negro women do such work, and while this is due partly to language, it is also due to the fact that Puerto Rican women usually have several knee-high children of their own to take care of, as well as to the fact that there is a Puerto Rican tradition against doing domestic work for pay. In Puerto Rico, what is thought of as the family is extensive, with cousins at some remove being included, and a relatively prosperous household is apt to take in the children of poor cousins and put them to work in the kitchen—treating them as relatives, however, not as menials, and educating them a little. This background is very different, of course, from that of the Negroes in our South.

In New York's hinterland, there are many Puerto Ricans working on farms, and a good proportion of these are contract workers who come here in late spring, when Puerto Rico's own sugar harvest is over, and stay on, if they are supplied with warm clothes, until late fall. They pick things like cranberries and apples or work in the Jersey truck gardens, and they sometimes take home as much as a thousand dollars after six or seven months' work, though the average is closer to five hundred. Lately, some of them have been settling permanently in south Jersey as truck-garden laborers, and one group has taken up chicken farming near Lakewood, New Jersey, setting up a *barrio* of its own there. On the whole, it appears, Puerto Ricans are adaptable, and likely to do whatever work presents itself. There is one thing they will rarely do, however, and that is take jobs singly, on their own; our atmosphere strikes



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So far, few Puerto Ricans have climbed to real eminence in New York—or, for that matter, anywhere else on the mainland. Among the exceptions are a number of athletes, like Ruben Gomez, of the Giants, and Sixto Escobar, the great bantamweight of a few years back; for the Puerto Ricans, as for other underprivileged groups in this country's history, sports have often proved to be the most available escape route from poverty. The most famous Puerto Rican in the States, probably, is the actor José Ferrer, but he comes from the small Puerto Rican upper class, which sends its sons to Ivy League colleges. As for the migrants, most of them come either from the urban working class down on the island or from what the Puerto Ricans call the *jibaros*—hillbillies from country districts, with no experience of city life at all. They arrive here without leaders, and there are frequent complaints in New York civic circles that they are slow in producing leaders after their arrival. There is one Puerto Rican Tammany district leader in the city (Antonio Mendez), one state assemblyman (Felipe N. Torres), and one municipal judge (Magistrate Manuel A. Gomez), and there are about two thousand Puerto Rican civil servants; a good many of these are mail carriers, and the most august of them, perhaps, is a ship's architect who works in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. They have organized a group called the Puerto Rican Civil Service Employees Association, and last winter I went to its yearly installation of officers, held in Hunts Point Palace, a big building in the Bronx that is often used for Jewish weddings and like festivities. When I arrived, the business part of the meeting—the speeches and other formalities—was over, and the members and their wives were gathering in a ballroom to dance the dances, like the merengue and the cha-cha-cha, that Puerto Ricans go in for. The company was middle-aged, sedate, and soberly dressed, yet one and all danced with gaiety and abandon, as I have seen Puerto Ricans of virtually all ages do at get-togethers over the past year or so. They are a dancing people.

THERE is a good deal of Indian blood, along with European and African blood, among the Puerto Ricans. They run almost the full color gamut, from very dark to quite fair, though few of them are really towheads or have light-blue eyes; they have pro-

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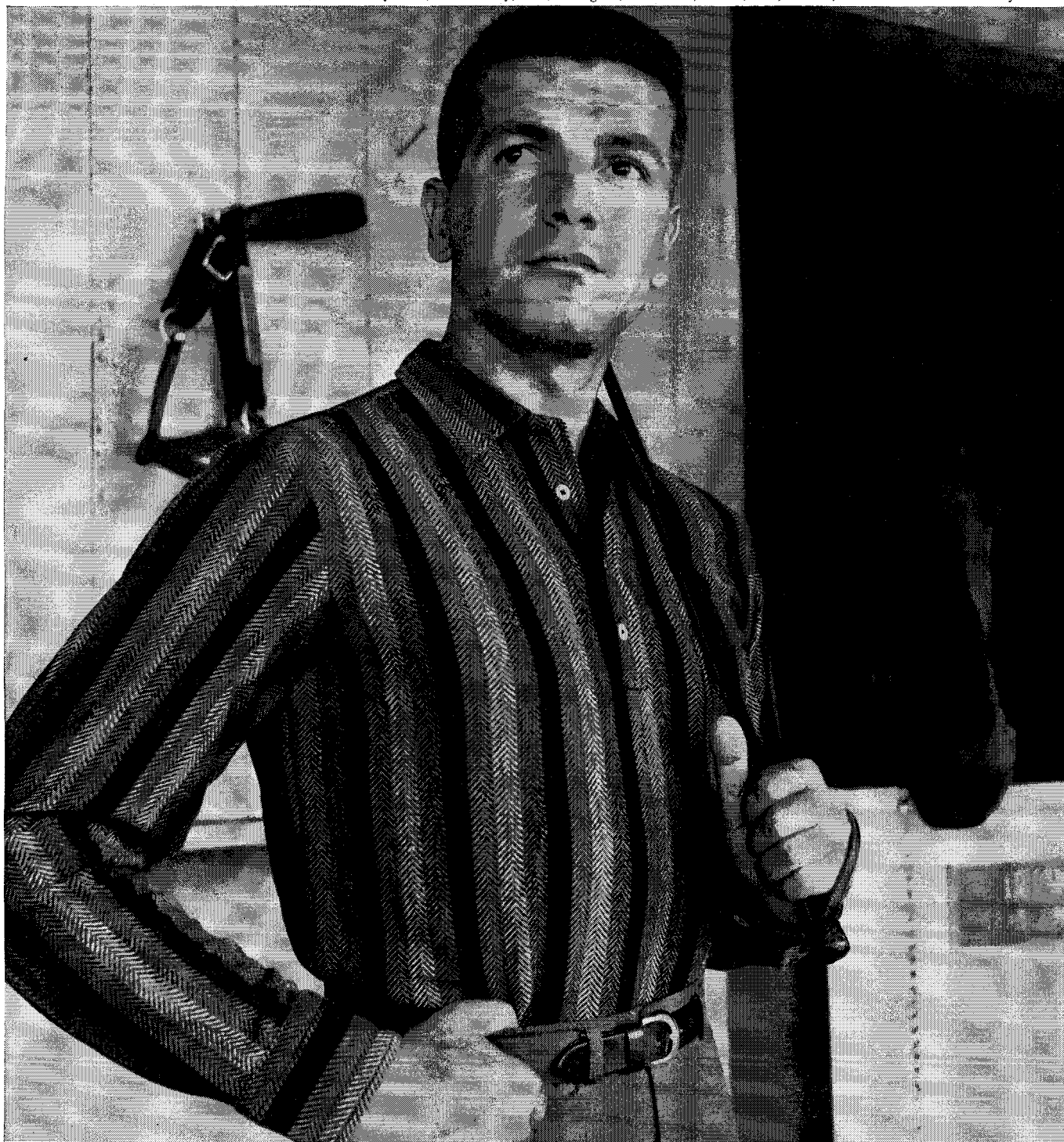
duced some special types, and have given them special names, like the *indio*, who has copper skin and sometimes high cheekbones, and the *grifo*, or curly-haired one, who has fair skin but kinky hair or some other non-European feature. These and other non-European types make up a high percentage of the crowds one sees in the Puerto Rican ghettos here—higher, perhaps, than the percentage of such types in the city's total Puerto Rican population, for the *indios*, the *grifos*, and the very dark ones, of course, find it hard to leave the ghettos, while an unknown number of those who look European have learned English, and New York ways, well enough to disappear into the general public. Striking as the racial variations are, however, they are not the only striking aspect of our Puerto Rican street scenes. Dress is at least equally noticeable—especially the dress of the women, whose styles have Spanish antecedents and are radically different from those of mainland women, white or Negro. In fact, one can often spot a Puerto Rican woman a block away by her clothes, and by her movement as she walks. Her dress or skirt will be gathered tightly at the waist and will flare out wide toward the hem, and as she steps along, inevitably with a free hip movement, the hem will swish considerably, clockwise and then back the other way. Puerto Rican women like to wear scarves over their heads, in light colors that might be called pastel except that they usually have a metallic, or aniline-dye, look to them. Short, square-shouldered Puerto Rican women with bright scarves, trim waists, and swishing hems are a common sight almost anywhere in the city, and so are little Puerto Rican girls wearing scarves and, in the winter, flaring coats of bright blue, pink, or green. Unless their families are very poor, the little girls are neat-looking, with clean white socks and clean shoes, and they often wear bits of jewelry—anything gold or shiny, anything with color. (As a rule, their ears are pierced when they are very young.) In the afternoon, when the public schools let out, these little girls sweep along the sidewalks in yard-high floods, smelling faintly of bubble gum and emitting a soprano babble of Spanish.

On the whole, Puerto Rican men wear less colorful clothes; indeed, in cold weather many of them dress in Army-surplus coats, trousers, and so on, which give them an over-all drab tone. The teen-age boys, though, often go in for a sort of Elvis Presley

mode—ducktail haircut, sideburns, blue jeans, and either a black leather or a bright-colored cloth jacket. On the lower East Side, one often sees Puerto Rican boys in leather jackets with nickel stars on their shoulders, as if they were generals. These jackets can be bought on Orchard Street for about fifteen dollars. The cloth jackets cost a few dollars more; they are usually made to order, in special colors and with legends on the backs, for clubs, baseball teams, and the like, and they appear to be a mainstay of the gangs to which Puerto Rican and other slum boys belong. "The gangs might go out of existence if their members couldn't buy those jackets," a priest on the lower East Side told me. The jackets make the boys feel tough—"almost like hoods," he said—and give them a sense of solidarity. These feelings of toughness and solidarity seem to be needed by many young Puerto Ricans after they have moved to the big, lonely city from their sunny island, with its family and village relationships. A jacket fills such needs symbolically, and it is often a burning question, for priests and social workers as well as for a boy himself, whether he will get a jacket for sports or for gang activities.

In warm weather, New York's Puerto Ricans are nearly always out on their stoops or in the streets. On a summer evening, those in their prime may be having a party on the steps of a brownstone, drinking beer from cans, while older ones sit apart playing dominoes, and the children play stickball and other street games. In such weather, Nueva York probably seems quite a reasonable place to the Puerto Ricans, and they can live a relatively full life. The cold is something else again. Then they are driven back into their tenements, to huddle around unsafe kerosene stoves, while the landscape does without them. Early one morning last winter, I went down to the lower East Side, and I saw some scenes that were both very beautiful and, by normal standards, very bereft of Puerto Rican life. It was snowing hard, and the streets were snow-padded and silent, though occasionally I heard the grate of a snow shovel or the spatter of a truck in the slush. Once, I heard a cat whimper in a doorway. The street lamps were still on, and snowflakes shone in their light. Few people were about, and almost none of them were Puerto Ricans; what seemed to have brought most of them out was the landlord's duty to clear the sidewalk. In a couple of places, I found two or three

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men gathered around garbage pails in which bonfires were flaming, but these were not Puerto Ricans, either. In time, I did meet a few Puerto Rican men, who hurried by, bundled up in, say, caps, ear muffs, galoshes, and jackets with synthetic-fleece collars. Later, a few Puerto Rican women hurried by, too—bundled up and wearing their head scarves, whose bright colors did not show in the gray storm. After wandering for a while, I got cold myself and went into a lunchroom for a cup of coffee. When I returned to the streets, it was about eight o'clock, and more and more Puerto Ricans, men and women, were emerging from the doorways, often carrying their lunch in paper bags. They did not linger but hurried away. Then the Puerto Rican schoolchildren began to appear, bundled up, too, of course, and carrying books and lunches. The boys experimented with snowballs, but the snow was too dry. The air was still thick with snow, and it looked as if it would stay that way, so I joined a stream of adult Puerto Ricans and left the scene with them, descending into the Independent subway station on Delancey Street.

Not long afterward, in another cold snap, I visited several Puerto Rican tenements, chiefly in East Harlem and Chelsea, in the company of social workers or public-health nurses, and I got a glimpse of how some Puerto Ricans spend the winter. Although the halls of the buildings were usually frigid, the rooms themselves were warm, with the windows shut tight, and the cracks around them perhaps stuffed with paper. One or more burners of the gas range would be turned on, with the flame standing high, and if there was no central heating—as was the case more often than not—a kerosene stove might be burning away, too. The air would be close, scented with the fumes of gas or kerosene and with a characteristic cooking smell, rather sour, which, according to one nurse, came from vegetable oil, kept standing and used again and again for frying. There frequently appeared to be a fire hazard in these rooms, and an asphyxiation hazard, too (later in the winter, I read from time to time, in the New York Spanish press, of asphyxiation cases or near escapes), yet the atmosphere seemed as if it might prove cozy when one had got used to the smells, and in many of the rooms little children happily went about half naked. In the cold months, I gathered, these children sometimes stay home for weeks at a time, lacking both the clothes and the

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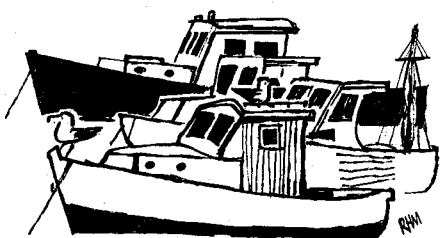
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inclination to brave the streets, and the mothers stay home a lot, too, watching them. I suspect that quite a number of New York Puerto Ricans are cooped up entirely in winter, taking no part in school or work or any other phase of the city's life.

Almost all of the flats and rooms I saw were crowded, except for a few long "railroad" apartments, where the children had some space to roam around in. A family of five might be living in a single room—perhaps with a curtain hung across the middle—and sharing a kitchen and bathroom, down the hall, with neighboring families. Many rooms had no hot water, and a mother would have to heat up some to bathe her baby, but even the poorest rooms often had modern appliances—most likely an electric icebox, more rarely a washing machine, nearly always a small radio, and quite commonly a TV set. An apartment might be tidy or slovenly, depending, I suppose, on the nature of the housewife, and there might be special attempts at decoration, like curtains, pictures cut out of magazines, and little paint jobs here and there, almost invariably in bright colors. In practically every place I visited, there were religious pictures and statuettes, too, mainly of Christ and the Virgin.

Many dwellings were said to be infested with vermin—*ratas*, *cucarachas*, and *chinchies*, or rats, cockroaches, and bedbugs. I saw a few cockroaches—on walls near stoves—but I only heard about the bedbugs and rats. The nurses had treated children with rat bites, and once or twice in my presence they advised mothers not to feed the smaller children in bed, since this might leave scraps that would lure the rats. On the other hand, the nurses pointed out, if the mother used rat poison there was a danger that the children would eat it. The tearing down of nearby slums, I learned, was sure to aggravate the rat problem, for the displaced rats would simply move en masse to the neighboring buildings.

The worst, though by no means the smallest, apartment I saw—it was on East 113th Street, three flights up in an old tenement—consisted of a bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen, and, off



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the kitchen, a tiny, windowless room about the size of a large closet. A Mrs. Rodriguez lived there with seven children. She paid sixty dollars a month in rent, she said (this was a trifle below average; some Puerto Ricans pay as much as twenty dollars a week for an unfurnished single room), and she drew a hundred and twenty dollars in relief. She said she had a husband living elsewhere, and he sent her a hundred dollars a month. The family ate meat three times a week, she reported; while I was there she was cooking some potato cakes and salt codfish, plus mashed potatoes for the youngest child, an infant. The kitchen, which had a small four-burner gas stove and a double sink, was mostly taken up with clothes hanging on lines. The bedroom had plaster off its walls in spots—one of these being at least a yard wide, with the laths laid bare. Mrs. Rodriguez said the wind came in there, and she had recently had to buy four blankets to keep the children warm. In other places, the bedroom walls were indescribably dirty—scribbled over, smeared over, and smudged over. The room had one set of double-decker bunks, one single bed, one crib, and one little mattress on the floor; the floor itself was uneven, and covered with torn, patchy linoleum. I asked Mrs. Rodriguez if she had any rats. "Plenty," she answered. "I'm going to get a cat, though. I don't like cats, but what else can you do?" She showed me some of the children's clothes on the lines in the kitchen, and they were full of little holes—rat bites, she said.

TO the run-down streets in their neighborhoods, the Puerto Ricans have contributed a few characteristic institutions—*bodegas*, store-front churches, and travel agencies, these last usually marked by a sign reading "PASAJES." The agencies deal mainly in so-called thrift-class plane tickets back to Puerto Rico; unlike the immigrant groups from Europe in the last century, who obviously came here to stay, the Puerto Ricans can, and often do, return to their homeland, either for a visit or for good, and the prevalence of travel agencies bespeaks the tentative quality of their migration. As for store-front churches, they have long been common in the Negro sections of Harlem, but it is something of a surprise to find them in El Barrio and other Puerto Rican districts, since in theory, of course, practically all Puerto Ricans are Roman Catholics. Even on their island, though, many Puerto Ricans are not well inte-

grated into the Church, and there has long been a powerful anticlerical tendency among them. So while most of the migrants do remain Catholics, some of them, in search of a new focus for their emotions, break off and join one of the Protestant store-front congregations, which are small, spontaneous affairs, with a strong evangelical, puritanical, or even Holy Roller cast. On a Sunday morning not long ago, a Puerto Rican friend took me to the Verdadera Iglesia de Dios, or True Church of God. The church was in an ordinary store, with an ordinary entrance, on a side street in El Barrio, and it consisted of one fairly large room, bare and stark, with a few rows of folding chairs facing the preacher, who wore a white linen suit and spoke into a loudspeaker. There were perhaps a couple of dozen people there, listening to the sermon with rapt expressions; the women and girls had on gauzy white veils, and some of them, and some of the men, too, punctuated the sermon with brief flurries of rhythm from maracas, the rattly gourds of the Caribbean. I found the whole thing quite Holy Roller in style, for all its Latin touches, and as we were leaving, I asked my friend how far this went. "Well, sometimes they jump," he said, and added that there were other complexities in the religious life of the migrants. Even the store-front Protestants, apparently, adorn their homes with Catholic pictures, and some Puerto Ricans, of whatever nominal faith, go in for spiritualistic séances, and, though less than Cubans and Haitians, for voodoo.

The *bodegas* are the main Puerto Rican landmarks on our streets, and, unlike most humble shops, they owe their existence primarily to air transport. "The Puerto Ricans have breaks that the older immigrants never had," a settlement-house worker told me recently. "They come up here and are confronted by a whole lot of strange foods, so they decide to keep their old diet going, and the airplane certainly helps them do it." The chief item flown up here from Puerto Rico is plantains—big, starchy, green bananas—and bunches of these can be seen in the rather dusty windows of the *bodegas*. Along with them are likely to be assortments of brown root vegetables, with whitish insides—especially *yuca* (a long, thin root, which, I am told, is the same thing as cassava), *yautia* (a turnip-shaped, bulblike plant with a hairy or fibrous exterior), and *ñame* (the taro of the South Pacific, a long root that puts up a few yard-high stalks with big heart-shaped leaves, al-



Reflections... on Christmas Eve

"The kids are in bed. Asleep, at long last. I can hear Mary getting ready to call it a night. The house is settling into quiet.

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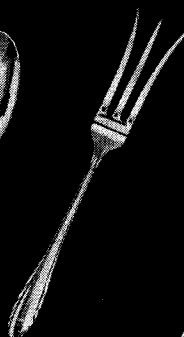
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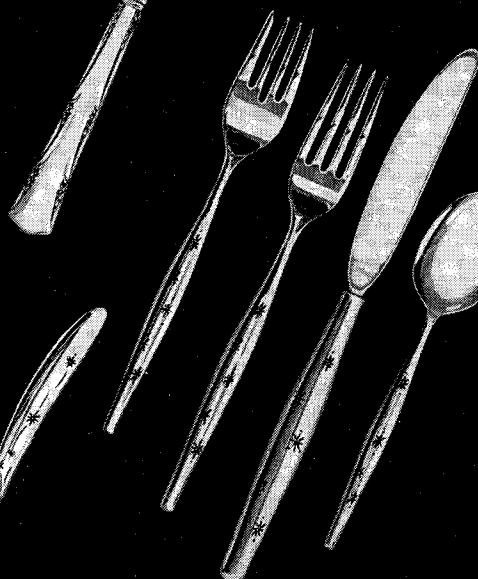
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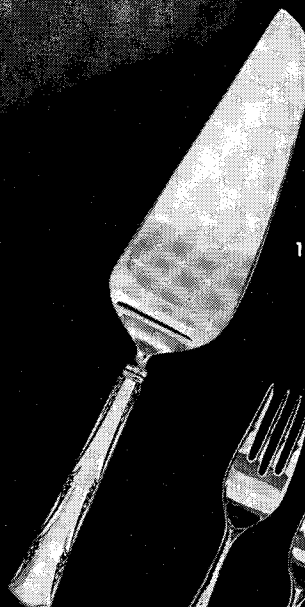


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most like elephant ears but emerald green in color). In general, Puerto Ricans are great believers in starchy roots that will grow quickly in the soil of their *fincas*, or little island farms, and some of these roots, like *yuca* and *ñame*, virtually grow as you watch. Their defect, at least to the mainland palate, is a sameness of taste—or, rather, of tastelessness. Not long ago, I tried several of them, cooked with plantains and meat in a stew called *salcocho*, and I found the chief difference between them to be one of texture; their textures ranged from almost the smoothness of soap to the coarseness of mealy apples.

Salcocho, often made with tripe or other vitals, is one of the most popular Puerto Rican dishes, and another is *vianda con bacalao*, a stew of salt codfish, various roots, and other vegetables. Puerto Rico is becoming a base for deep-sea fishing, particularly for marlin, but its people have not developed their commercial fisheries much; their staple fish, without question, is this *bacalao*, which comes out of the Atlantic hundreds of miles to the north of their island and which the New York *bodegas* stock heavily. As far as I have been able to find out, the Puerto Ricans are not very good at making *paella*, the great, and rather dry, Spanish dish of rice and sea food, but they do go in for the wetter stew called *asopao*, which is made of rice, vegetables, and either sea food or chicken. And the real staple of all Puerto Ricans, rich and poor, is rice and beans. In many households, two meals a day will be built on this base. If the family is poor, it will eat the base and not much else; if it is rich, it will eat many other things along with it. Certain rice dishes, including a line of *asopaos*, are being canned in Puerto Rico, and these are prominent on *bodega* shelves, along with Puerto Rican coffee, which the migrants think, and not without reason, is better than the coffee we drink here.

ALL these foods and their special recipes constitute a leading cultural import to New York, of course, and they are among a number of things that have been brought here for the benefit of the Puerto Ricans, or have been adapted to their purposes. Another import is Spanish-language movies; there are now about thirty movie houses in New York that show nothing but films made in Spain, Cuba, Argentina, and, most often, Mexico. The Puerto Ricans like gangster films and musicals, and in the past they have liked Westerns a lot, though they are said to be rather

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off them now. I have dropped in on Spanish movies in East Harlem, and have noted that the girls in the Westerns are spicier than the traditional school-marms in our Stateside ones; they may wear black underwear, for instance. And, again, the hero of a Mexican Western may kick the villain when the latter is down. The non-Westerns seem to have a lot more singing, dancing, and vivacity than ours do, not to mention more chandeliers. And I am sure that there are subtler differences as well, but they are hard for a stranger to see.

The Puerto Ricans in the city have their choice of three Spanish-language newspapers. One of these, *La Prensa*, antedates the migration by many years; a conservative paper, with a sober format, it tries to serve the whole Spanish-speaking community here, which includes a great many businessmen, diplomats, and political exiles from various countries, and it carries much news of Spain and Latin America. A second paper, *El Imparcial*, is a special edition of the San Juan paper of that name, and began publication here only last summer, covering, for the most part, events on the island. The third, and jazziest, is *El Diario de Nueva York*, a tabloid founded in 1948; it is slanted expressly toward the Puerto Rican migrants of New York, championing them against the police and other city agencies, and plainly seeking to weld them into a political force. Through these papers, tidbits of New York journalistic fare are served up with a Spanish flavor. Maggie and Jiggs become Ramona and Pancho, Blondie becomes Pepita, Mickey Mouse becomes El Ratón Miguelito, and, in general, life around us takes on a new, Iberian aspect.

Of all the papers, *El Diario* is, not surprisingly, most inclined to forsake good Spanish usage for the patois that has grown up among the Puerto Ricans here—a new language, in some respects, and one that purists, of what-



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ever Hispanic background, shudder at. I have seen in its pages, for instance, the un-Spanish-looking noun "super," meaning the superintendent of an apartment house—often an awesome figure to New York's Puerto Ricans. A more usual tendency, though, is to adopt English words with changes; "mop" becomes "moppa," for instance, and "watchman" becomes "guachiman." Recently, an intelligent bilingual Puerto Rican girl, secretary to a dentist, told me a little about how the adoptive process functions. "You work all day speaking English," she said, "and then you go home and speak Spanish for only a few hours in the evening. If you watch the TV, it is even less. So you begin to forget Spanish words, and if you can't think of a Spanish word, you use the English word, and pretty soon you have a lot of English words in your vocabulary." This girl had visited her family in Puerto Rico not long ago, and she said that while she was there she had been very careful not to use any English words, for fear the home folks would make fun of her. Another bilingual Puerto Rican girl who just returned from a trip to the island told me that the people there hardly understood her, her speech was so peppered with English. These two girls, it should be said, are gifted people, and have lived in New York a long time; in fact, one of them was born here. Their English is excellent, and I don't doubt that their Spanish is, too, despite what they say about it. So they differ from the bulk of their countrymen in the city, who are often accused of speaking neither tongue well—of "being illiterate in two languages." I don't know how seriously this complaint should be taken. No doubt the same thing has been said of other migrants since the dawn of history. But it is certainly being said of the less educated Puerto Ricans here—and forcefully. As a Chilean friend of mine put it, "They cut the ends of words off, they use words that aren't words, they change the word order. To us, you know, this is perfectly terrible."

AS a dancing people, the Puerto Ricans have to have music wherever they go, and they have plenty of it here—on the radio (several New York stations now broadcast Spanish programs), out of jukeboxes, and, best of all, in dance halls, where the music is live. The Puerto Ricans' favorite dances appear to be the merengue and the cha-cha-cha, in that order, and although neither of these is believed to have origi-

nated on the island (the merengue long ago got its start in the Dominican Republic, experts agree, and the cha-cha-cha in Cuba), it is largely through Puerto Rican sponsorship that they have begun to take hold on the mainland. Nowadays, it can be said that Puerto Ricans are the chief bearers of Latin-American music to our shores; indeed, the merengue and the cha-cha-cha, thanks to the Puerto Rican migration, are permeating not only the city and the rest of the country but vast sections of the non-Communist world.

I have watched the merengue danced a good deal, both here and in Puerto Rico, and sometimes by experts. Among the characteristics of its music is a very brassy timbre. One seven-piece orchestra that I heard in Puerto Rico had two horns and two saxophones (the other instruments were drums, a piano, and a pair of maracas), and when it played a merengue, the music positively filled the room with a sunny, metallic warmth. The dancers used a lot of supple, sidewise hip motion, and this was so extreme, and so fast, that it seemed to distort the human frame. "The merengue is sometimes called the dance with the limp," one expert told me. "Actually, the hip motion is strictly the result of what you do with your feet, and that is why so many mainlanders make fools of themselves when they try it. In general, Latin-American dances are not a question of knowing a certain step but of hearing the beat and moving to it. If you can hear the beat and move to it, you are doing the dance. Diagramming it, in the manner of a New York dancing teacher, just makes it rigid."

One of the reasons Puerto Ricans dance well, I have learned, is that they begin very early in life. In their culture, Three Kings Day—or Twelfth-night, or Epiphany, but in any case the sixth of January—is a greater celebration than Christmas, and last January 6th I went to a children's party held in the basketball court of a Y.M.C.A. building on the upper West Side. The party was supposed to start at two-thirty, but it got going rather late, as Puerto Rican festivities often do. After three o'clock, there were two or three dozen children on hand—all bundled up, for it was chilly—and the Puerto Rican women who were running the affair began playing some of our Christmas carols, like "Good King Wenceslas," on a phonograph. I didn't feel that these meant much to the children. Later, the women sang a few Puerto Rican carols, called

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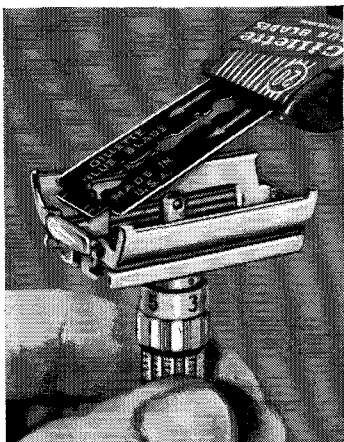
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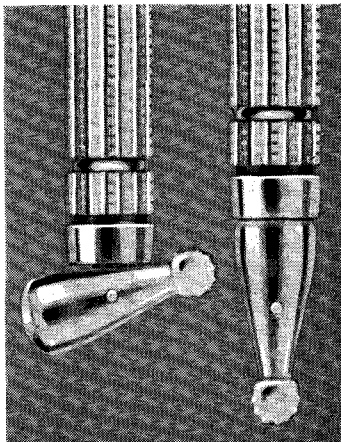
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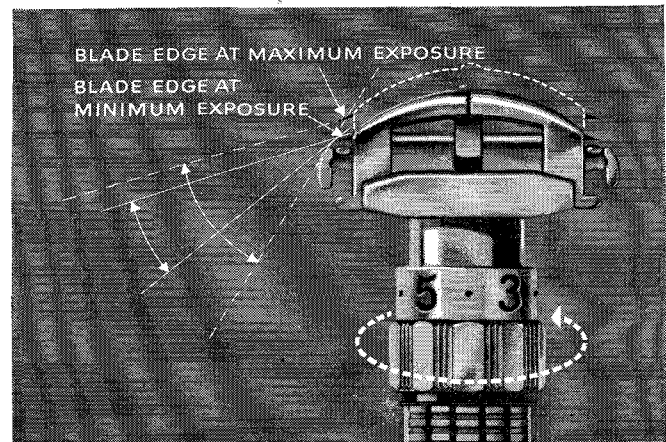
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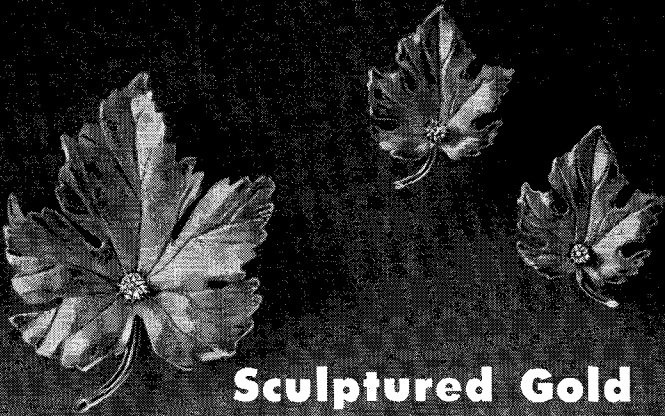
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aguinaldos, but these didn't seem to mean much to the children, either—perhaps, I imagined, because they knew little about the old traditions. After the *aguinaldos* were finished, a little Puerto Rican girl played some carols on an accordion, and played them well. But the party didn't really warm up till someone put on a merengue record and a girl of seven or eight, in a blue sweater, a black skirt, black pumps, and pink socks, went out and danced solo. She had much freer hip action than one would expect in a mainland girl of that age, and she danced with a serious, businesslike air. Then another little girl did a cha-cha-cha, which involved lots of kicking and footwork, and she, too, was very serious and proficient. Soon other children, some of them just toddlers, came out on the floor, or were pushed there by their parents, and for a while the party turned into a lively, if midget, Latin dance festival, with the music resonant in the hall. During that phase, it really was a party.

The best place to see the merengue danced in New York is at one of the Puerto Rican dance halls, which range from little holes in the wall to big establishments like the Tropicana Club, in the Bronx; the Caborrojeño, in Washington Heights; and the Palladium, at Broadway and Fifty-third Street. One night last winter, I stopped in at the Palladium. Although it is by no means typical—it is rather expensive, presents jazz as well as Latin-American music, and is patronized by many people who are not Puerto Ricans—I would say that it is the handiest place for ordinary New Yorkers to touch the Puerto Rican world, particularly since it is so located that Puerto Ricans themselves can come to it, by subway, from any part of the city; it is not identified with any one ghetto, that is. Occupying the second story of a two-story building, the Palladium has a good-sized dance floor, with a circular sage-green canopy over it, and the wall behind the orchestra's dais carries the legends "MERENGUE," "CHA-CHA-CHA," and "CARIBBEAN PALLADIUM: THE HOME OF THE MAMBO." The night I was there, the orchestra had eleven pieces, including much brass, and it not only played a fair amount of jazz but at times when it was playing Latin music let the melody die out and the drums take over with more of a jazz than a Latin rhythm. Most of the time, though, the Latin element was supreme; the band leader had a pair of maracas in his hands, and the tunes were merengues and cha-cha-chas. At one point, a mem-

ber of the band got up and sang a *plena*—a song form, highly favored in Puerto Rico's country districts, that deals with current events and legends, much as calypso songs do. Although there was a sprinkling of mainland whites and a good number of mainland Negroes, most of the dancers were Puerto Ricans, and young ones—many of the men zoot-suited and many of the women chewing gum. They, and those non-Puerto Ricans who could keep up with them, danced with liquid hips, moving around fast, and frequently passing their partners under their arms. I watched the beginning of a merengue contest, staged with dramatic spot-lighting; each couple had only an instant in which to show its stuff, and then the master of ceremonies held a handkerchief over the two heads, the crowd voted by clapping or booing, and, lickety-split, the next couple came on. All in all, I would say, the Palladium had more gaiety and high spirits than the run of New York night clubs.

One evening just a few weeks ago, I decided to see what one of the other big dance halls was like, and I took a subway up to the Caborrojeño, at Broadway and 146th Street. I had walked around that part of town last spring, and found that it was spacious and airy, with apartment buildings in good repair; for the Puerto Ricans who live there—along with Negroes and others—it is a long step upward from the standard ghetto. Like the Palladium, the Caborrojeño was on the second floor—up a narrow flight of carpeted stairs and past a ticket window—and the festivities were well under way when I arrived. I found a table near the dance floor, and ordered beer and *pasteles*—a Puerto Rican delicacy, made of meat and cereal steamed in wax paper. The dance floor was bigger than a tennis court, and, over the orchestra, the low ceiling was covered with festoons of yellow cloth, which deadened the sound a little, but not much. There were two or three hundred people in the place, either sitting at tables or dancing, and they were being indulgently watched over by three or four bouncers dressed in blue uniforms. The orchestra was a big one, with four saxophones, three trumpets, three sets of drums, a piano, a bass, and now and then a pair of maracas. The bass was the only stringed instrument, and it really functioned as percussion; the noise put out was all blare and rhythm. As I sat down, a rumba started, and the four saxophonists stood up and

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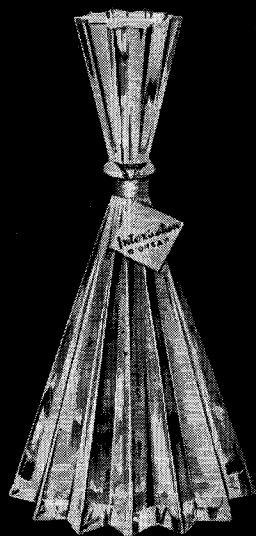


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waved their hips in time to it as they played. Then my beer and *pasteles* came, and soon after that the four saxes withdrew from the room, leaving the other pieces in charge. The *pasteles* had the consistency of rather dry mush. They seemed to be mainly coarse flour, with bits of chicken and perhaps other meat thrown in, and some special Puerto Rican flavoring, probably of herbs; the taste was like the smell I have often encountered in Puerto Rican restaurants.

The Caborrojeño, I soon began to realize, was much more purely Spanish than the Palladium. There were virtually no jazz rhythms in the music, for one thing, and, for another, the announcements, made over a public-address system, were all in Spanish. (Some of these were paging messages, delivered by a girl—"Que venga Tony Rodriguez al teléfono," and things like that.) And besides, the crowd was much more Spanish in its looks than the motley one at the Palladium; there were only a few non-Puerto Ricans around, and I thought these might be Columbia students. By and large, the Puerto Ricans were fair-skinned and well dressed, and I wondered if a high-grade Puerto Rican community, a sort of cotillion set, was developing there on the upper West Side. I had another beer, and the music went on, dance after dance. Sometimes there would be a loud-singing *plena*. Then there would be a merengue, really sending the place—filling it with molten gold and firelight. The orchestra had a sweet, soft style as well, and it played that way often, but somehow this didn't change the picture much. After a while, the four saxophones came back, and the music was brassier than ever.

The dancing itself was more staid—more genteel—than at the Palladium. Most of the girls wore good-looking evening dresses; one of them had on a cream-colored, slit-down-the-back job that might have come from Fifth Avenue. The partners appeared sophisticated, too, in the courtesy or ritual of their dancing; they behaved far more suavely toward each other, I felt, than mainlanders would. The girls usually had a faraway look once they got out on the floor; they would do the most intricate, fantastic things with their feet, but their expressions would be detached. They would also chew gum—even the most chic of them—as if this were an integral part of their performance. And finally, almost without exception, they seemed taller while dancing than while at rest. When the music stopped and

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

they headed back to their tables, they seemed less dignified, somehow, less significant, and smaller.

I drank more beer and looked at the nearby tables. Much of the dancing was on a pickup basis, with the house cops looking on benignly. There were groups of four girls at some tables, and groups of four men at even more. A group would sit there talking, and now and then a man would rise and ask a girl to dance. I also found a row of girls sitting at the far end of the floor, near the washrooms. A crowd of men, a formless stag line, strolled about nearby, and often one of the men would ask a girl to dance, and she would answer yes or no.

The evening wore on, and by eleven the place was jammed with people and full of hot, stale air. The customers were getting deeper in the mood. A man at the table next to me was beating on a glass with a knife, in beery approximation of the rhythm. A house cop—rather fat—came by and remonstrated with him, leaning over in a friendly, meddling way. The man stopped banging till the cop left, then started up again. I had had several beers myself now, and felt it was time to go home, so I rose and started for the exit. When I reached it, I took a last backward look. The place was filled with dense, hard noise, the percussion beating and the brass giving out blary warmth. The people were a milling, flailing throng—making lots of motion but not much progress. They seemed like fish swimming happily in some element unfamiliar to me. They seemed full of the music. It seemed to live in them, and they in it. And, reflecting on this, I started down the stairs.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(This is the first of a series of articles.)

Mr. Wenning reported that the Circle's annual expenses outran the income of \$200 by \$80. A vote to raise the dues from \$10 to \$15 encountered opposition and was dropped. The consensus seemed to be that the Circle try to be more frugal and save money by finding a cheaper producer of scrolls for the plays that win the critics' annual citation.—*The Times*.

And for heaven's sake find some poorer plays!

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "The Funny Men," by Steve Allen]

It is a fact that anything can be funny.—Page 226.

It's not funny if a baby falls down.

—Page 267.

TWO GREAT NAMES IN FRENCH FRAGRANCE



CREATED BY RAPHAEL...BOTTLED,
PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE



ON A DARKLING PLAIN

IT was, I should say, rather like being in a dream. There was an urgent voice, or several, trying to tell me something that I had no doubt was interesting and important and deserving of my most respectful attention. At the time, however, I was in the shower, with the curtain around me and the water running (for some reason, it was impossible to turn off the water), and all I could get was a sentence here and there, arresting in itself but detached from its context and so of little help to me in piecing together the total message. The people who spoke were occasionally visible to me through a crack in the curtain and the screen of water, but these glimpses were fragmentary and distorted. The figures blurred and collided, and for the most part their behavior was mysterious. I could tell only that they were deeply troubled.

I'm sure that it is an error in taste, as well as a confession of incorrigible frivolity, to approach a serious, probing, almost agonizingly honest play in this manner, but I can think of no more accurate way to describe my feelings at the opening of "The Rope Dancers," by Morton Wishengrad, last week at the Cort. Mr. Wishengrad is anxious to discuss a great variety of familiar but still remarkably complex matters—the puzzling identity of love and hate, the basic innocence that can just as easily be present in the weak and corrupt as basic corruption can be in the strong and good, the helplessness of busy virtue in the face of idle charm, and, most difficult of all, the terrible attraction that can be exerted by a sense of guilt and the fatal vacuum that can be left when it is lost. These ideas are hard enough

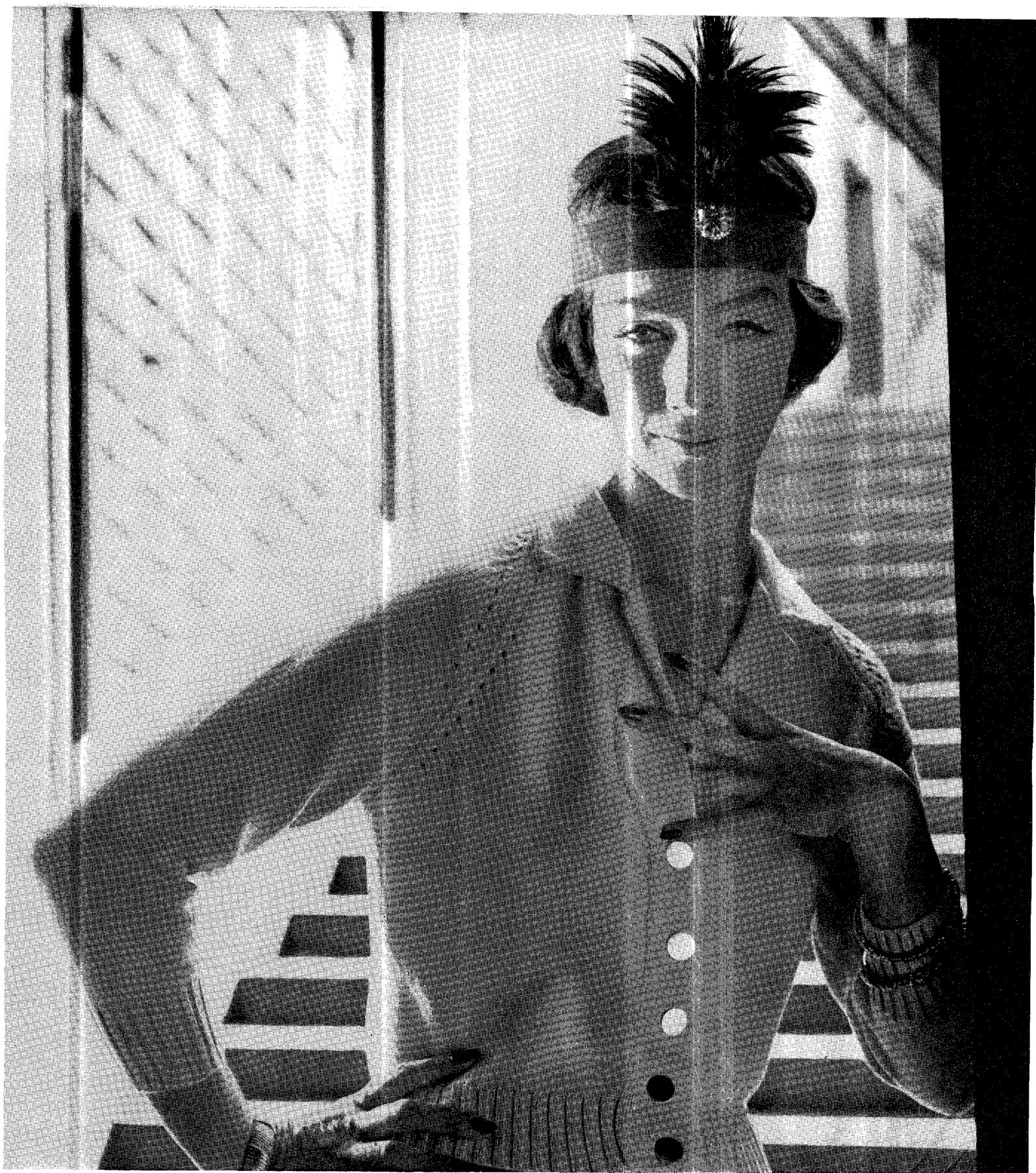
to argue coherently in any terms, but Mr. Wishengrad has chosen to present them in the compass of a very small play and in the persons of a man, a woman, and a child who are only sporadically articulate at best. Since these people have no adequate way of conveying the continuous thought processes that lead them to behave as they do, since they are confined essentially to dark hints and indirections, the effect is that of a succession of abrupt, rather shocking revelations that often seem to have only the most arbitrary relation to one another. Some of these disconnected climaxes are genuinely effective, in spite of their lack of preparation; some, at least in my opinion, are merely grotesque; all are queerly isolated, almost as if they were episodes from several plays, each dealing with a separate psychological problem. This

shapelessness, this failure to focus and relate, is confusing, and it is also a pity, because Mr. Wishengrad is obviously a playwright of feeling and intelligence, whose ideas should not be so obscured.

"The Rope Dancers" (the title is taken from Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra") has to do with a young Irishwoman, her wastrel husband, and their eleven-year-old daughter, who was born with six fingers on one hand. This deformity has reduced the child to a state of hysteria, sometimes taking the extreme form of convulsions, that has kept her out of school and driven her to lead a sad, sick life of her own. It has been taken by her mother as the objective symbol of the sin that was committed when her husband came to her bed, drunk, from a bordello on the night the baby was conceived. It is her feeling that she shares this guilt, and gradually she has grown to cherish the idea of a common doom and punishment for all of them. Not only does this conviction enable her to hate her husband as the cause of their destruction, and thus conceal the shameful fact that she still desires him as a man, but it also drives her to fight fiercely, first against the tru-

ant officer who comes to take the child to school, and then against a doctor who proposes to cure her by surgery. Her life, in short, is built on her obsession with guilt, and she is prepared to face anything, including her own suicide or her daughter's perpetual despair, to prevent the removal of the evidence of it. In the end, the operation is performed and the child dies (the suggestion is that she, too, has grown fatally inseparable from her infirmity), and there is a faint promise that with her death the nightmare may be over. I'm afraid I have simplified to an extent that will give the author little pleasure, omitting, for instance, a neighbor who represents a kind of coarse, contrasting vulgarity, and ignoring additional symbols of one kind and another, but this, essentially, is





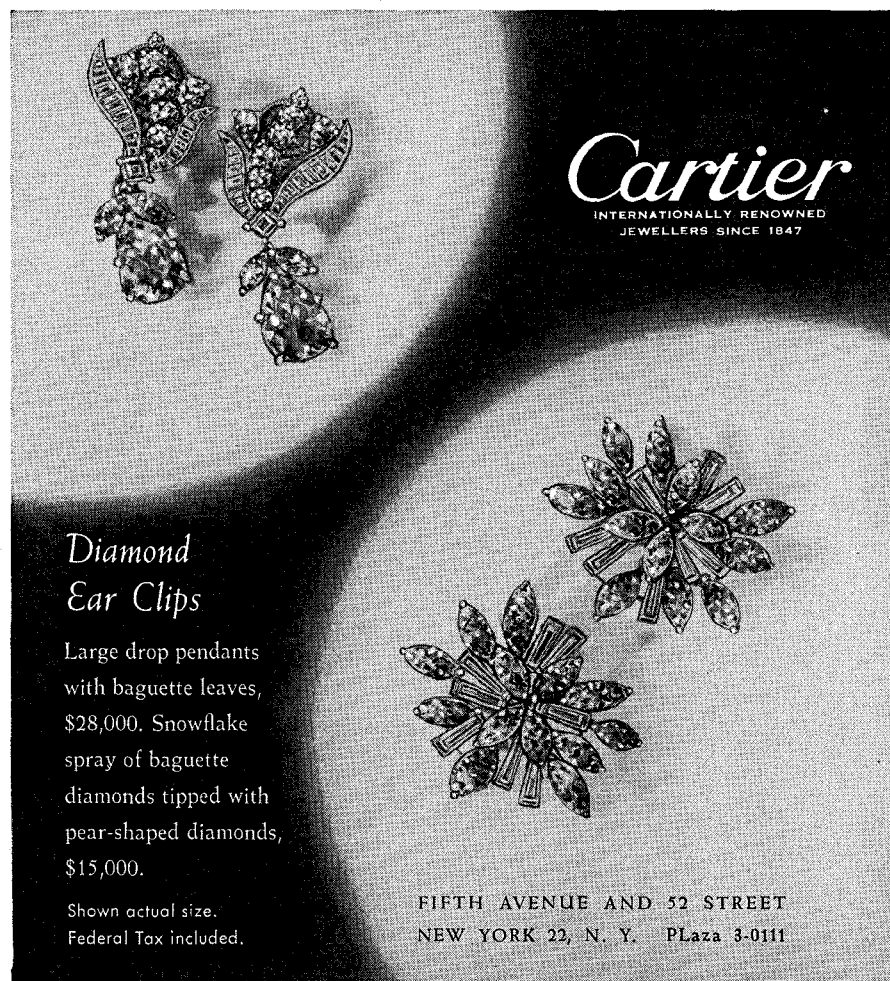
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the story. As you can see, its emotional density is high.

The performances are all of a superior order. Siobhan McKenna, as the wife, is confronted with the formidable problem of bringing an involved clinical study to furious life, and she does so magnificently, demonstrating again that she is without a doubt one of the most distinguished of our younger actresses. As her husband, a writer helplessly incapable of getting anything on paper, Art Carney manages just the right air of seedy charm. And Joan Blondell, as the blowzy neighbor; Theodore Bikel, as the weary Jewish doctor; and Beverly Lunsford, as the crippled child, all play their parts with great intelligence and nice restraint. Boris Aronson's set—a New York tenement some sixty years ago—shows his habitual ability to convey the mood of a play, and Peter Hall's direction is clearly sympathetic, too.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

Of all the countries the primitive areas of Australia are the safest for mankind. Natural hazards are at a minimum. Possible hunger and thirst and the fear of getting lost are the greatest. No traveller need carry firearms for protection. There are crocodiles in the rivers of the far north, but no predatory creatures roam the plains or forests, or spring from the trees upon the unwary. There are poisonous snakes, but they are timid creatures and easily avoided. The funnel-web and the red-backed spider are occasional minor hazards, and there is some discomfort possible from mosquitos, sand flies, or, in the coastal scrubs, from stinging trees, leeches and ticks; but disease bearing insects are conspicuously absent. There are, for example, no deadly typhus-bearing ticks, or flies that carry the dreaded sleeping sickness. The sea has a few minor dangers, man-eating sharks, a jelly-fish that is to be dreaded, and, on the Queensland coast, a sea-shell whose sting may be fatal. In spite of all these, the Australian countryside is a remarkably safe place. —From "The Face of Australia," by Charles Francis Laserson.

Let's see—snake-bite kit, insect repellent, compass, maps, Spam . . .

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THE AIR

Life Around the Booths

IT'S an open secret in the television business, apparently, that the promoters and sponsors of the big quiz programs ("The \$64,000 Question," "Twenty-One," and "The \$64,000 Challenge") are scouting the country hungrily and without much luck for women to exhibit in their isolation booths. If such a hunt is on, it's easy to understand why; it fits in with a general theory of mine about quiz shows, which I'll go into in a minute. As for the corollary question—why women guests should be hard to trap and cage for quiz-show purposes—maybe it can be disposed of more quickly. One answer to it was suggested, a little unexpectedly, on "Twenty-One" (Channel 4, Mondays, 9-9:30 P.M.)

a couple of weeks ago. A Mrs. Nelle Hurley, a clinical psychologist, had somehow been brought into action against the program's champion, David Mayer. She lost the match in the first round. As they prepared to steer her toward the nearest exit, with the speed and slightly unctuous tact that are usual on these occasions, Mrs. Hurley asked for time to make a short statement. The quizmaster, Jack Barry, startled but wary, gave her a bit of time. "I want to say," the loser said crisply, "that while the answers you asked me for were within my range of culture, they are the sort of things that can be found out by looking them up in an encyclopedia." She added (with growing warmth, it struck me) that knowing such answers offhand is apt to be a matter of mere luck or of mere mnemonics. She was obviously saying a mouthful, and Mr. Barry conceded as much as he pointed her toward the door.

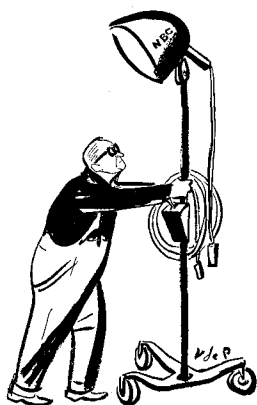
You may feel, looking at it realistically, that Mrs. Hurley's position was ambiguous—as a rookie baseball player's might be if, after striking out in his first big-league time at bat, he were to denounce the three-strike rule over the public-address system as unsound and unfair. You may wonder how she came to be where she was, and what she thought she was doing there. Personally, I'd rather ignore these problems, and the whole mystery of quiz-show recruitment. To me, the significant thing is that women in general are almost bound

to regard quiz shows—and particularly the guest's situation on quiz shows, his obligation to display his naked brain—as embarrassing nonsense. I think that women as a group are less tolerant of nonsense than men are. When the basic nonsense of the performance can be compounded by the nonsense

of public humiliation, of looking silly on a national hookup, it becomes obvious that no woman who is high-spirited or serious-minded, or both, will be easily persuaded to make a monkey of herself for the sake of a wad of taxable dollars. Mrs. Hurley, the other evening, struck a blow for reason. If it seemed out of place at the time, she might have gone on to say—but they had her headed for the wings

by then—that reason itself is out of place in such cockpits as "Twenty-One."

The quiz programs will continue to beat the woods for women guests anyway, I suppose. It's a logical step in a campaign that has been just as strong and steady, in its own way, as the resistance of women to quiz shows has been. The campaign seeks to "hoke up" or disguise—through the use of youth, beauty, vaudeville, or whatever—the element of intelligence in information programs. It's my idea that the producers of these programs concluded long ago that intelligence per se is fundamentally repulsive to the so-called mass audience. Since early times—the radio days of "Professor Quiz," "Doctor I.Q.," and "Information Please"—they've taken pains to soften the curse of raw brightness by hiding it under theatrical props. In the big-money quizzes of today, you have the isolation booths, the acolytes (very nifty, most of them) who install the bodies of the bright in the booths, and the bank executives bearing money. As for quiz-show money, it's noteworthy that the dosage has been increased from time to time, as with drugs in the outside world, to keep up with adjustments in the public's appetite. In the old days, the same processes of compromise and camouflage were at work. Even "Information Please," which began, you may remember, as a show devoted to pure general brightness, soon



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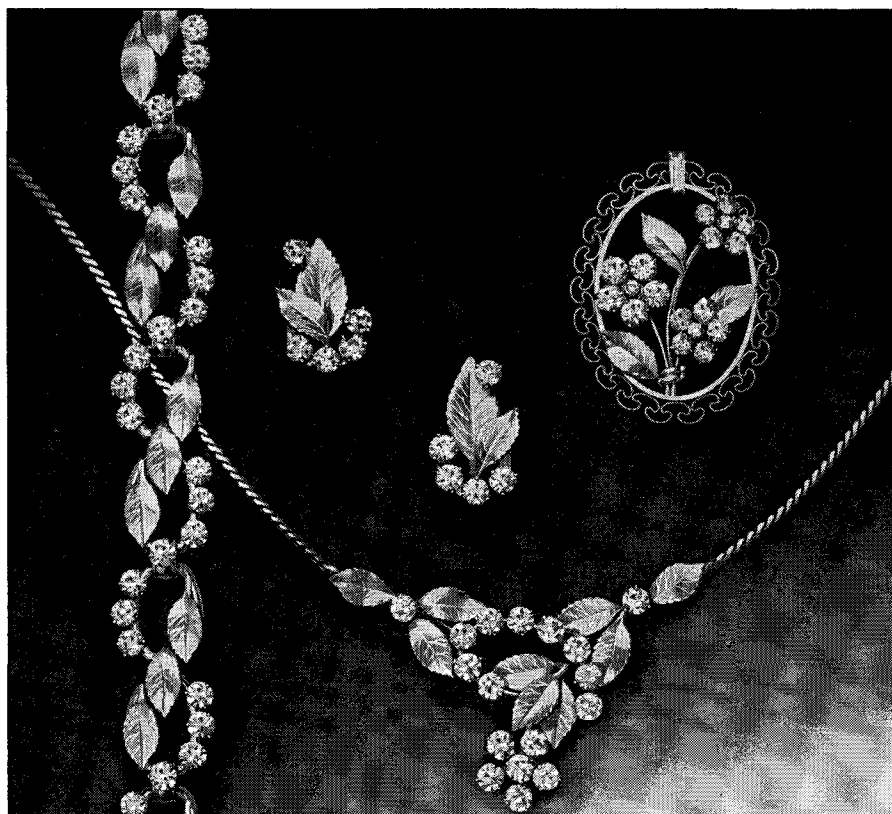
lapsed into a cult of personality, a medley of vaudeville stunts.

A HISTORIAN tracing back two main lines of current television entertainment might find that "Information Please" in its secondary stage was the source of today's game-panel show or guessing-game show, in which learning and general knowledge are less important than wit (in a pretty broad sense of the word) or stunts or personality. The other line is the line of the straight-information program. I expect that it stems more or less directly from "Doctor I.Q." and "Professor Quiz." Wit plays no part in this kind of show. The keynotes are agony and ecstasy—the pain or joy of the audience and the contestants being intense in direct ratio to the amount of money at stake. Another selling point of the straight-information show, in the era of "The \$64,000 Question" (Channel 2, Tuesdays, 10-10:30 P.M.), has been a form of incongruity, the incongruity of expertness in odd places: cops on Shakespeare, grandmothers on baseball, schoolboys on the stock market, jockeys on art. The charm for the public of strange matings like these appears to have been worldwide. Quiz-specialist news was rampant in Rome, for instance, when I passed through there a year or so ago. The front pages of the papers carried the lineup for the forthcoming installment of "Lascia o Raddoppia," in which the top prize is 5,120,000 lire; the list, set down—and, I suppose, read—with relish, included a farmer who specialized in Dante, a housewife who specialized in French political and military history, a Venetian high-school student who was an expert on jazz "from its origins until 1930," the owner of a plastics factory in Milan whose subject was horse racing from 1921 until 1955, and a pediatrician who would answer questions about Ferrarese paintings of the Renaissance. The expert who impressed me most, because he might be hard to duplicate in other parts of the world, was a wood-cutter-ski master-Alpine guide from the town of Pieve di Cadore. In the booth (*cabina*), his specialty was symphonic music of the nineteenth century.

In specialist, or category, quiz programs like "Lascia o Raddoppia" and "The \$64,000 Question," the quality of incongruity has probably been enough in itself to give the guest an extra coating of the theatrical appeal that the producers think the audience needs as a chaser for straight intelligence. Things are a little different in shows like "Twenty-One," in which the general-

information man, not the specialist, is king. Perhaps because the champions of "Twenty-One" feel apologetic about being merely widely read, they have in the main, it seems to me, supplied notable dramatic performances as well as correct answers. It may be, of course, that the Dostoevskian agony of Charles Van Doren in times of crisis and the consummate hayseedism (few Equity rubes have been such thorough farmers) of Harold Craig were entirely unfeigned. If so, they were still very useful to the show. I thought that the scene in which Mr. Craig lost his title and bowed out of "Twenty-One" was a fine, characteristic piece of business—as good, you might say, as a story. It occurred last month. The rules of the program (which are based on the rules of the card game of the same name) are too complicated to go into here; essentially, what Mr. Craig, under pressure from a strong opponent, did was to make a horse trade, like David Harum, and slide out of trouble, and back to the farm from which he had come, with \$106,000 in his jeans. The sum could have been much less, in the circumstances. As the rural genius coppered his bets, the words of an old song—the one about Joshua Ebenezer Fry—ran through my mind: "I know a thing or two, you bet your life I do. They don't ketch me, for I'm too durned spry." His opponent, Mr. Mayer, who is a "motivation-research expert," accepted Mr. Craig's decision with a small, sophisticated smile. It was not a hard case for motivation research. It left both sides well pleased with themselves. I understand that Mr. Craig has since decided to run for Congress for the Republican Party—probably the economy wing. Mr. Mayer has announced that he will research the campaign for him. Both men are a credit to the playing fields of "Twenty-One."

ON the whole, I find that I enjoy the general-information shows and the general-information character more than I do the specialty shows and the



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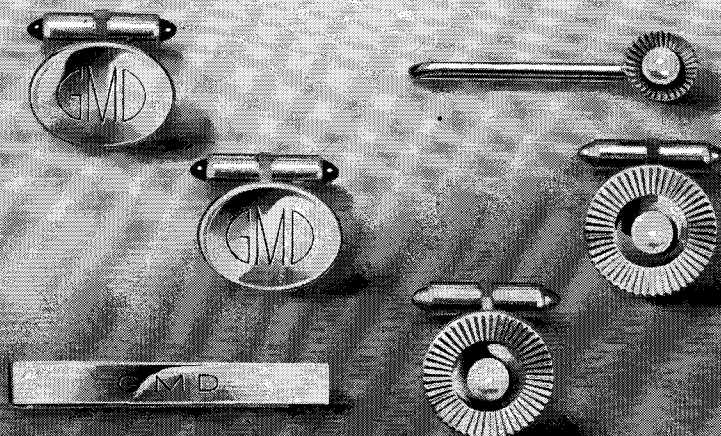
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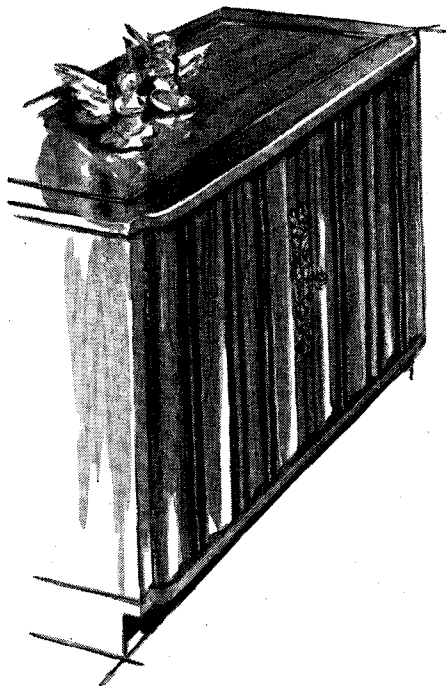
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specialists in this golden way of life. The decadence and folly of specialism became apparent—to me, anyway—a few weeks ago, when an eight-year-old girl and an eight-year-old boy wrestled to a draw for \$64,000 on “The \$64,000 Challenge” (Channel 2, Sundays, 10-10:30 P.M.) in answering questions about the late Babe Ruth, who died at approximately the time the two contestants were born. Even Ruth, who was notoriously fond of children, might have suspected, I think, that their interest in him was a trifle specious. The multiple-threat men, the Van Dorens and Craigs and Mayers, are free of the appearance of having been stuffed with facts to order. They have the merit of natural, legitimate roundness. Also, since the best ones among them are sound gamblers (another sign, in my opinion, of a quick, fresh, active mind), they hang on in the game week after week, building plot and character. They can be followed like the figures in a serial adventure. It’s a little sad to think that their sponsors would trade any three of them for a good-looking dame.

—JOHN LARDNER

NOVEMBER: INDIAN SUMMER

The huge frostbank of the North
Leans over these few days.
Sunlight crumbles in haze,
Saffron of smell and color.
And the chickadees hold forth,
Thick in the ruined quince,
Scolding our complex dolor,
Talkative, though long since
We came to a solemn season.
Close your eyes. The warmth
Of sun and the chickadee song
Will take you, against all reason,
To another time on the earth
That was idle and August-long,
When katydids twanged the skies
Peacefully, months past and more,
Far in the mind, as far,
Perhaps, if you close your eyes,
As the summer before the war.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

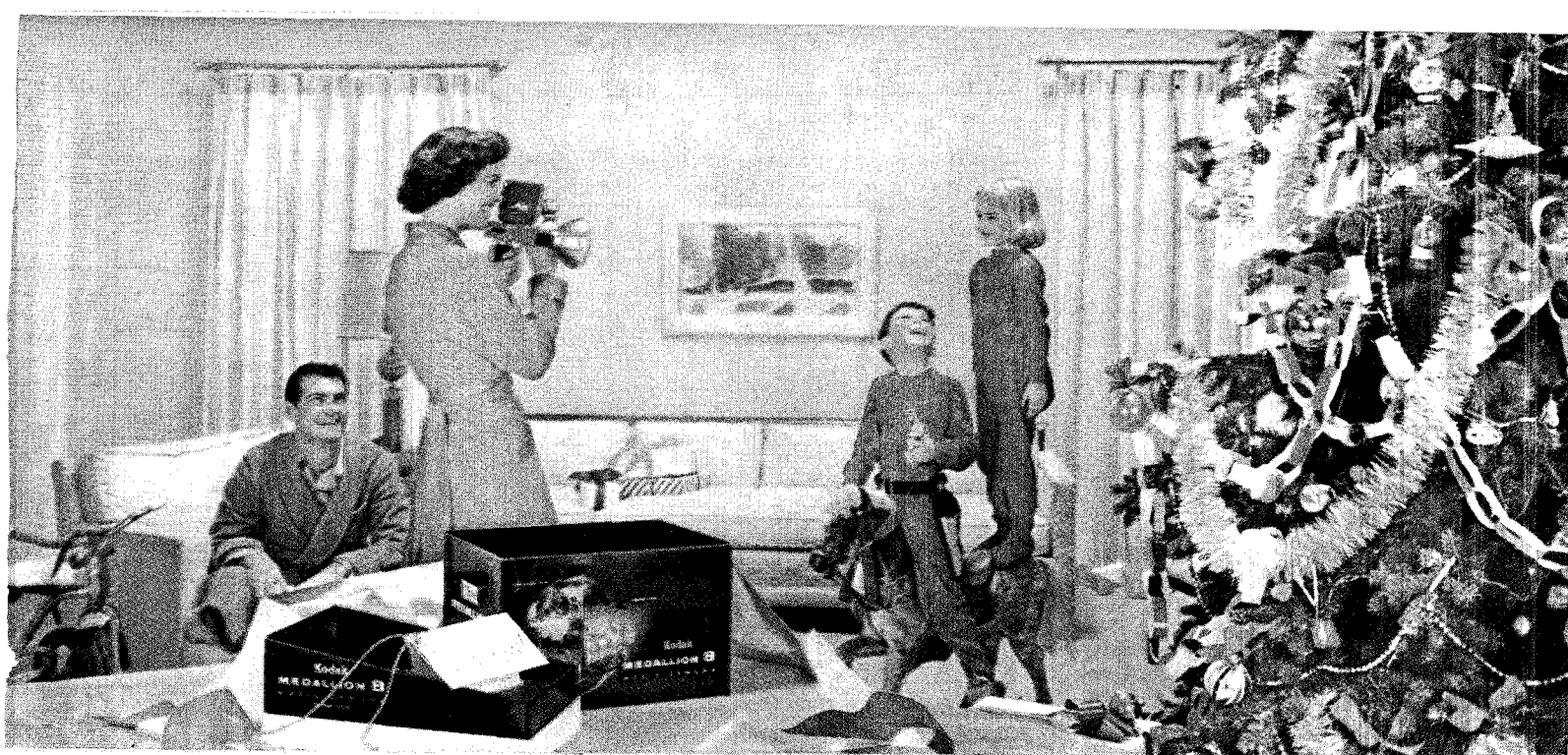
TEL AVIV, Wednesday.—The after-effects of a bout of Asian flu contracted in Paris prior to her arrival in Israel brought to an abrupt end the performance tonight of Yma Sumac, the Inca singer, at the Mann Auditorium.

The audience accepted her announcement quietly and filed out of the hall.

The singer was taken to her fatal where her doctor prescribed a 24-hour rest.

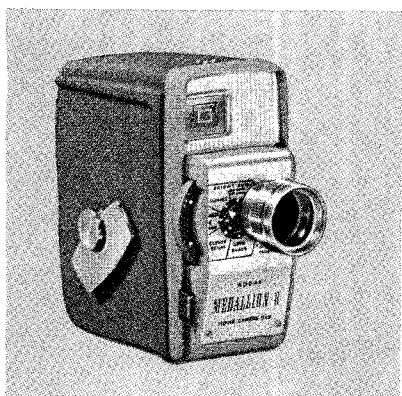
—Jerusalem (Israel) Post.

Sounds longer than that.

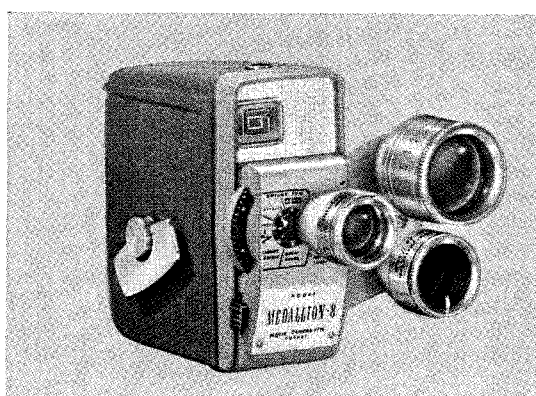


Kodak gifts say "Open me first"!

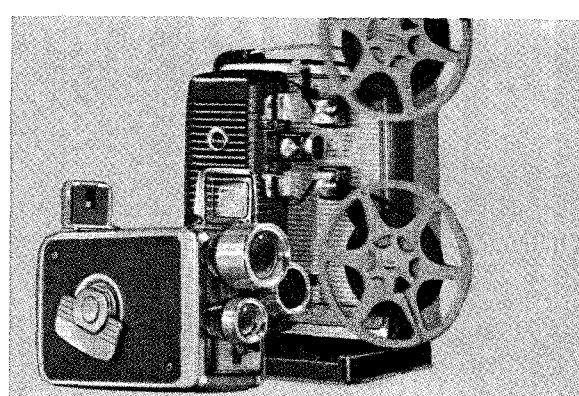
When you open your Kodak gift first, you can save all the fun of Christmas—and the years to come—in action and color movies



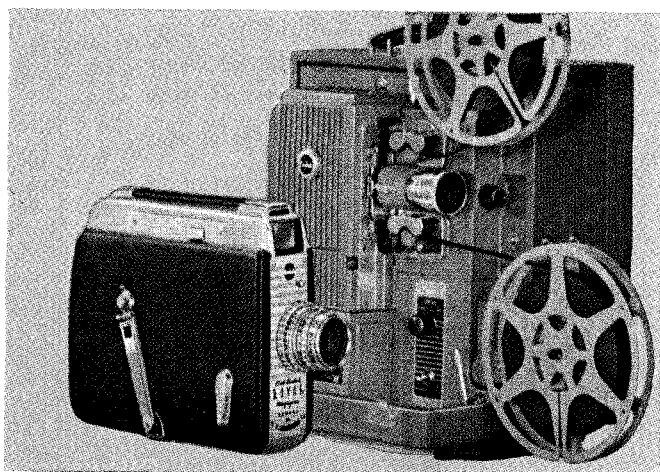
Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, $f/1.9$, \$106.50. Easiest-to-use movie camera Kodak ever made. Prefocused $f/1.9$ lens; 3-second magazine loading; only one setting to make. Fits pocket and palm.



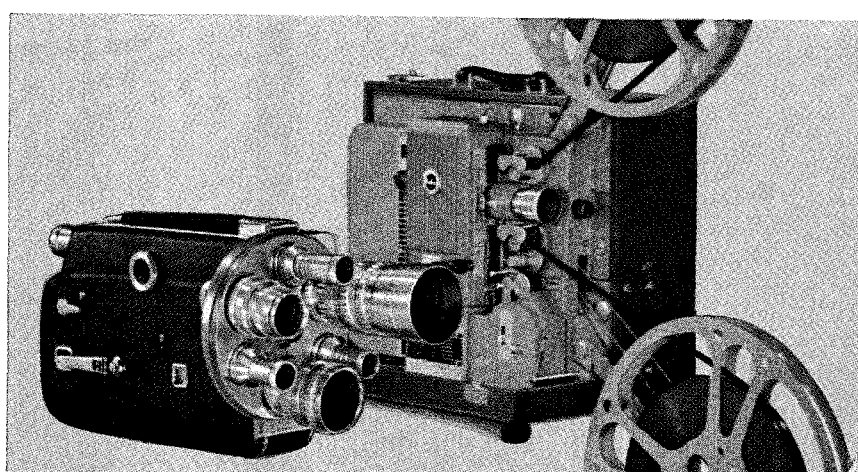
Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, Turret $f/1.9$, \$159.50. Completely equipped for all three movie views—standard, wide-angle, telephoto. Magazine loads in 3 seconds. Has 4 shooting speeds, plus single-frame exposure.



Brownie Movie Camera, Turret $f/1.9$, \$84.75. Comes equipped to take all 3 movie views; Brownie-easy to use. Cine-Kodak Showtime 8 Projector, \$123.50. Shows 8mm movies at their best—up to 5 feet wide. "Stills," reverse action, too.



Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera, \$198. Uses 16mm film magazines; shoots at 3 speeds. Superb 25mm $f/1.9$ Ektar Lens is interchangeable. Kodascope Royal Projector, \$295. For theater-quality shows. Comes in its own built-in case.



Cine-Kodak K-100 Turret Camera, $f/1.9$, \$337. Has 40-foot film run; accepts auxiliary Ektar Lenses, matching viewfinders. Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector, Model 7K4, \$489. For sound or silent 16mm movies.

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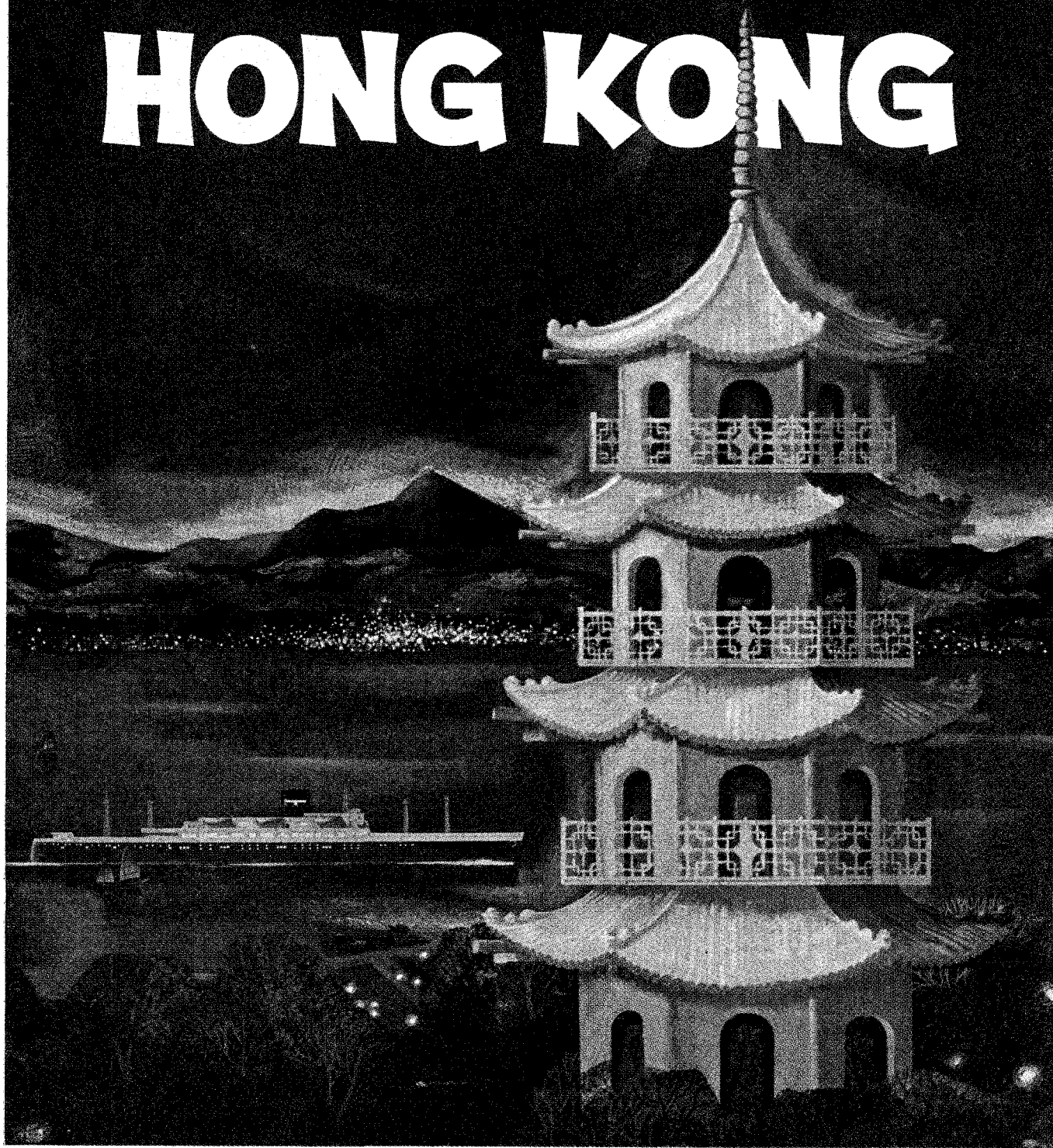
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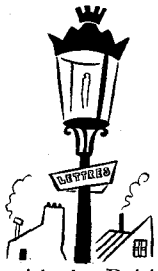
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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 20



THE Allies' inter-governmental relations are usually on such a talkative high level that the ordinary citizen here makes little effort to follow their ins and outs, but this certainly was not the case with the British and American delivery of arms last week to President Habib Bourguiba, of Tunisia. Since, for once, this was a matter of acts, not words (until France's new Premier and her ambassadors, politicians, radio commentators, and newspaper editorial writers let loose a thesaurus of indignant phrases), the French people felt that they understood it perfectly—that it was a treacherous, inimical gift to France's ex-rebels of guns that would be easy to pass over the border to her present rebels in Algeria. Parisians, in their talk on the subject, are roused and galled, and forgetful of Premier Gaillard's levelheaded parliamentary statement on Friday that London and Washington had warned Paris they would have to send the requested arms, since France had refused to and Moscow and Cairo would be delighted to oblige. Parisians, however, remembered his other statement: "If the Atlantic Pact should fall to dust one day, we will know the artisans of its failure"—John Bull and Uncle Sam, not La Belle Insouciance Marianne. So acute was the tension that on Friday and Saturday nights, five hundred police from the riot squad, wearing steel helmets, lined up before the American Embassy, just off the Place de la Concorde—unnecessarily, it turned out—and similar unneeded protection was given to Her Britannic Majesty's Embassy, and the Embassies of Tunisia and Morocco. The American Embassy says that by Monday morning it had received an "avalanche" of letters from parents of French soldiers in Algeria asking that they no longer be sent *Information et Documents*, a free and till now popular biweekly magazine about America published in French by the United States Information Service. The parents also expressed their anger, shock, and horror at the thought that the United States should have sent arms to North Africa, where they could be handed over to Algerian rebels to kill their boys.

America's already well-established unpopularity here progressed over the weekend by leaps and bounds. The

arms-for-Tunisia incident, coming, as it did, after the recent discovery of rich oil fields in the Sahara, led to a belief that this time the Americans had become disloyal to their ally in order to satisfy their cupidity. The always excitedly nationalist paper *L'Aurore*, strongly Rightist in its views, said editorially, "The oily explanation [*l'explication pétrolière*] of the Tunis maneuver is only too obvious." The conservative *Figaro* called the arms shipment "an odious blow by our allies." The august *Monde* referred to "the entente without cordiality." Ex-Premier Georges Bidault protested, "We cannot be the ally in Europe and the scapegoat in Africa." Raymond Aron, a noted non-Leftist political writer (who is, notwithstanding, anathema to the Right Wing, because of his belief that Algerian independence is practically inevitable), voiced his distress that London and Washington should have "chosen such a deplorably clumsy method of expressing no confidence in France's Algerian policy." Ex-Ambassador André François-Poncet, who until recently was stationed in Bonn, was unique in publicly expressing a mixture of Gallic indignation and diplomatic wisdom. He said that the arms shipment was "not only inimical but also shocking and humiliating, and marked by the brutality that, it seems, M. Foster Dulles has an increasing tendency to utilize." The Tunisian incident, he continued, "without doubt expressed our partners' impatience with and disapprobation of our country's politics, our quarrels, our interminable Ministerial crises. The lesson they intended to give us is not absolutely unmerited; it would be unmanly not to admit this. But the Anglo-Saxons made a bad calculation. They dealt the Atlantic Alliance a disastrous blow."

NOVEMBER has been a month of anniversaries for the French, nearly all of them disagreeable. On November 1st, three years ago, the Algerian war began, as a supposedly unimportant native uprising. On November 5th of last year, the French and British vainly sent off paratroopers to blast Colonel Nasser out of the Suez Canal. On November 7th of this year, Moscow celebrated the Bolshevik Revolution of forty years ago, which began the era of Soviet Russia, whose theories a fourth of the French Republic's voters supported in the last election. And this November 5th was the thirty-eighth birthday of Félix Gaillard, and the day

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on which he took office as the seventeenth and youngest Premier of the Fourth Republic. He became Premier not because, being young and brilliant, which he undoubtedly is, he stood for a rising, intelligent, new generation of leaders in stale French affairs but because, as the French said only too clearly, the old parliamentary hands' selfish disunion was more precious to them, as a major part of politics, than getting together and governing France. It is thought here that possibly the one ameliorating result of the Tunisia-arms incident is that Premier Gaillard will not be allowed to fall for a while. There will, of course, be plenty of time for that later.

AS a natural result of social unrest, government financial troubles, inflationary prices of consumer goods, food, and *vin ordinaire* (they have just gone up for the third time since early autumn) and the greatest industrial prosperity and bourgeois spending boom that modern France has known, there has been a rain of strikes by under-salaried employees, especially those who have the honor of working for the City of Paris and the French state. The latest strike of *petits fonctionnaires* took place on Tuesday. The strikers' demand was for an increase in the basic wage on which all salaries in the lower level of government services are calculated. The clinics for diagnosis and treatment in the city hospitals were closed, garbage was uncollected, gravedigging was suspended, and penitentiary guards quit their jobs. During the one-thirty radio news broadcast, the speaker announced that the station would be off the air until eight that evening. The zoo and the public libraries, including the Bibliothèque Nationale, were closed; water and gas pressure was low. The meteorological services struck, and so did the customs officers; the Paris airfields were shut down; Air France cancelled all its European flights; long-distance phone calls to points outside France were nonexistent. However, letters were mostly delivered, and in the general confusion telegrams were usually distributed twice.

For the second time in a week, the Paris schoolteachers and *lycée* professors went out on strike. Ten days ago, the pedagogues sent their pupils home with letters to their parents protesting against overcrowded classrooms and, even more strongly, against the lack of respect shown to the teaching profession, which leads "the great majority of students to go into business" (where, it seems worth noting, a dish-



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washer in a restaurant is paid forty-eight thousand francs a month, which is more than a grade-school teacher gets). "This compromises the future of the nation," the letter continued, "and we actively hope you will manifest your solidarity with us by not sending your child to school [on the strike days]. Thus you will influence public opinion in our favor, and as a result the government and the parliament will finally become conscious of the exceptionally grave situation of public education in our country."

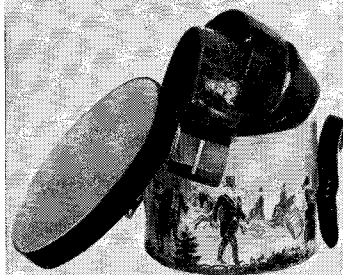
Just before noon on Tuesday, about five thousand strikers—schoolteachers, professors, trained nurses, and workers from city and state offices—marched up the Rue de Rivoli on their way to the Palais-Bourbon, where the National Assembly meets, shouting in educated, rather thin voices, "*Mon salaire! Mon salaire!*" It was a sad sight and a sad sound in this literate center of French civilization. When they came to the edge of the Place de la Concorde, their leaders saw that police cars were blocking the bridge across the Seine, and turned the marchers back. Disorganized, they began straggling aimlessly through the Tuileries Gardens. A police helicopter was flying overhead. For the rest of the day, traffic was detoured away from the Palais-Bourbon, which was surrounded by shock troops and massed police.

THIS has been a great month for one pleasure, at least—the splendid art shows customary at this time of year. Finest and rarest in content of them all is the exhibition called "L'Atelier de Juan Gris," in the elegant new Rue de Monceau gallery of that early Cubist-art connoisseur Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler and his sister-in-law, Mme. Louise Leiris. Gris died in 1927, only forty years old. The twenty-two canvases now displayed were painted in the last year, and even the last few months, of his life, and were found after his death in his studio in Boulogne-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris. They had never been seen by the public.

When Gris died, his small pictures were selling, if he was lucky enough to find a buyer, for a few hundred francs apiece—perhaps no more than twenty dollars in those days. Their sale price in the present show is six million francs, or around fourteen thousand dollars, and the big ones get more than twice that. During his brief lifetime, Gris was appreciated only by a very few, and their number did not include his compatriot Pablo Picasso, whom Miss Gertrude Stein bluntly re-

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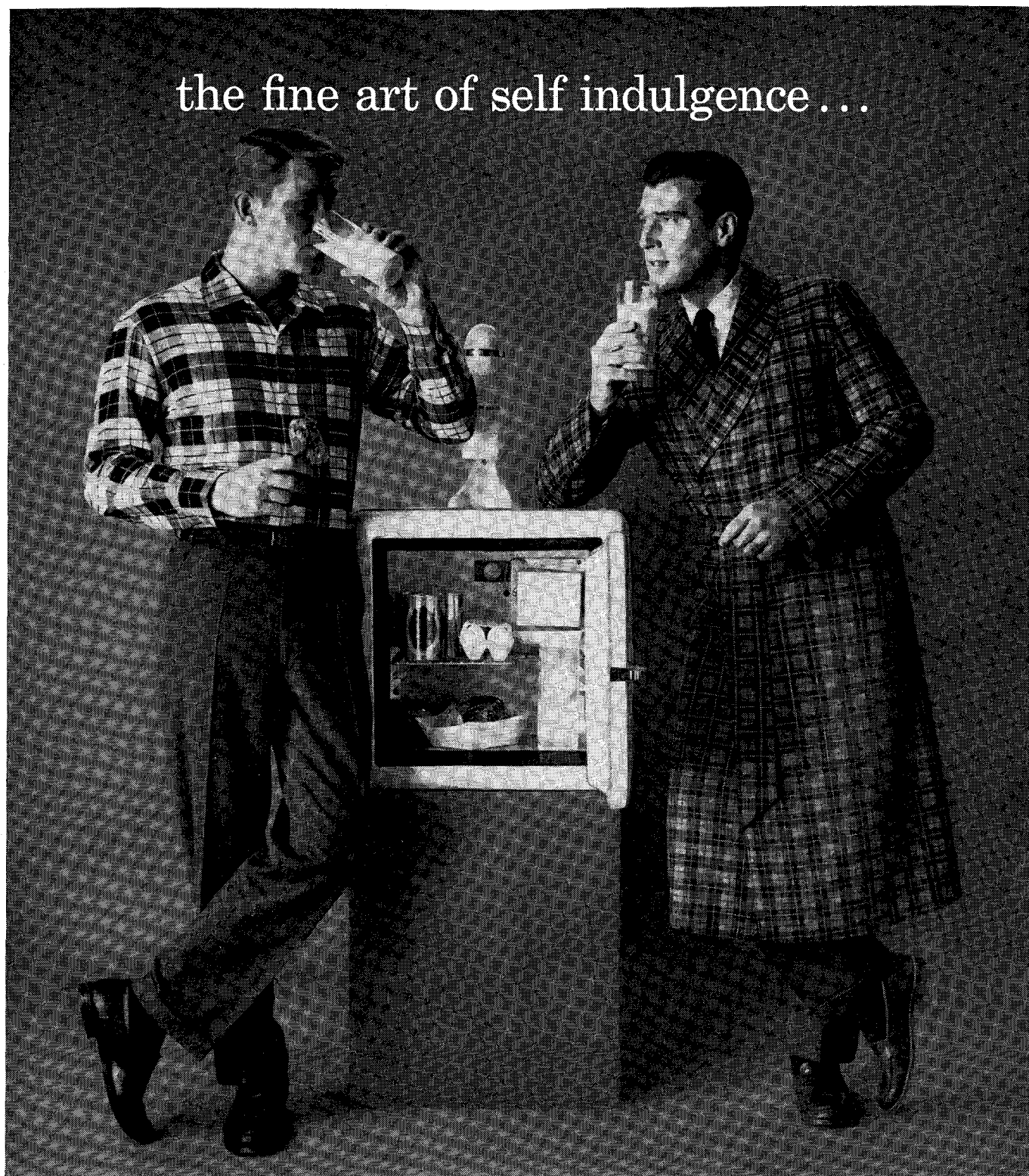
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proached for his phrases of what she said was false grief after Gris's funeral. These twenty-two canvases, the product of his last burst of genius, have the pristine freshness, in color, of paintings that look new because they have been hidden away, have never been handled or exposed to light and public opinion. There is in their limpid yet austere composition a reflection of the certitude of Gris, which here has a meditative quality that came perhaps from his sense of approaching death and his final sureness in his art. The largest still-life, "Guitare et Papier et Musique," offers as a startling surprise, considering how low his palette usually was, a patterned blaze of vermillion, as red as blood. Two paintings, each showing a large seated female figure of neoclassic dignity, are also rarities. One of the figures holds a harvest basket of fruit, the other (one of three pictures in the exhibit that are signed) has empty, folded arms and a strange, graceful, gray lunar face. Of his small final *natures mortes*, one depicts a carafe and lemon, another a wineglass and egg, and there is one with bananas. The small, perfectly produced catalogue that M. Kahnweiler had printed, surely at considerable expense, is a collector's item. Its cover, which bears a stunning colored lithograph of the canvas called "Fruits et Bol," was prepared by Moulrot Frères, the great lithographers of Paris.

The *clou* of the Salon d'Automne—in the gloomy, clammy Grand Palais, which is probably the worst place on earth to show art, but which in its time has shown the beginnings of the great Ecole de Paris, and the last, in posthumous retrospectives, of Cézanne and Gauguin—is a retrospective show of about fifty canvases, dated from 1900 to today, by that belatedly appreciated master Jacques Villon, now aged eighty-two. He is still painting with the purity of research that he pursued during those long, too quiet years when he was unjustly ignored. The exhibit traces his aesthetic history from his early, almost banal period of youthful realism, through his Cubist stylizations, to the refined geometric patterns of color, like shards of rainbows, that have become the style of his present apotheosis.

As for the work of the younger leading painters, the Rive Droite Gallery's exhibition of forty-four Jean Fautrier canvases was the event of last week. It attracted snobs, collectors, and other painters. The canvases were literally sold under one's nose in the hysterical *arriviste* rush to buy art at any price, as long as it is high, that has made the recent abnormal art market on both sides

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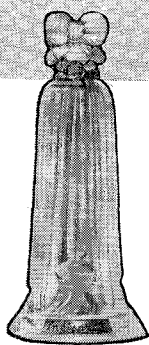
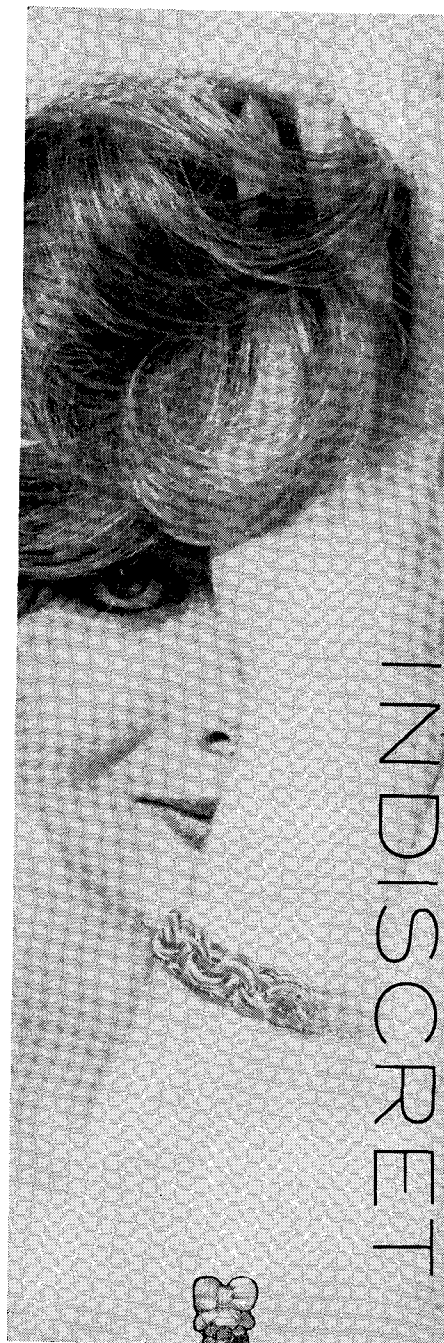
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of the Atlantic. There is a comestible quality—much of it lavender over thick white, like a tinted meringue—about some of Fautrier's later big pictures. More appropriate to his virile talent are his smaller compositions, painted in vague, rough squares of splendid pale colors—cream or greenish brown—and very beautiful. Two of them, done during the middle thirties, bear little handwritten invocations addressed to *La Liberté*, one of which says, in translation, "On the walls of my boredom, I write thy name, Liberty." Fautrier's color scale, which sweeps with old-fashioned vigor into all the wonderful démodé landscape colors, from yellow, through leaf green, to umber, is a treat these days.

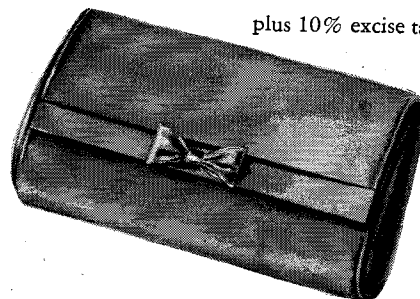
THE chill of November has finally arrived, after half a month of Indian-summer sunshine and a full complement of yellow leaves—comforts left over from October. Not for years has the autumn season been so extended, mild, and handsome in the city gardens and in the forests around Paris. The wild-mushroom harvest in the woods was particularly plentiful. Morning mists, so heavy that they dripped moisture onto the leaves and from there to the ground, and then warm afternoons, as the sun burned the mists away, gave all the fungi their ideal climate. In certain woods in the Ile-de-France, the crop of *les trompettes de la mort*, or *Craterellus cornucopioides*—the so-called trumpets of death, though no mushroom hereabouts is safer and tastier—was especially heavy and succulent. *Les trompettes* usually grow beneath young oak trees, in clean glades devoid of underbrush, rising from cushions of green moss, where they congregate in clusters, looking like purple, black-shaded crocuses. Floral-shaped, tubular, decorative, mysterious, they are difficult to find, half hidden by last year's fallen leaves. In taste similar to the dark morels of spring, they are autumn's richest gift of all such spored growths here. If they are to be tender, they should be cooked until they turn as black as dead flowers. They are then served with rice *al dente* and a little olive oil, and consumed with a gourmet's appreciation, and no fear, since for once nature has not created any deadly duplicate. Ten days ago, there were still a few handfuls of red raspberries in the gardens, and the small wild strawberries planted by the garden paths were again in bloom, uselessly. Now winter has started to settle down, and with a rather special melancholy, owing to turbulent human events.

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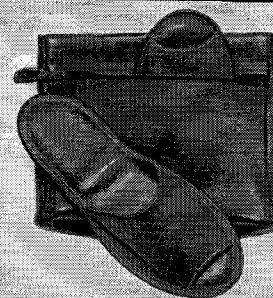
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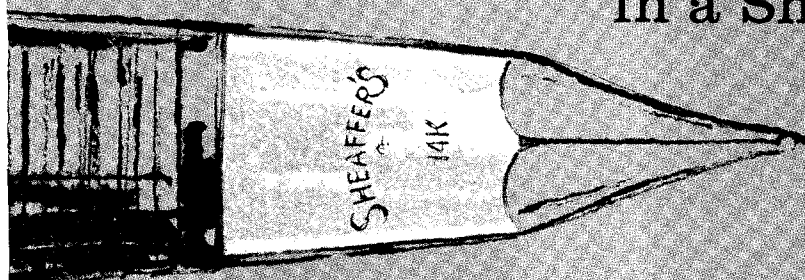
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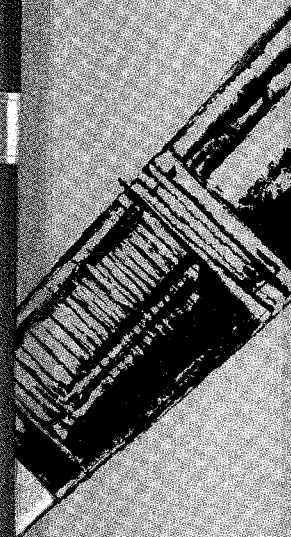


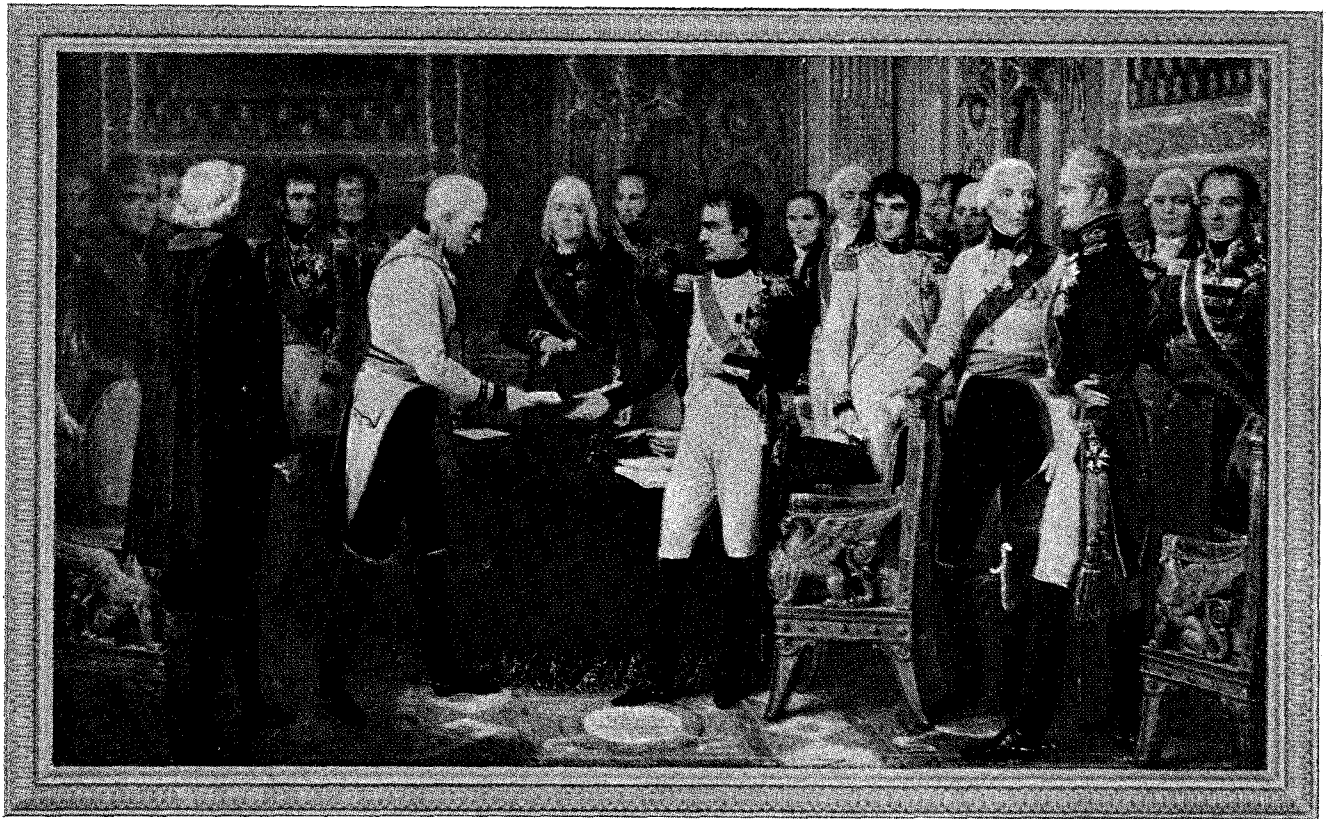
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DIAMONDS IN THE VAULT

EVEN after my grandmother was nearly blind, she kept house for herself and my grandfather. They had a tiny apartment in Los Angeles, around the corner from the house where my sister and I lived with our parents. My mother worried a good deal about my grandmother. She was afraid my grandmother would burn herself or cut herself, although my grandfather, who could see quite well, tried to watch out for such things, and she was also afraid my grandmother would spill something on the floor of the apartment and be embarrassed in front of her relatives. There were dozens of relatives living in the city, and they visited my grandparents often. Uncle Morton said they came for the coffee. My grandfather made the coffee with six cups of water and a wineglass of coffee grounds. It did not even smell like coffee, but my grandmother said seriously that nobody could make coffee like her Louie.

One January day, my mother decided there should be a party at our house to celebrate my grandparents' approaching wedding anniversary—their fiftieth. Pessel, my mother's cousin, who lived nearby, said it ought to be a surprise party, but my mother disagreed with her, saying that she didn't want my grandmother to be startled by a chorus of voices.

"You baby her," Pessel said. "That's why she's so hard to get along with."

One morning, a few days before the anniversary, my mother told my grandmother about the coming party. The three of us were sitting at the table in the kitchen of my parents' house. I had a job in Los Angeles at the time, but this was a Saturday, and while the two older women talked, I busied myself letting down the hem of one of my dresses.

"I think I'll invite a few people for a meal a week from Sunday," my mother said, purposely using a round-about approach. "Everybody can come on a Sunday."

My grandmother, who would have objected to a party in her honor, always approved of having people in for a meal. "Very nice," she said. "What are you serving?"

"I'll make a big turkey," said my mother. "Or maybe two smaller turkeys, for those eaters. I'll see. Then I'll have candied sweet potatoes and a cranberry mold and pickles and olives

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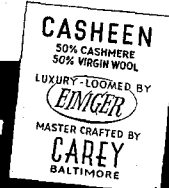


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and all that stuff. I'll make potato pudding for Pa."

"Very nice," said my grandmother. "Make apple pie for dessert, you've got a lovely Thanksgiving dinner."

"No pie," said my mother. "Your rich sister is bringing a big cake."

"Sadie?" said my grandmother. "My sister, Sadie, is bringing a cake?"

"That's what she said," my mother replied.

"What's the occasion?" my grandmother asked.

"It's your golden wedding anniversary," said my mother. "Fifty years. I call that an occasion."

"Oh, sure, for us it's an occasion," said my grandmother, "but what is it for Sadie?"

"Well, she's bringing the cake," my mother said. "She told me she's having it baked special, with your and Pa's names on it."

"Sadie?" said my grandmother.

"Sadie," said my mother.

"I'll have to buy a new dress," my grandmother said. She turned in my direction. "You there, Sunny?" she asked, using the nickname I'd had since I was a little girl. "You heard? If Sadie can bring a cake, I'll have to buy a new dress."

"O.K.," I said. "You want me to bring one home, or do you want to go along?"

My grandmother laughed. "I'll go along the first time," she said, "but I won't like anything I see. Then later you'll find me one when I don't go along."

WE bought the dress on the first shopping trip, my grandfather bought a new suit and had his hair cut, and my Uncle Gilbert sent my grandmother an orchid and my grandfather a boutonniere. Late in the afternoon on the day of the party, the two of them sat on the sofa in our living room, with my father and mother and my sister and I sitting opposite them, waiting for the guests to arrive. My grandfather was uneasy. "I wish you didn't do it, Laura," he said to my mother. "We could have a good time just with you and Joe and the girls. This way, it's a whole hullaballoon, and I have to talk to Sandor." Sandor was Sadie's husband.

"It won't hurt you," said my grandmother. "Sandor thinks the world and all of you."

"He loves me," said my grandfather. "He loves everybody. But a person just can't talk to Sandor."

"That's absolutely true," my father

said. "I go out of my mind. You can't talk to Sandor."

"Talk about weather," said my grandmother. "Talk about how young he looks. It's not so hard to talk to Sandor."

My father jerked his head toward the kitchen. "Come on," he said to my grandfather. "I'll give you a shot of heart-warming, and you'll even talk to Sandor."

My grandfather hesitated. "Come on," said my father. "You're half of the guest of honor today. Hurry up. It's almost six o'clock."

My grandfather went into the kitchen with my father. My grandmother smoothed her collar. "Sunny, you there? Is this collar laying straight?"

"It's fine," I said.

My grandmother sighed. "How many are coming?"

"Twenty," I said. "We didn't invite Mattie's in-laws." Mattie was another of my grandmother's sisters.

"Twenty is enough. And your mother won't let me wash the dishes. I know her already."

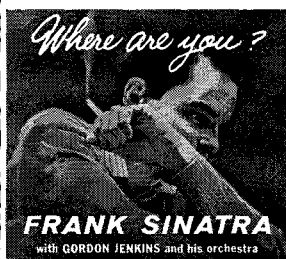
The front door opened. Uncle Morton came in shouting, "Happy anniversary, everybody!"

"Hello, Morton," my grandmother said faintly. Morton's wife followed him in and sat down in a corner of the room. Morton handed my grandmother a package. She had not expected it, and recoiled. Then she laughed, pretending she had pretended to recoil. She weighed the box on her palms and said, "Morton, that's so nice of you. You didn't have to bring anything. Where is your wife?"

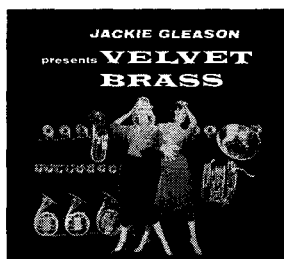
"She's hiding over there in the corner," said Morton. He strode to the kitchen, saying, "What a smell! What an aroma! Laura, I'm fainting



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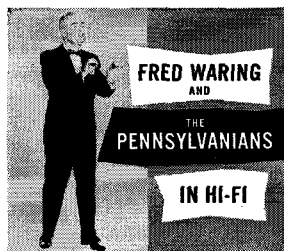
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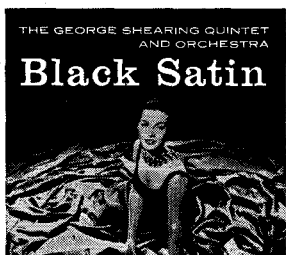
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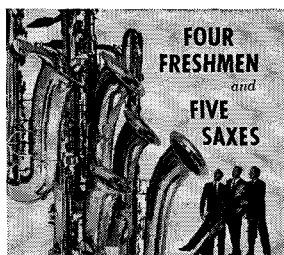
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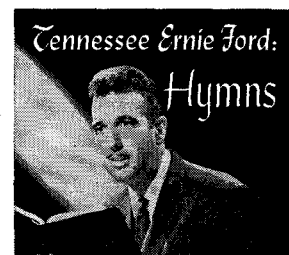
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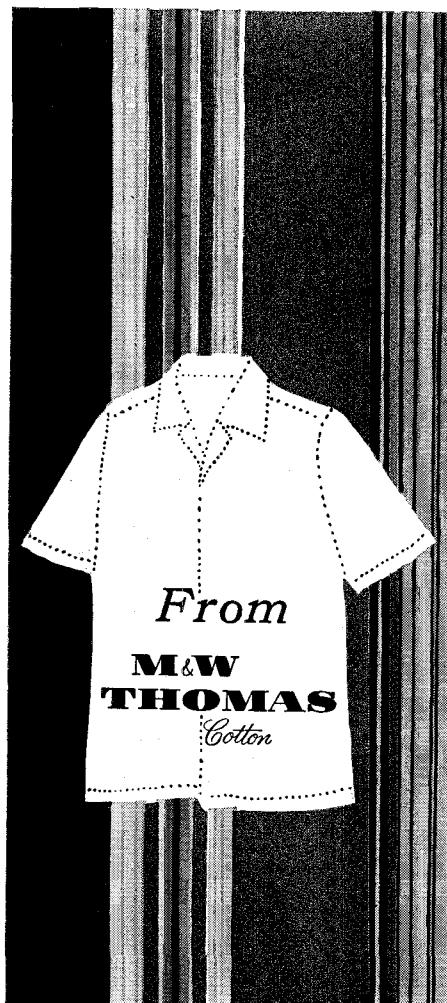


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from hunger. I didn't eat since breakfast!"

The doorbell rang, and within a few minutes the room was crowded with people, most of whom brought presents. Sandor came with Sadie. He carried a large cake box stamped "Next Day Bakery." Sadie took the lid off the box, and everybody said "Ooh." The cake inside was crusted with pink roses, slightly dusty. Sandor carried the box to the kitchen, and Sadie sat down. She removed her fur coat slowly. She owned a great many diamonds, and she seemed to be wearing all of them—earrings, rings, a necklace, and a brooch.

"Wow!" said my sister to me.

"Worth thousands," whispered Mattie. "Thousands." She blinked, pretending that the glitter dazzled her.

THE dinner was a success. Everybody ate too much, except my grandmother, who never ate much when there was company at the table. She kept saying she just was so full—she couldn't understand it—but she would eat tomorrow.

After dinner, a couple of the women helped my mother with the dishes, and then everybody settled down in the living room. Morton was groaning. "God, did I eat! I ought to be shot."

Sadie said, "Come on. It's time to open the presents."

My grandmother, who was sitting on the floor beside me, had, I knew, dreaded this. "I think it would be better to open them in my own apartment," she said. "This way, I make a lot of mess for Laura."

"Everybody wants to see," said Sadie. "Go ahead. Open them up."

"I'll help you," I said to my grandmother. I undid the wrappings on the first box and opened it. "Oh, what a lovely slip!" I said. I handed the slip to my grandmother. "Just look at that lace."

My grandmother took the slip. "Oh, how did you know I needed a slip? And it's just beautiful, too. Who gave it? Mattie? Thank you so much, Mattie."

There were two slips, several handkerchiefs, a whistling teakettle, a box of cigars for my grandfather, a bud vase, a pair of boudoir lamps, and other presents. The lamps were from Pessel. "Those are not cheap," she said, seriously. "I didn't get them in Sears."

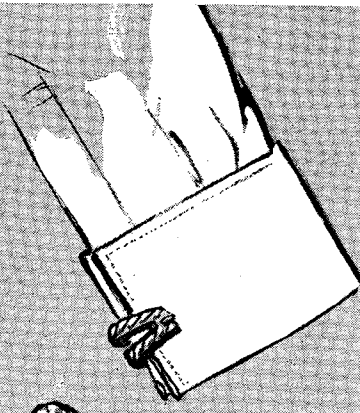
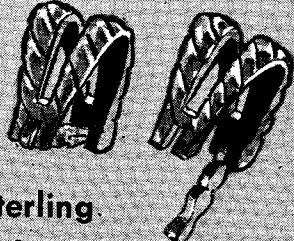
When all the gifts had been opened, my father served cognac, and soon the guests went home. My grandfather was asleep in his chair. My father woke him and, taking his arm and my grandmother's, escorted them out the door

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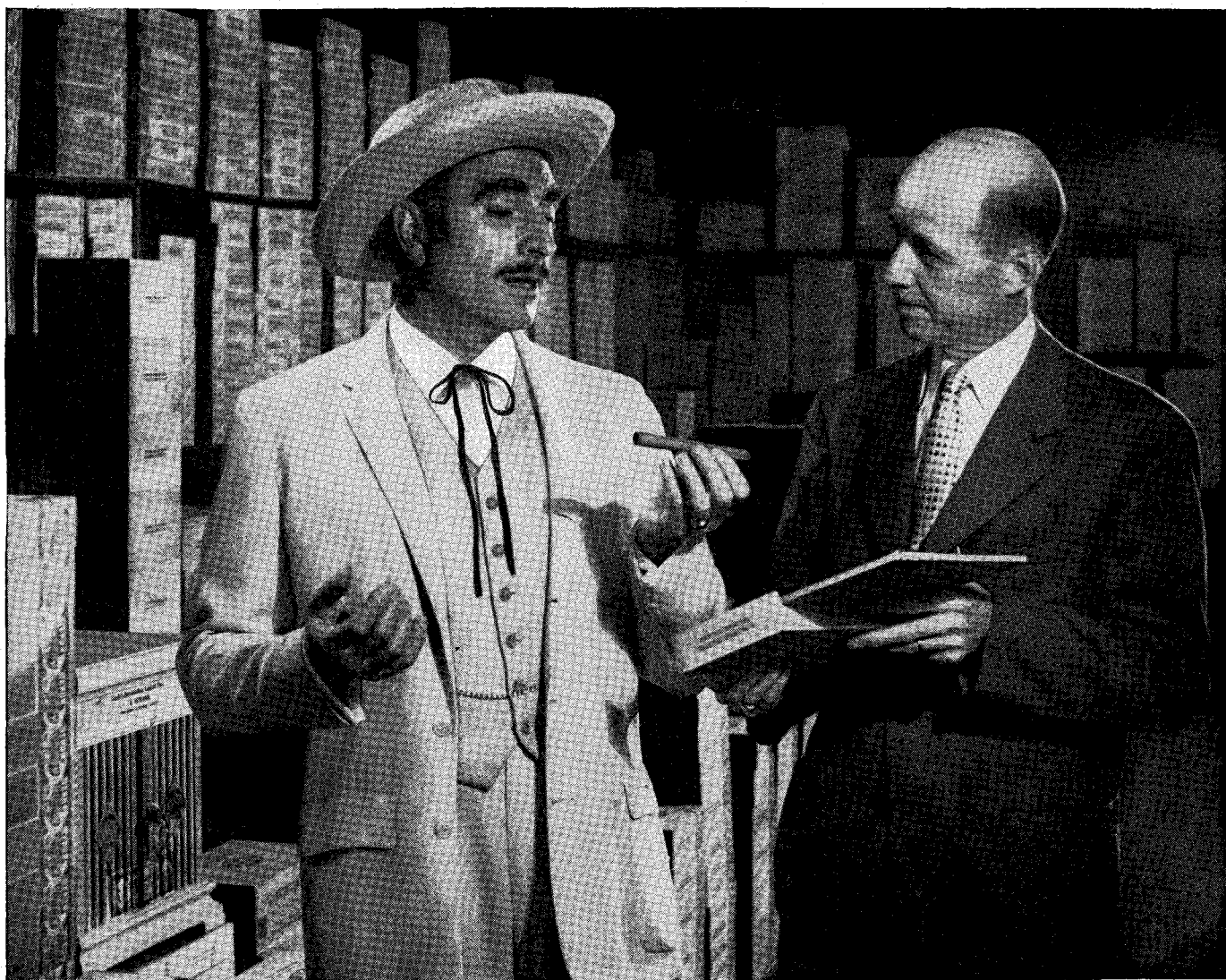
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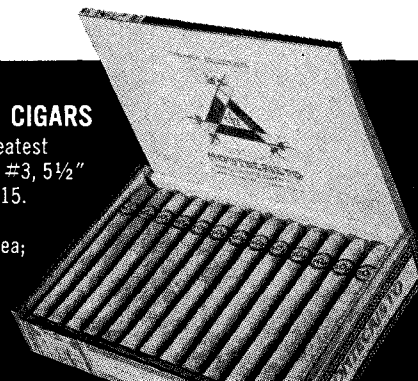
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and on to their apartment. My sister and I were to carry the gifts over the following day.

When the three of them had gone, my mother said to me, as she picked up bits of ribbon from the carpet, "You ought to go to bed, Sunny. Did you ever see such a bunch of junk? Wouldn't you think they'd be ashamed?"

"It was quite a cake Sadie brought. Did you taste it?"

"Straw!" said my mother. "Day-old straw! She was going to have a cake baked special. She bought it from the market, day-old."

"Sandor liked it," I said.

"Sandor! Sandor has to like everything Sadie does," said my mother. "What can she be thinking of? She had on all her diamonds. Did you see? Tomorrow morning, bright and early, Sandor will run to the vault to put them back. He'll be shivering till he gets them in there. I wouldn't be surprised if he has to sit up all night watching them."

MY grandfather did not feel well the next morning. He told my grandmother he had a dragging pain. She gave him two aspirins, but they didn't help, so she called my mother. My mother called Uncle Gilbert, and by the time a doctor arrived, half a dozen relatives, including me, were standing around my grandfather, who was sitting up in bed. He looked well enough, but he had the pain.

He was sent to the hospital that night, and my grandmother came to sleep at our house. A couple of years earlier, my grandfather had recovered quickly from a ruptured appendix. I did not think there was anything seriously wrong this time. Besides, as my father said, "He just had his golden wedding anniversary. Nothing could happen to him right now."

My grandmother did not say she was frightened, but that night she sat docilely in our kitchen and kneaded her fingers. At the hospital next day, she sat by the bed and held my grandfather's hand in both of hers and tried to see his face. For three days, he was cheerful. They gave him something for the pain. They took blood from his vein, but it didn't hurt. They treated him fine.

When my grandmother and my family and I visited him during the evening of the fourth day, he was drowsy. He spoke to us, but he seemed to be half asleep. My grandmother sat clasping his hand. He said once, clearly, "You have been a fine wife, Sarah. Very

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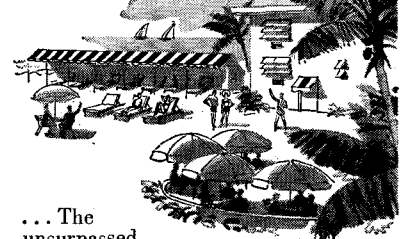
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fine." He pulled his hand away and reached up and touched my face. I asked him if he wanted something. "I want to hear the twelve-o'clock news," he said.

This made my father laugh. "Poor guy, he's doped up. He thinks he's home. He was trying to turn on the radio."

My mother went off to telephone the doctor. When she came back, she said we might as well go home, because my grandfather was scheduled for surgery the next morning and had been heavily sedated.

"Surgery?" said my father. "At his age?"

"The doctor says it isn't much of an operation, and he's in good shape."

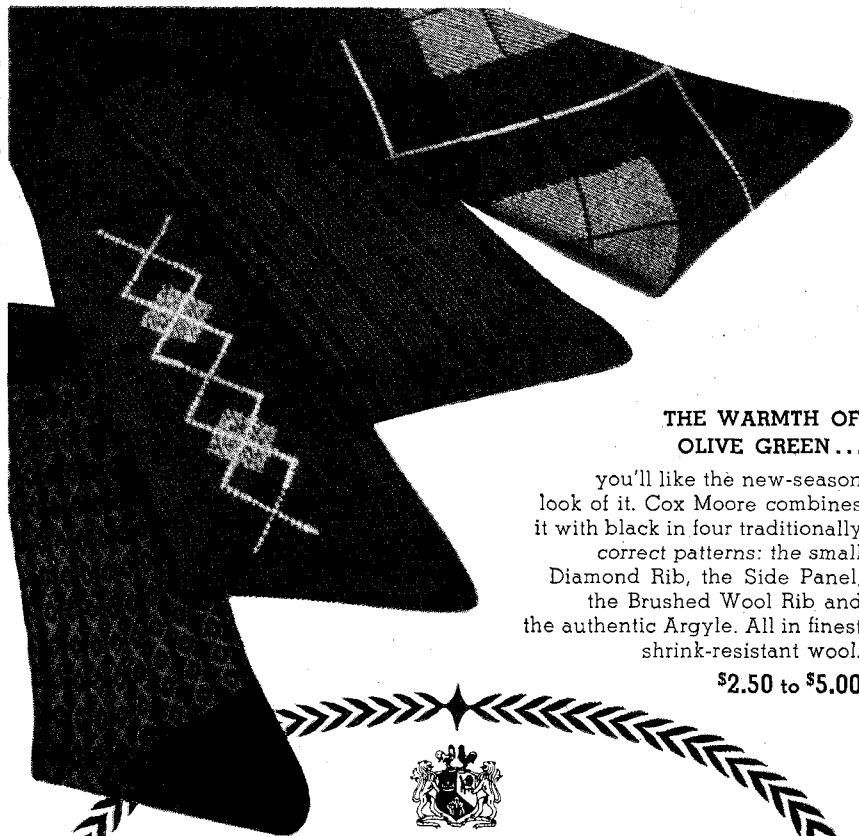
The following evening, we met Uncle Gilbert at the bedside. My grandfather was asleep. Uncle Gilbert said there was no point in waiting, since my grandfather was still feeling the effect of the anesthetic. My grandmother sat down and held his hand for a few minutes, and called his name softly. "I would like him to know we were here. Sometimes he wakes up at night. He has dreams."

My grandfather did not stir.

My father moved restlessly. "Listen, he's sleeping like a baby," he said. "Let's go home. Tomorrow night he'll be awake."

My grandmother stood up reluctantly; then she took a quick breath and kissed my grandfather's hand.

My family and my grandmother and I had left our house and were walking to the car the next evening when the telephone rang. I ran back to answer it. It was a nurse at the hospital. She



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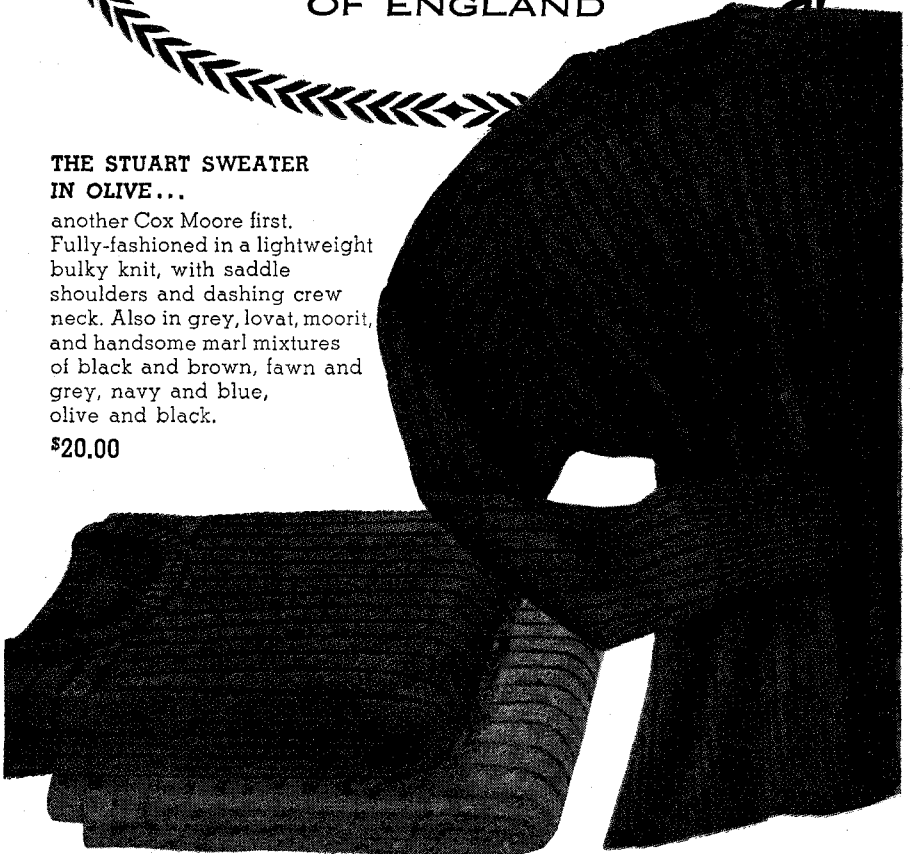
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said my grandfather was very low. I told this to the others.

In the car, my grandmother sat with her eyes closed and her hands clasped tightly together. She talked softly. "Wait for me, Louie," she said. "I'm coming. Don't leave me. You're my eyes. You always said it. Wait for me. I'm almost there."

My father parked near the entrance to the hospital, and we all got out and hurried inside to the elevator. When we got off the elevator, my grandmother began to walk rapidly down the hall toward my grandfather's room. At the door, she collided with Uncle Gilbert, who took her by the shoulders. "Look out," she said. She did not recognize him. "I have to go in there."

"He's not in there. They put him in another room," Gilbert said.

She turned to rush in the opposite direction. "Where is he?"

"Wait, Ma," said Gilbert. "Wait a minute. Pa's gone."

"Oh, no," she said. "He's very low. That's what they told Sunny on the telephone. Where is he?"

The doctor came down the hall. He took my grandmother's arm. He and Gilbert led her into a little alcove. She did not resist. She let them put her in a chair and take one arm out of her coat, and she did not wince when the doctor gave her an injection. "This will calm you down," said the doctor, "and then we'll let you see him."

"I'm calm," said my grandmother. "Let me see him."

The doctor drew her coat sleeve over her arm. "Just relax a minute."

She sat there for a few seconds, her feet tapping, and then she stood up. "Where is he?"

The doctor took one of her arms and my mother took the other, and they started down the hall. Gilbert motioned to the rest of us to follow.

My grandfather was lying on a bed in a narrow room at the very end of the hall. His face was yellow. My grandmother felt for the edge of the bed and slipped to her knees. She found his hand and took it in both of hers. "You're cold," she whispered, and began to rub his hand. "Louie? Louie, are you dead? Louie, you didn't die? Louie, you were my eyes!"

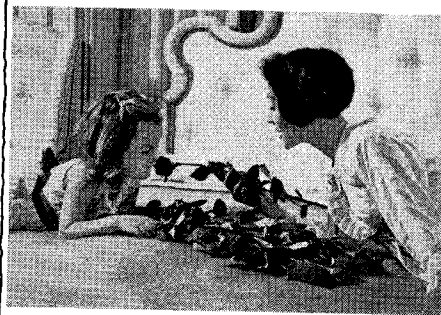
"Now, now," said the doctor.

"Leave her alone," said my mother, who was trying to weep silently.

My father was shaking his head. "I never gave it a thought," he said. "Last night, I was laughing at him. He never seemed to be sick."

My grandmother knelt there speak-

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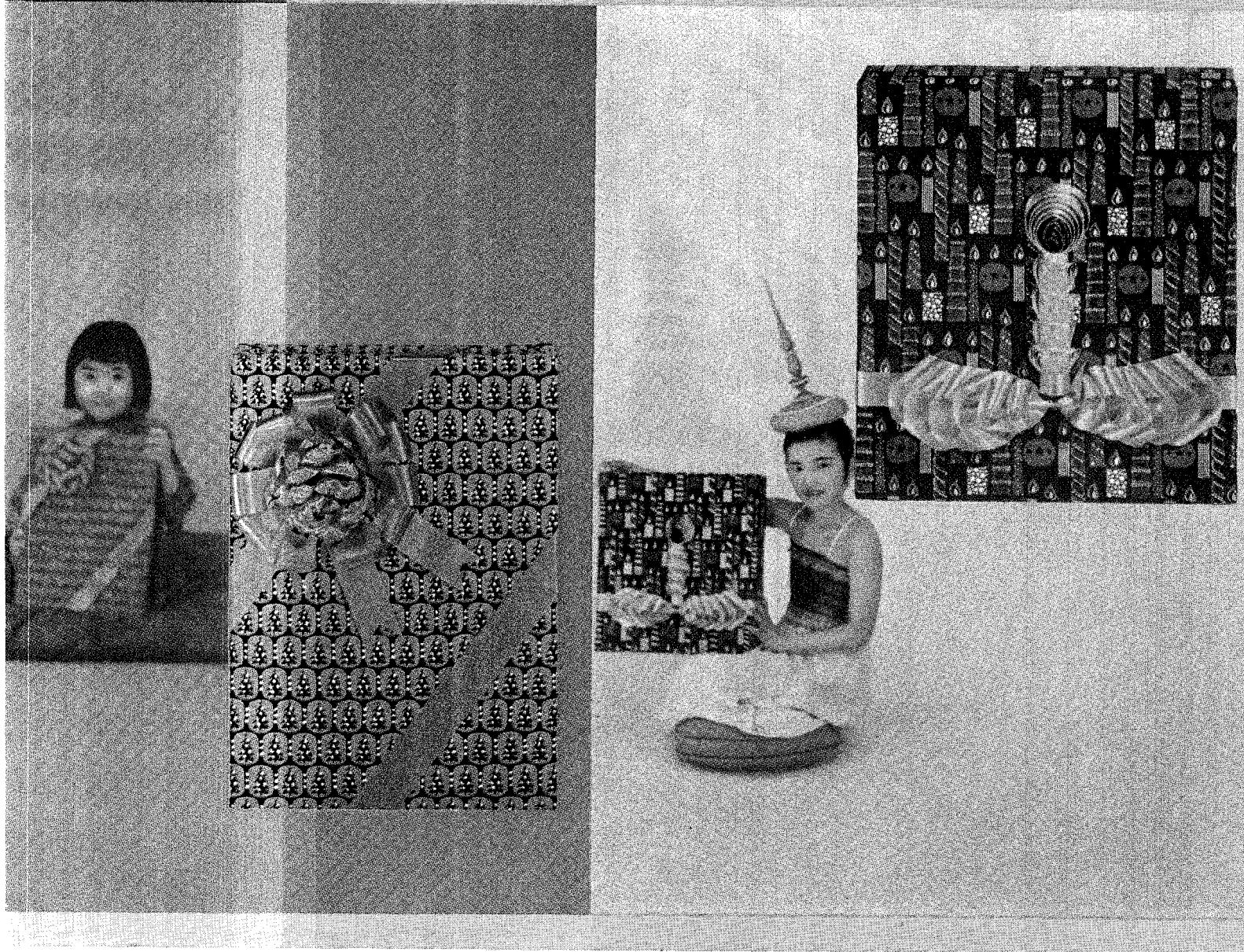
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ing softly to my grandfather until Gilbert took her arm and drew her to her feet. "Come on, Ma," he said. "You can't stay here." She recognized him for the first time. "Gilbert," she said, "your father is dead."

"I know. Come on, Ma. I'll take you out to Joe's car."

MY grandmother observed a week of mourning in our house. A couple of weeks later, my mother went over to the apartment with her to gather up my grandfather's clothes. These were given to a refugee watch repairer who had been a friend of my grandfather's. There was much discussion about what to do with the furniture. My grandmother had moved into my sister's room, and my sister was sharing mine. Uncle Gilbert advised my grandmother to get rid of everything—sell it to a second-hand dealer. "It's all junk anyway," he said.

My mother said my grandmother should bring anything she liked to our house from the apartment.

Pessel came over to give advice. "Keep it," she told my grandmother. "Then if you don't like the way they treat you, you can move out. I heard a case once, in Montreal, a daughter used to slap her mother, and would hide the sugar from her, and all like that. You can never tell what will happen."

"Oh, Pessel, don't tell me about cases," said my grandmother. "One thing, I would like to keep my rocking chair."

"Keep whatever you want," said my mother. "Keep the cedar chest."

The next day, my father brought the rocking chair to our house and put it in a corner of my sister's bedroom.

"Keep everything," said Sadie when she came to visit. "What you've got, you've got. Put it in storage. If you give it away for a few dollars, what are you? If you have nothing, you are nothing. Listen to me—keep everything."

"Maybe I could keep Louie's armchair," said my grandmother.

"Keep anything you want," said my mother, "but you've got to decide by next week, when the rent is up. They've got a new tenant and they're going to paint."

"Everything!" said Sadie as she left. She pinched my grandmother's arm. "You hear me? If you have something, you are something. Don't be a fool. Keep everything."

A week later, I went to the apartment with my grandmother so she could make a final decision about what

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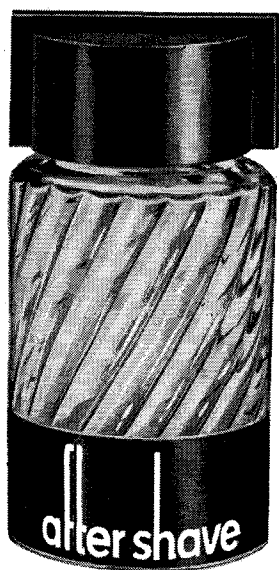
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to keep and what to sell. The furniture was shabby. The one lamp table had a large chip in it.

My grandmother walked around the room touching things with her fingertips. "It's an idea to put it all in storage. Not the linens and the dishes. That stuff your mother can use. I could put the rest of it in storage, and then I'd always have something."

My mother had warned me not to give advice.

"Yes, you would," I said.

My grandmother continued to examine her possessions. "This little table I got in Sears on sale, marked down. The chip wasn't there. I knocked over the lamp when I dusted. Your grandpa always ran the vacuum for me, but I always did the dusting. Still, it could be fixed, easy, and it would be a nice table." She added, in a tone of appeal, "If I get rid of everything, I'm nothing, Sunny. You know what I mean? I'll be just an old lady that lives with her daughter."

I didn't say anything.

"If I have the furniture in storage," she went on reflectively, "I can think about it—that in this chair your grandpa sat, and by this table your grandpa drank his coffee—and I'll know it's there. You know what I mean?"

"I know."

She looked in my direction. "You don't say what you think. Tell me what you think."

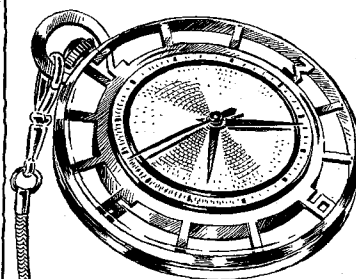
"You ought to do just what you want," I said. "It doesn't matter to anybody else. It's just a question of what you want. Maybe if you have the furniture in storage, you'll feel safer, like Sadie with her diamonds."

She seemed to look directly into my eyes for an instant. Then she said, "All right. Bring in the papers and we'll wrap the dishes. Your mother can use the dishes. We'll pack up the linens, too. The rest—we'll *give* away. We'll give to the watch-repairing man. He has nothing. He only speaks German."

"You're sure?" I said. "I don't want to influence you."

"You don't influence me," she said. "I influence myself. I don't need to keep things to remember your grandpa. I'll remember him, and you'll remember him. So that part's all right. I don't need furniture in a vault to make me be somebody. I am somebody. I'm your grandma. I'll tell you something, Sunny. I didn't tell this to anybody. When your grandpa died, I prayed to die, too." Her voice trembled. "Say, it was not just talk, you know. He was my eyes. He read the newspaper to me,

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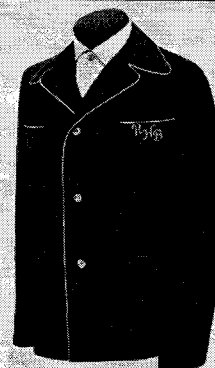
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he told me what he saw in the streets—well, you know all these things. But I'll tell you something you don't know. I'm not going to die. Not yet. I'm going to see you get married. Maybe, if I'm lucky, I'll see you with a baby. For this I need furniture!" She gave me a real smile. "Come on, let's wrap up the stuff for your mother. These dishes aren't from Sears, you know. These are real china, from Montreal. Get the newspapers. We got a lot of wrapping to do here."

—SYLVA GROSSMAN

VACILLATION IN THE STOCKYARDS

[Two letters from Swift & Co.]

SWIFT & COMPANY
UNION STOCK YARDS
CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS

Office of Vice President

SEPTEMBER 14, 1957

DEAR FRIENDS:

During the past few years we have asked each of the companies with whom we do business to cooperate with us in a "no gift" policy. We are grateful for the understanding way our request has been received and for the widespread compliance with it.

We are writing you now because this is the time of the year when some firms begin thinking about Christmas gifts for their friends and business associates in other companies. If it is your practice to "remember" business friends during the year, we would like to request again that you omit our people from your gift list.

The problems created by business gifts in a large organization are most difficult and the solution requires the cooperation and understanding of all concerned.

The spirit of a gift may be friendly and gracious and we hope to have the best possible relationship with those from whom we purchase goods and services; however, we feel it would be best if no gifts are sent to employees of Swift & Company or its associated plants. Your cooperation in this will emphasize your sincere interest more than any material expression.

May we take this opportunity to thank you for your assistance in the past.

Sincerely yours,

E. A. Moss

SWIFT & COMPANY
UNION STOCK YARDS
CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1957

DEAR SIR:

When the time comes to decide what to give employees, customers and friends for Christmas, wouldn't it be helpful to have at your finger-tips a complete line-up of the finest of the fine?

Since we believe the answer will be "yes" from any executive faced with this problem, we are attaching "Foods for Gifts—By Swift." If you are interested, or require additional information, prices, etc., mail the enclosed card and a representative will contact you.

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12 Rock Cornish Hens (2 boxes of 6 each)...	21.00
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1 Smoked Rock Cornish CAPON (ready to eat), Large Size.....	12.50
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1 Brace (pr) of Pheasant in Luxury Acetate Pkg.....	14.00
1 Brace (pr) HEAVENLY SMOKED Pheasant.....	15.00

1 Fresh-Frozen Rock Cornish CAPON and 4 Rock Cornish Hens.....	15.95
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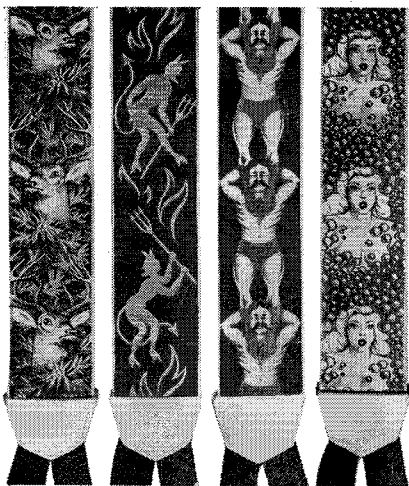
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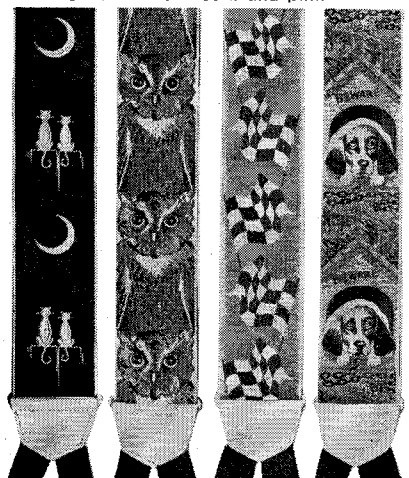
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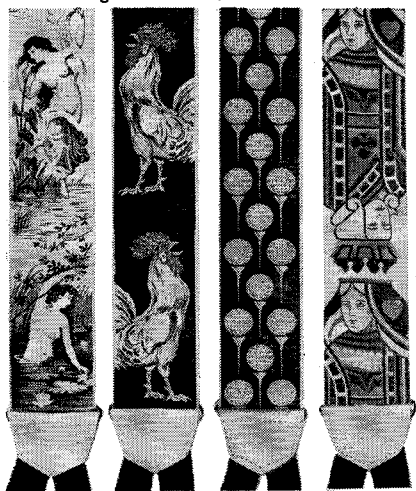
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A VIEW OF A TRAP

GETTING to know Tokyo with Kosato Tanabe—the sister of a Japanese friend of mine—as my interpreter and guide was pleasant, in the main, and only at times exasperating. Until at last we came to know more about each other, however, those times were apt to be very trying indeed. She is twenty-four, which means that she was twelve when the war ended and that she has grown up with very little idea of what things were like before it began. I was curious to know about her normal, everyday life—where she worked and ate, and what she did to amuse herself—but she was determined that I should do things and see things that would impress me, as a Westerner, with her city's worldliness and sophistication. To begin with, I was staying in a Japanese-style hotel, and she hated the idea; in the early stages of our acquaintance, she invented one pretext after another for taking me to the Imperial Hotel, in the hope that I would see reason and move to it. At the best of times, this piece of art-nouveau-cum-Aztec architecture has the substantial defect of backing on railroad tracks that lead to one of the world's busiest stations, and just now the street alongside it is a mass of rubble thrown up from a deep, raw gash at the bottom of which a new subway is being noisily, dirtily, and dustily built. For all I know, the hotel's bedrooms are spotlessly clean, but Frank Lloyd Wright's inspiration of using a particularly rough-surfaced and dirty-looking stock brick as the principal decoration in all the public rooms makes it seem depressingly dingy to me, and my heart sank whenever Kosato led me into its tunnel-like corridors. "Why are we going in here?" I would ask despairingly, and Kosato would smile angelically and say that whoever it was we were going to meet had said to meet him at the Imperial. "But why here?" I would remonstrate. "It is most convenient, I suppose," she would say. In the same way, if I ever wanted to give someone lunch or dinner and left it to Kosato to choose a place to eat, I would find myself presiding over a banal meal at one of Tokyo's several "Prunier" restaurants,

where indifferently cooked fish is sloppily served in a Western style that is certainly a backhanded tribute to the great French restaurant. The climax was a tremendous night out that she organized for me all on her own. At about seven o'clock, two friends of hers—I will call them Micky Sakamoto and Kanjiro Ishikawa—came to collect me at my hotel. They were handsome young men in their late twenties who had graduated with honors from Japanese universities and had then gone to the United States for a year to do graduate work as exchange students, one in Wisconsin and the other in California. Their manner, when we first met, was a little hard to describe—at once very friendly and altogether reserved. Though both were friends of Kosato's, and though both worked for a publishing house that had shown some interest in a book I had written, neither was going to commit himself to an entirely open attitude toward me. As we drank tea in my room while waiting for Kosato, they were affable, but at arm's length, and I felt very much the visiting fireman. Before Kosato arrived, they told me what the pattern of the evening was to be: After dinner we were to send her home;

then there would be a geisha party, and after that we would go to a brothel, which they apparently assumed to be the ultimate goal of every male foreigner. This was just the sort of routine I had hoped to avoid, and my spirits sagged. "Forget I'm a foreigner," I said, "and let's do something more ordinary—the sort of thing you would do for one of your Japanese friends."

"Geisha parties are quite usual among Japanese men," one of them said, a little stiffly.

"I know," I answered, "but unless you can talk to geisha and they can talk to you, they aren't much fun; one geisha evening is pretty much like another unless you can pick up the jokes and know the songs. Let's skip them, and the brothel, too. Why don't we just have the sort of evening we would have if we were taking Kosato out to give her a nice time?" They looked at each other very uneasily and uncertainly, and





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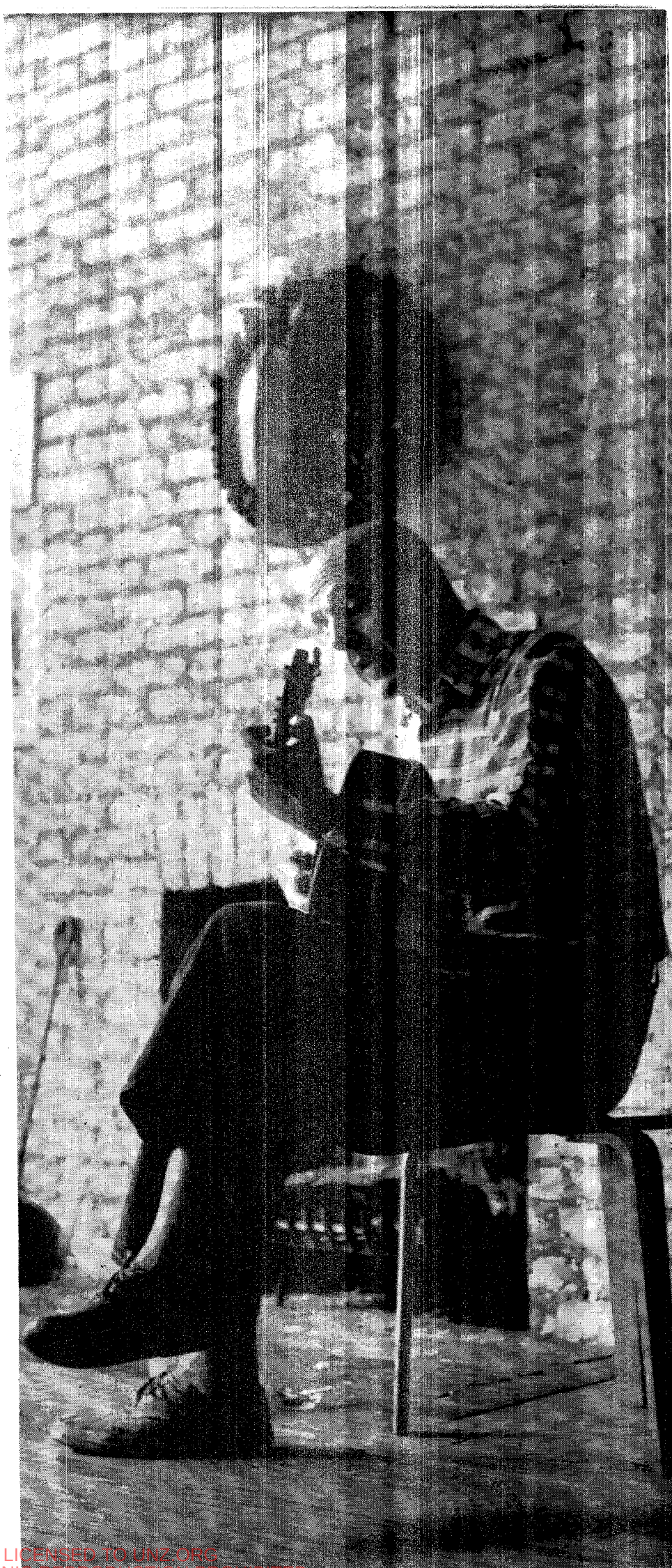
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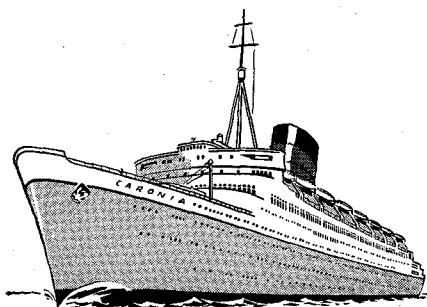
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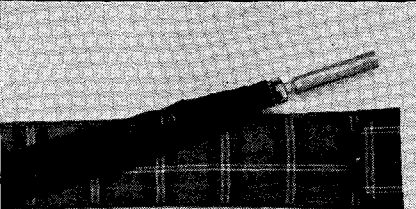
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spoke together in Japanese. At this point, Kosato came in. When they explained their distress to her, she brightened. She told me later that she thought that what I was revolting against was the idea of such an old-fashioned evening—that what I wanted was a more modern and up-to-date one. They brightened, too, when she gave them this explanation. Kanjiro positively beamed. "We were afraid you were looking for the real Japan," he said. "That almost always means getting drunk with geisha and ending up in the gay quarter. This is a pleasant relief. We'll have fun."

We went off presently to a very luxurious restaurant, where we drank a little *sake* and ate magnificently for just under nine thousand yen, or about twenty-five dollars. I caught sight of the bill as Kanjiro was dealing with it, and it shocked me. Though twenty-five dollars for four was not much for the very good meal we had just eaten, I had devoted some of the morning and afternoon to finding out what Japanese wages and salaries were, and I knew that the amount Kanjiro was handing over was equal to a week's earnings for a more than usually successful professional man. This worried me, because I had noticed a small, neat patch over what had been either a tear or a burn on the back of Micky's jacket, and had seen other signs of careful petty economies in their clothes and shoes. When I got a chance, I asked Kosato how I could most tactfully insist on paying my share of the evening, but she shushed me quickly, saying that to do so would be very rude. We went on to dance at a night club called the Astor House, and I felt even more uncomfortable there. The place was in most respects much more lavish than anything of the kind I have seen in New York. The tables were arranged in tiers, so that each had a perfect view of the floor show and the dancing, and each was in an upholstered alcove that isolated it, in a generous allowance of space, from all the others. The supply of hostesses was generous, too, running to better than two to a customer at all the tables I could see. The girls had none of the hardness about them that I associate with taxi-dancers or the help in night clubs, and they were all dressed in Western-style ball gowns of a tinselly, junior-prom kind, with tight bodices over their rather flat chests, and bouffant skirts, so that one had the feeling of having got into a high-school dance or somebody's coming-out party by mistake. Three of them joined us,

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and at first they seemed rather naïve, with their curiosity, their personal questions (put to me through Kosato), and their bright interest in the answers, which they commented on and introduced into the general conversation, as if they found them the most fascinating things in the world. I had almost begun to believe that they really were interested when Micky leaned across to me and said, in English, "This is the new style of geisha at work—you realize that, don't you?" I looked a little baffled, because their line seemed so very natural and so entirely different from the stylized performances of the heavily powdered, fantastically dressed geisha I had seen. "Japanese men find it very difficult to talk together if they don't know much about each other," he went on. "If they are left to themselves, they may spend hours finding out enough about each other to make them feel they can talk freely. As you see, these girls pump a fellow quickly and skillfully, and pass on what they find out. Since we've been here, we've found out who you are, where you went to school, what you're doing in Japan, where you're going next, who your friends here are, and what sort of family you come from. By ourselves, we'd have been embarrassed to ask you so much—and anyway you might have been upset or bored if we'd asked you so many direct questions. That's what the girls here have done for all these parties around us, and that's why everybody's having such a good time." I looked around, and everybody did seem to be enjoying himself in a cheery, jolly, rompish sort of way. I asked what kind of people they were, and Micky told me that all the parties were composed of Tokyo businessmen entertaining out-of-town clients and buyers. "Aren't any of them just private people, having a good time for its own sake?" I asked.

He looked startled, and answered, "Of course not. Hardly any Japanese people could afford this kind of thing just for fun. They're all on expense accounts, just like us."

"Oh, Micky!" cried Kosato, but at that moment the floor show began and smothered the little scene.

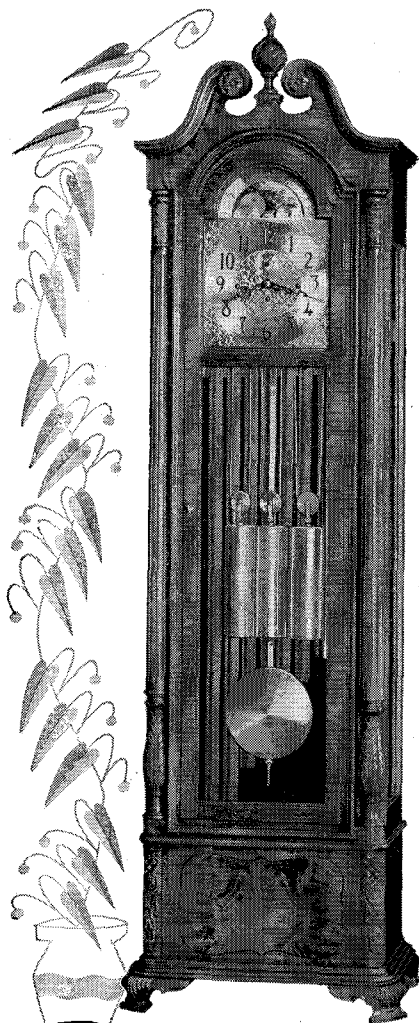
It was a quite splendidly innocent floor show, planned, with wonderful economy, around the bosom of Miss Yokohama of 1955. Behind the dance floor was a stage, which could be reached by a spiral staircase coming down from a door in the ceiling. Two rather pretty girls made their entrances by this route on four occasions, with a

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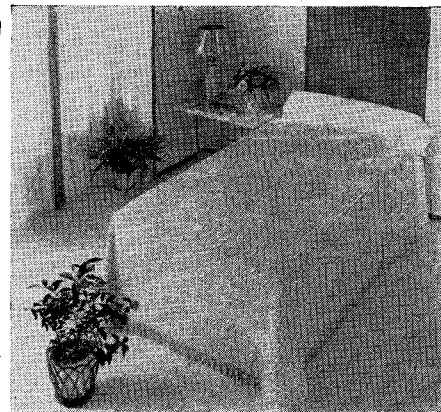
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change of costume for each descent. Onstage, they postured briefly and then, with tremendous éclat, removed their brassières, posed for five seconds, and retired into the wings. Next, an acrobatic dance team did a routine stolen—costumes and all—from Pierre Renoir's movie "French-Cancan," and when the excitement was at its height, the former Miss Yokohama appeared at the top of the spiral staircase, descended slowly, vibrated for a time in a manner she had learned in Hawaii the year after she won her title, removed her brassière, and retired. The acrobatic dance team did another number, chiefly consisting of cartwheels, and then there was Miss Yokohama, dressed in pink feathers, up by the hole in the ceiling and ready to go through her routine all over again.

When the lights came on after her last strip, Kosato took Micky onto the dance floor—to bawl him out, I assumed, for letting the expense-account cat out of the bag—and I was left drinking *sake* with the hostesses and Kanjiro. To pass the time, I said to him, "Were you sad to leave America?"

"Very sad," he said, "but then we Japanese rather like sad endings, you know. Often, young men and young women have love affairs that don't come to anything—barely even to embracing and kissing—but the feeling is very strong. And when the feeling is at its height, they break things off and make the marriages their parents have arranged for them. Then for the rest of their lives they think delicious sad, sentimental thoughts about their first intense loves. I made an arranged marriage six months after I came back from America, and now I feel wonderfully sad whenever I hear Western music." Out on the stage, a girl in a blue dress who had just sung "Love Me Tender" was singing "Que Será, Será" under a lavender spot that made her face the color of a bruise. Kanjiro swallowed some *sake*, and said, "I wanted to be a writer, not a public-relations man." He drank a little more *sake*. "I try to make time to write, but my book doesn't get finished." He paused. "I was very much in love with a girl in America when I was an exchange student, and she said that she was in love with me. But we agreed that it would be too hard on our children, so we parted and I came home." He looked out over the dance floor at Kosato and Micky. "Micky's story is rather different," he said. "I'm not sure whether he's luckier than I am, or unluckier. He made an arranged marriage first, and then got a divorce

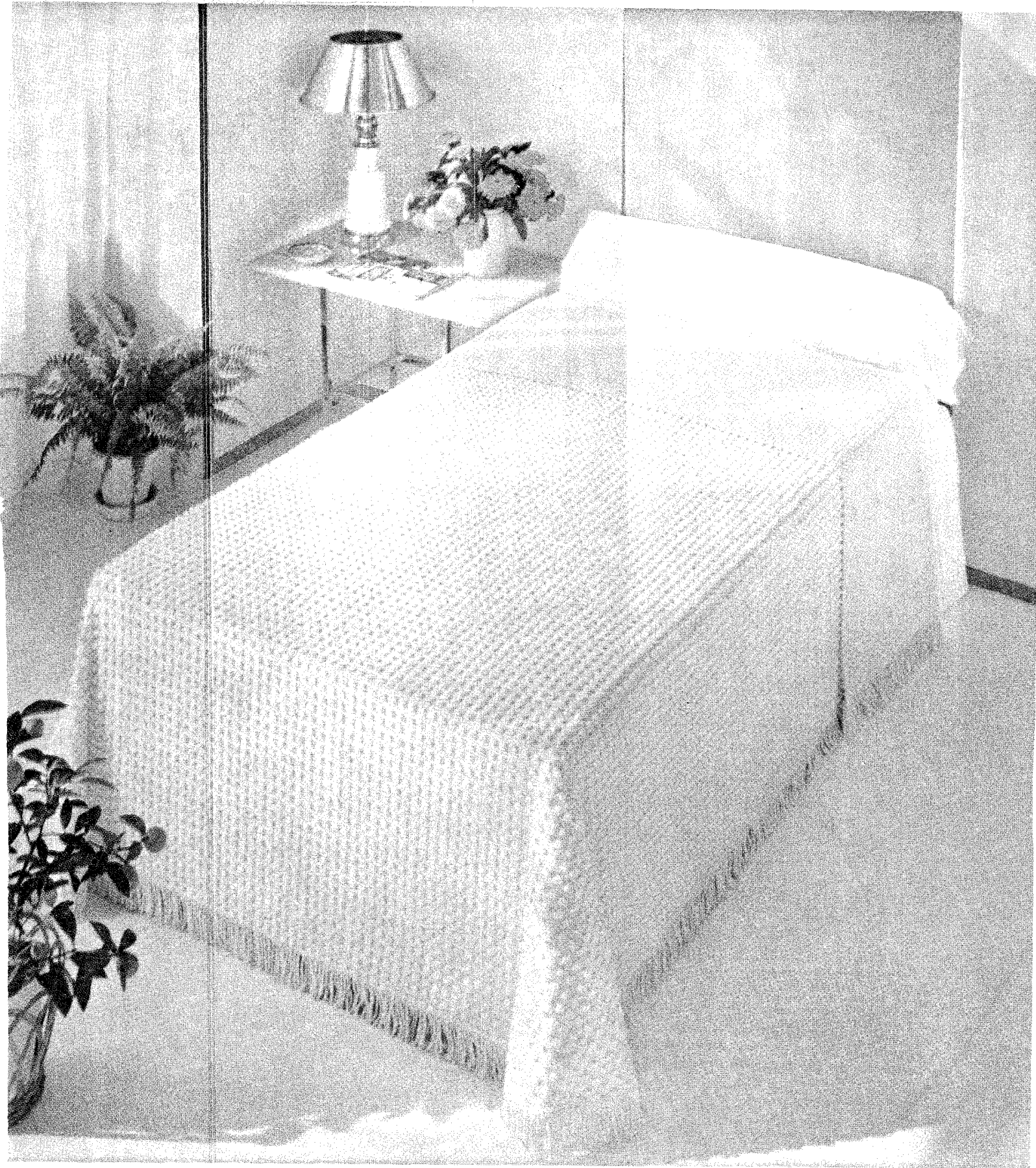


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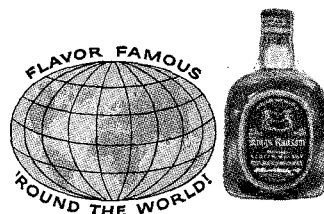


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in order to marry an American girl."

"Was he married when he went to America?" I asked.

"No, he made the arranged marriage after he got back, like me," Kanjiro said, "but he couldn't forget American women and their free ways, and he couldn't endure the submissiveness of his wife, so he broke up his marriage and married an American girl who was working in Tokyo." We exchanged *sake* cups and drank to each other, because the hostesses had decided that it was time for us to do so. "Personal relations are very complicated in Japan, on account of family feeling," he said. "A son owes his life to his parents, and a return for the care he was given as a child; the oldest son must keep his mother and father in his home. Micky's father is dead, and so is his older brother. His mother lives with him. I do not think his wife likes that at all. There are no children. She often says that she misses her family, though Micky tells me that her father was a horrible man who drank, and that she used to say she hated him. I think Micky will soon have a very Japanese, very unhappy ending to his youth."

Kosato and Micky came back to the table, and the hostesses, who had been listening in uncomprehending silence, became voluble in their complaints about our incivility and our absorption in serious talk.

"What were you discussing?" asked Kosato. "I adore serious discussions of things like pragmatism and existentialism."

Kanjiro grinned, and said, "We were saying that we thought Stendhal was so popular nowadays in the West because he was the pioneer Western writer on the subject of hating one's father." Then, to me, he said, "Kosato here has been dying to hate her father ever since she read Kafka's letter to his father. But the poor old boy is so terribly nice that she finds she can't, however hard she tries. It's very frustrating for her. She would so like to be Western and modern."

This made us all laugh, and the hostesses insisted on having what he said translated for them. The joke was a dead failure; they were too shocked at the idea of being disrespectful to one's parents. A moment or two later, one of the hostesses made me dance with her, and as we went around the floor she warned me that there were many people in Tokyo nowadays who were bad and heartless, and told me that I should be on my guard against them. She spoke very slowly, so that I should under-

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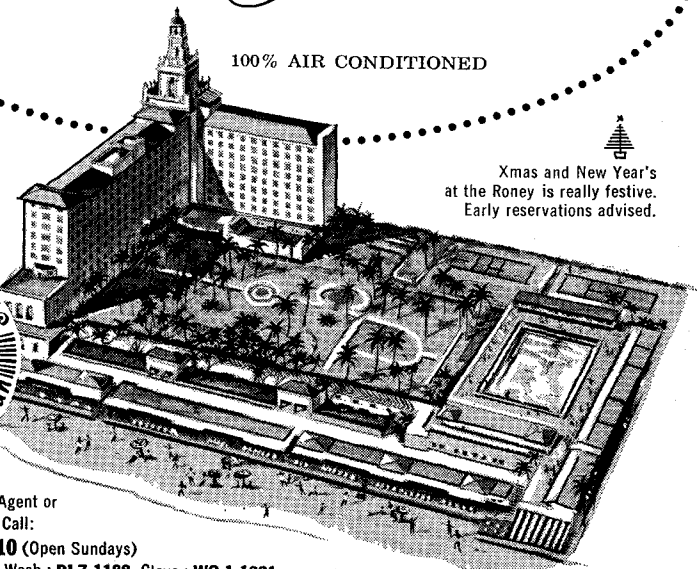
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stand, and I fumblingly tried to say that what we had been talking about was not serious. But I could see that she was worried about the bad company I had fallen into; she was still looking concerned when we left, twenty minutes later.

THE next morning, rather earlier than usual, Kosato came around to my hotel and found me eating my Japanese-style breakfast. The sight cast her down a little. "I hoped that after that wonderful American evening I would find you being sensible and eating bacon and eggs and coffee," she said.

"I didn't come eight thousand miles to eat bacon and eggs," I said. "That's the whole point I've been trying to make."

"But didn't you keep thinking you were in New York or Detroit or Philadelphia all the time last night?" she said. "Wasn't it marvellous?"

"Well, no," I said, resolved to have this thing out once and for all. "It wasn't. I thought Miss Yokohama was very pretty, and the bands were good, and I liked the dancing. But when I want that sort of thing, I like to pay for it myself; I don't like to steal it from some company."

"You don't understand," she said. "This is a part of the real Japan you asked me to show you. For the boys and me, last night was wonderful. We were able to pretend for a little time that anything could happen and that we could do what we wanted. That is what America means to us, and it means so much. Kanjiro nearly killed himself when he had to come back, and Micky married this second wife of his just to have some link with America. When they are very sad, we always talk of some way we can get jobs with a Japanese export company, or an airline, or anything at all that will have an American office we can be sent to. We scheme and plot and save money, and think of ways to exchange yen for dollars, and to get visas, so that we can go."

"You want to go, too?" I asked.

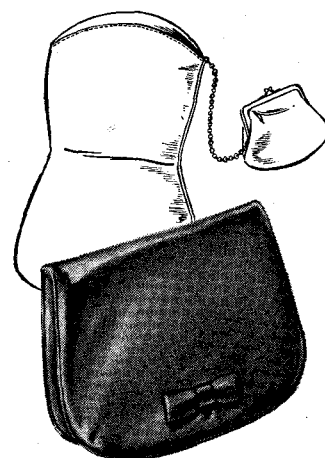
"Oh, so much that I can't tell you how much. And it was horrible—I was nearly able to go. When I graduated from school, I won a scholarship to this university in Ohio, but it covered tuition only. I tried and tried to get a sponsor. But I couldn't, and though my father said he would give me the yen, there was no way we could change them into dollars. The government doesn't allow it."

"But why do you want to go so badly?" I asked.

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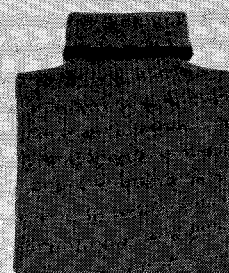
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Kosato rearranged the pieces of glowing charcoal on their bed of sand in the big lacquered fire tub standing on the floor beside her. "There are so many reasons," she said. "Micky and Kanjiro are successful, and have good jobs that they got after passing stiff examinations. Micky earns seven thousand yen a week, and Kanjiro eight thousand five hundred. I once had a good job, too. I got it because I speak English and French, as well as write them, and it paid me five thousand yen a week. That was so good that they called me Lucky in the office. But then this firm disappeared—one day there was no more money. Now I have no job, and I live at home with my parents; I have been doing that for six months. Once, they arranged a marriage for me, but when the young man had taken me out twice, I felt dreadful and I couldn't go through with it. My parents were very sweet and kind about it, but now I am living on their savings, and it cannot go on. Half my class at the university are already married by arranged marriages; they could not get jobs, their parents wanted them to marry, and there was nothing else they could do. One of my friends works as an air hostess—she has a good degree, like me—and they give her uniforms and shoes and eight thousand yen a month. Less than twenty-four dollars, *ne*? But it is better than marrying some stranger a month after meeting him—or so she thinks. Life should not be like this for young people."

I told her that life in America was not without its difficulties and problems, and she looked thoughtfully at me, with an expression that I have sometimes seen on the faces of Europeans when listening to Americans talk about the hardships they endured under rationing during the war.

"Three of my brother Yukio's graduating class committed suicide," she said. "And this is common. Friends of mine, and of Micky's and Kanjiro's, have killed themselves. My best friend, a boy who was a brilliant musician, jumped under a train. It was said to be an accident, but I know it was not. We often went for walks together, and we would talk about Platonic love—it is a great subject of discussion among students who are too poor to even think of marriage—in coffee shops. He killed himself because his parents could give him no more money for his studies, and he had specialized so much in music that he was not qualified for anything but the poorest kind of job. He felt that life offered him no hope, so he chose to die. Many of our young people fall into this

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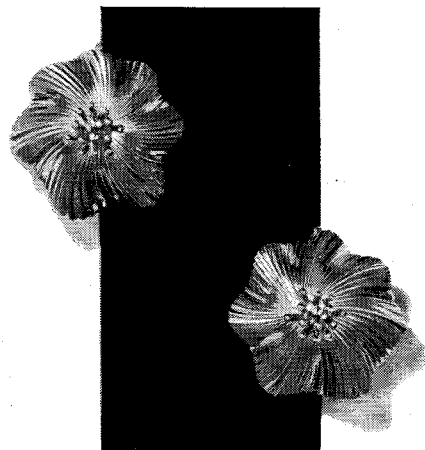
DUBARRY

NEW YORK • PARIS

despair. It is not like that in America, I think."

NOW that Kosato sensed that I understood her feelings, she began to introduce me to the Tokyo that she thought of as a trap in which she was caught. We ate meals of the kind that she normally ate—hundred-yen plates of fried rice, with two small prawns and a few slivers of scrambled egg in it, washed down with a tiny cup of almost flavorless tea and followed by a fifty-yen bowl of watery chicken soup. And we ate them with friends of hers who had not succeeded as Micky and Kanjiro had succeeded. Graduates of Tokyo's lesser universities, they had miserable jobs that brought them from nine to fifteen dollars a week. One with an economics degree was clerking for a shipowning firm; another, who had majored in German literature, was a bookkeeper for a small dealer in silk brocades of the sort that are used in temples and shrines. I remember these two above most of the others because they saw so clearly what road they were on and just where it led—to a place nowhere near any of their aspirations, and one that made no demand on their abilities. In their thirties, they might marry, perhaps. It would be an arranged marriage, and they would probably go on living with their parents afterward. This was not what they would like, but they were fortunate to have even that much to hope for.

The only one of these friends of Kosato's in whom some glint of optimism survived was Johnny Tamura, a medical student with three years to go before his qualification. He knew that when he was a full-fledged doctor he would be respected, and that by the time he was thirty he might well be earning twenty dollars a week or more. This would mean that he could have a house of his own, in which he could enjoy an independent family life—until, that is, one or both of his parents began to fail and had to be taken in. His optimism gave him a livelier mind than the others had, and he talked with interest about music, plays, and books. But the books were books he had borrowed, the plays were plays he had read, not seen, and the music was recorded. When I asked if he never went to concerts, he laughed and said that he allowed himself only a hundred yen a week for pleasure—all he could manage out of his tiny allowance. "And that means I never wear socks unless it's very cold," he said, and pointed to his feet. I saw that he was wearing *geta*, the Japanese



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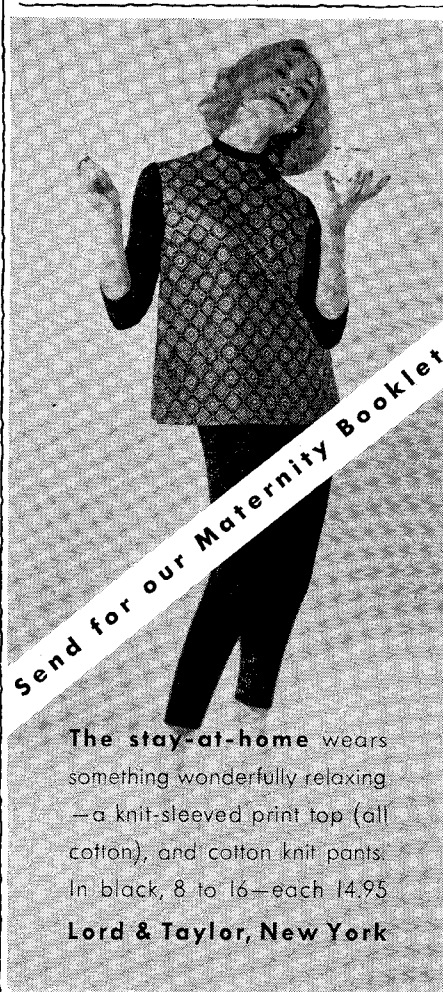
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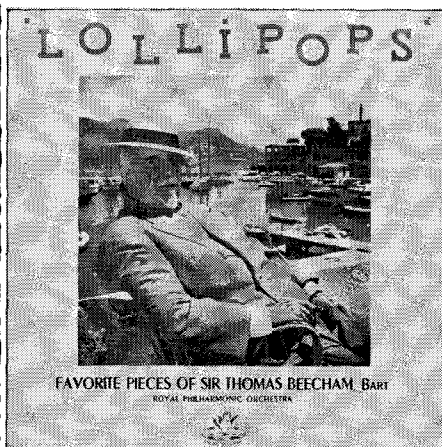
wooden clogs, and that under the straps his feet were bare. "Thanks to this uniform, I can wear undershirts and needn't waste money on shirts." He was wearing the brass-buttoned black uniform and the black cap with a shiny leather visor that give all Japanese schoolboys and students a strangely French Third Empire look. "Foreigners always say how awful it must be to wear a uniform," he said, "but it's really a godsend. It levels out the most obvious point of difference between the poor students and the rich students. When you're wearing it, you never have to worry about whether you're dressed well or badly. You're dressed as a student, and that's that."

"But if you can't afford to go to concerts, how can you afford to buy records?" I asked.

Tamura looked at Kosato, and said, "Haven't you shown him any coffee shops? If you haven't, let's go along to the Etude."

They led me through a grid of small streets to the corner of Namiki Street, where we found a half-timbered building that had a little of the air of an Olde Englyshe Tea Shoppe and a little of the air of a tavern about it. As soon as we were inside the place, Tamura went up to the cashier at her desk and asked her a question. She smiled, shook her head, said something, and handed him a leaflet. He passed it to me and said, "Here, you'd better look at this and see if there's anything on the program you can't stand. If there is, we'll go somewhere else. They've already played the first two records." We had missed two sonatas and two partitas by J. S. Bach, I saw, and were just in time for two sonatas for violin and harpsichord by Tartini. These were to be followed by a suite for flute and strings in A minor by Telemann; Haydn's Concerto in D Major for Flute and Strings; Beethoven's Wind Trio in C Major, Rondino in E Flat Major, and variations on Mozart's "La ci darem la mano;" a piano sonata and sixteen preludes by Scriabin; and, to end up with, Bartók's "Mikrokosmos," Books I and II. I told Tamura that this was all exactly to my taste, so he allowed a waitress—one of five girls in plum-colored velvet dresses, who must be the last organized group wearing Pre-Raphaelite costume to be found anywhere—to lead us to a table. On the way to it, I got an impression of brown velvet and dark-brown polished wood, and when we had sat down and my eyes had become used to the gloom, I picked out large numbers of

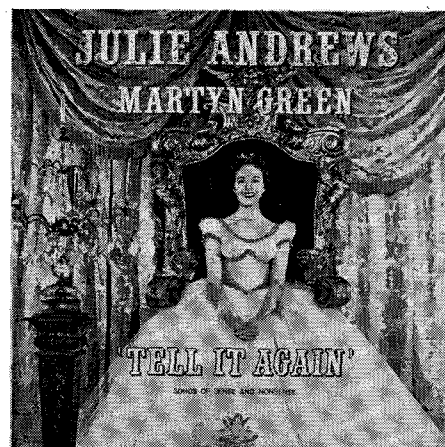
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Disney

students in black uniforms, who were sitting on heavily upholstered banquettes listening, in an intense silence, to the opening of Tartini's B-Minor Sonata, played by Hans Rybar and Peter Holeschek. I have a copy of the recording at home, and I could tell that it was being very well reproduced. When I asked about this, I found out why. The music was being put out by a set that united the very best English and American components in a grouping just right for the size of the room. Tamura leaned over to me and told me quickly that this was where he came to spend his weekly hundred yen for self-indulgence. "But I always ask to see the request sheet at the cashier's desk first," he said. "On a request day, like today, the waitress takes the record catalogue to each person as he comes in—we got here too late—and he writes down what he wants on the request sheet. If there are a lot of things on the list that I don't want to hear, I go and try my luck somewhere else. I don't want to waste my money on things I don't like." We ordered the cups of coffee that were our tickets, so to speak, to this concert, and Kosato asked for the catalogue, so that I could look at it. Since it was written in katakana, a script that the Japanese use for foreign words, it was not altogether illuminating, but with Kosato's help I could make out that it was a very well-balanced library of Western music from the seventeenth century to the present day. Some composers were easier to recognize than others in Japanese dress—"Mootsuarto" and "Haidon" were simple, but "Batuha" and "Barutooku" were harder, until I perceived that the "u"s were silent, and that we had to do with Bach and Bartók. I listened with great content to the Telemann and the beginning of the Haydn concerto, but soon I noticed that Tamura was restless and trying hard not to seem bored. I asked him if he disliked the music, and he admitted that he did; it was too dry and hard for him. He liked music after Beethoven, he said—Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Wagner. Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," in particular, was, he thought, one of the finest pieces of music ever written.

We paid up and walked a few blocks to another coffeehouse, called the Vilon, where Tamura thought there was a good chance of getting some music more to his liking. There we were again surrounded by brown velvet and dark wood, and I saw that the décor included not only a plaster cast of the Venus

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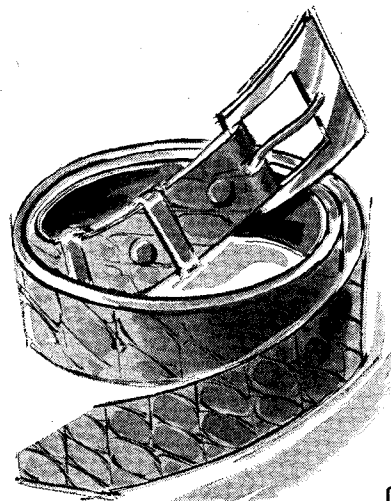
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MARK CROSS

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Write for the Mark Cross Christmas Book for 1957

de Milo and the phrase "Où Sont les Neiges d'Antan?" in white-painted wooden letters hung against a black velvet cloth, but also some bookshelves, where a complete set of Mencken kept uneasy company with the works of Oscar Wilde, some volumes of the *Yellow Book*, a book of verse by Lascelles Abercrombie, and some art books, including a collection of the work of Aubrey Beardsley. Soon the "Symphonie Fantastique" was roaring around us, making any coherent thought except Berlioz' impossible, and we all drifted off into the private dreams that the intoxicating brew suggested to us. Tamura listened with his head thrown back and his eyes shut, and, looking at him, I could plainly see how hard-driven he was. He was clearly on the edge of exhaustion, and the pale, almost transparent skin stretched over his bones suggested that he had no physical reserves left to draw on. I thought that a setback—perhaps even the thought of a setback—could break him up very easily. When the symphony was over and the house was playing its own choice—the Dinu Lipatti recording of Chopin's waltzes—he came back to us.

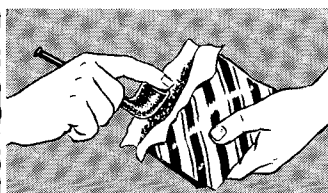
"Why don't you like Berlioz as much as Haydn?" he asked. I said I wasn't sure, and then, thinking about it, I said I thought that perhaps I did know—that it seemed to me that music after Beethoven had turned from formal order and logical patterns to an aggressive display of personality, that the great roaring climaxes that came in with Beethoven struck me as being tremendously Big-Me expressions of the nineteenth-century Western urge to make the universe recognize each individual as its central point. Tamura took me up with passion. "That's just it!" he said. "That's what makes me come to these places week after week. For me it's the whole point—the refusal to accept, to be meek, to lie down. I love those declarations that the universe is all wrong, and that man is great enough to tear it apart and remake it just the way he wants it. That's what the music I like says to me—that everything is possible. I couldn't endure life if it weren't so, could you, Kosato?"

Kosato turned toward him with a look of being close to tears—an expression that many Japanese regard as the most beautiful a woman can have. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I wasn't listening. I was overhearing what they were saying at the next table."

I took a quick look over my shoulder and saw a student sitting close to a young girl, who was watching him with



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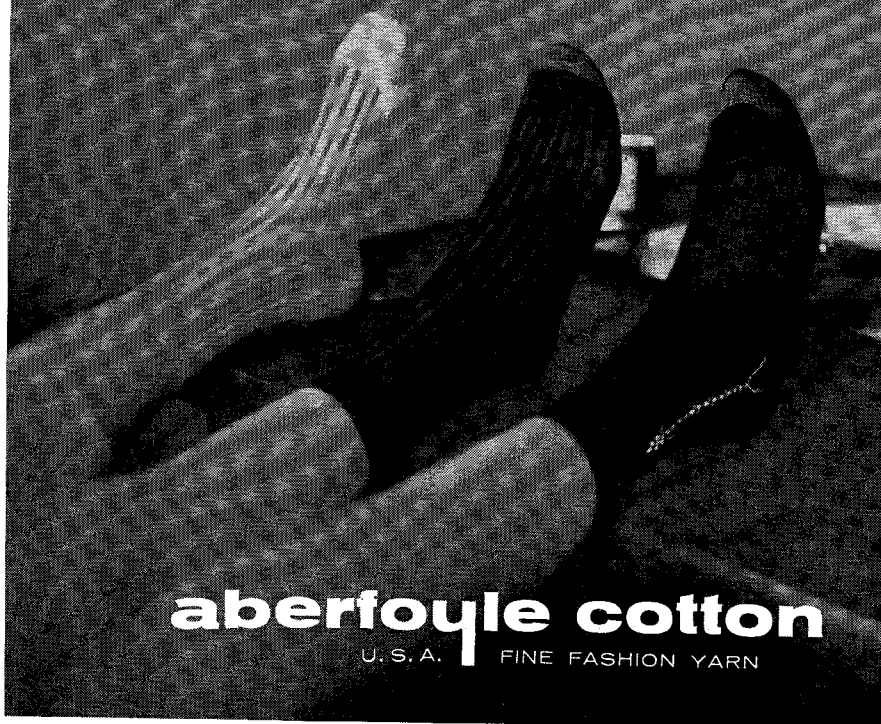
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obvious adoration as he spoke. "What is he saying?" I asked.

"He is telling her that Platonic love is a very beautiful thing," Kosato said. "He is saying that a true spiritual friendship between a man and a woman is perhaps the finest relationship they can have." She paused. "This may be something that the girl will look back on all her life—her moment of greatest intimacy with a man of her own choosing, her moment of greatest freedom," she said. "After she has made her arranged marriage and has had children by the man her parents have chosen for her, she will treasure this." She listened to the talk behind her again for a few seconds, and then went on, "Kanjiro has told me so much, so very much, about America—about dating, and going to dances with people you like and when you like, about the boys and girls of eighteen and nineteen who get married because they know they have good futures waiting for them as soon as they leave college, about the girls who marry men they like and bear them children. It all sounds very wonderful and very happy to me. In such lives, I do not think you would treasure things like this."

We went out to the street, and bowed our heads as we faced into a whirling, gritty dust cloud whipped along by a brisk wind. Ahead of us, red and white balloons carrying long streamers of advertisements bobbed in the gray sky above the new buildings that have risen so vigorously from Tokyo's ruins. Over the racket of the street's high-pitched noises I heard the musical clip-clop of Tamura's clogs. Like his hundred yen a week for music and coffee, their tone represented an extravagance, I knew. He had told me that when he bought clogs, he paid fifty yen extra for a pair made of a specially light and resonant wood that would sound good as he strode along. These were the only luxuries, besides hope, that he would allow himself for many years to come. —ANTHONY WEST

PRESTON, Ont. (AP).—"Worry not only accomplishes nothing, but it kills more people than old age does," says Harriet Howarth, who has just celebrated her 4th birthday.—*The Mirror*.

Yes, you're only as old as you feel.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[From the Abingdon (England) North Berks News]

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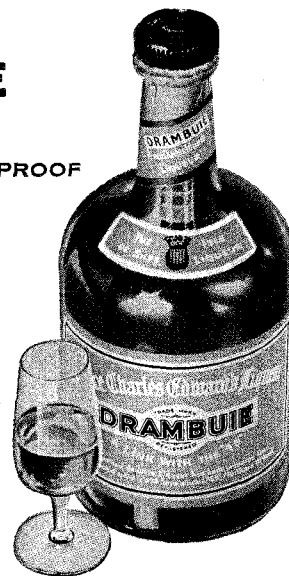
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FOOTBALL

Coming Events



NEARLY all the reports are in now, and the several league and conference championships have been settled to everyone's satisfaction or dissatisfaction. (It's difference of opinion, someone or other must have said, that makes football games.) What now remains to us is Philadelphia's annual *Grande Semaine*—Cornell against Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving, Army against Navy two days later. After that comes nothing but the passing of innumerable resolutions—by troubled coaches, weary performers, and angry alumni—that next year things are going to be different. Next year, things always *are* different; many of the old familiar plays are running, but lots of new players are running them.

Observers who drop in on the kindergarten classes for a look at the stars of next season must make early starts, because freshman football gets under way at noon or earlier. The Harvard novitiates played their Princeton opposites this fall at ten-thirty in the morning, which is the equivalent of going to bed without your supper at six. They played, moreover, on a field that must have been under water for two weeks, so anyone who attended the match with the idea of drawing important conclusions was thoroughly disappointed. Harvard was determined, diligent, and defeated (7); Princeton was determined, diligent, and victorious (13).

But observers with sufficient diligence of their own, and a smattering of luck, could have worked out a tour of duty that would have allowed them to inspect the freshman teams of Columbia, Colgate, Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth on a succession of placid and fair-weather Saturdays, and still manage to see a varsity match, too. This, then, is one report—whether majority or minority there is no way of knowing—on the efforts of the young men involved in this series of activities. Columbia's young men all seemed rather small, and the Columbia varsity is in need of large men. Colgate's young men were a size bigger, and a bit further advanced in their studies. Yale's young men were husky and devious, and the Yale line looked to be easily the best of the lot. Princeton had a pretty good line and a superlative backfield. Dartmouth looked stronger in the line than in the backfield.

When teams operate in the T formation, as the Colgate and Yale freshmen do, it is hard to take your eyes off the quarterback, who is directly involved in the manipulation of the ball in every play. Bob Paske, the Colgate quarterback, looks like a boy who hasn't reached his teens when viewed alongside the average freshman football player, and it is possible that he won't be sturdy enough to stand up under varsity pressure. But as a freshman quarterback he was an impressive performer—swift, accurate, and coolheaded in circumstances that must often have tempted him to be the opposite. Tom Singleton, the Yale quarterback, was no giant, either, but he should become a useful citizen, being spry enough to work with success the play known to the profession as the quarterback sneak, and being versatile enough to throw an excellent pass and to punt upward of fifty yards. The most imposing punter of all those observed in a series of Saturday mornings was Gary Trout, a Princeton left end, who can kick the ball even farther than Singleton. Both men, by the way, kick those long, high ones that give the ends plenty of time to get downfield and demolish anyone intemperate enough to run with the ball after catching it. The best wingback of those on display was a Princetonian named Mike Iseman, a lofty, two-hundred-pound track man turned football player; the best fullback was another Princetonian, Don Kornumpf, whose ability to wriggle through the middle of the line was commendable indeed. In sheer weight of numbers, though, Yale must have outranked everybody else; one Saturday morning its freshman team fielded sixty-two performers.

—J. W. L.

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION (WOLF FISH DIVISION)

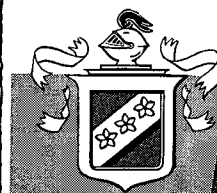
[From the Dayton (Ohio) News]

The typical 10-year-old, when asked if his conscience bothers leopard as the material for handbags, wallets, belts, shoes and cigaret cases.

Such products made from the outer covering of the big, ugly wolf fish or otarie, which frequents him, is likely to reply, "Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't." Or "In a way, maybe yes, maybe no." (Though one girl asked us, "What is conscience?" and one boy admitted, "I'm not sure what a conscience is. It is something that tells you if you've forgotten something.")

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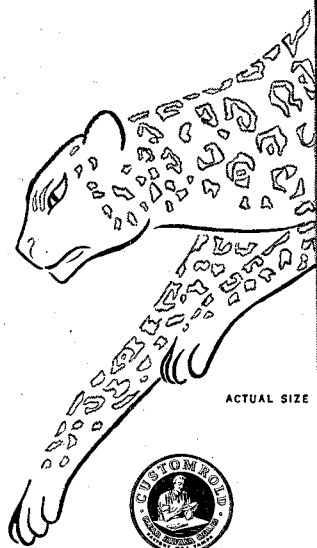
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FOR me, getting off a ship in New York City is not an especially trying experience. It never occurred to me how very upsetting—even traumatic—coming to the United States can be until, recently, I saw in the *Daily Mirror* a letter an immigrant had written to Mrs. Emily Post. "What," he asked Mrs. Post, in her etiquette column, "is the proper reply to 'What do you know?'" which some people use to greet me with? When I first came over from Europe and was greeted in this way, I tried to tell just what I did know, but before I was half way through elaborating in my broken English, the other person was blocks ahead of me."

I've given a bit of serious thought to this man's coming over from Europe. I've tried to picture it in my mind's eye—perhaps happening at Pier 84, where the S.S. Cristoforo Colombo, with immigrants aplenty, ties up. The scene is somewhat fuzzy around the edges, but it probably went off like this:

IMMIGRANT (*hurrying off the Cristoforo Colombo*): Maria! Maria! It's me, Maria! *Come sta?*

MARIA (*greeting him*): *Sto bene, Giovanni!* What do you know?

IMMIGRANT (*stopping in his tracks*): Heh? What you say, Maria?

MARIA: I—I said, "What do you know?"

IMMIGRANT: What do I know? O.K.—I know I'm very much seasick. I know Roma was built in 753 B.C., and the first opera of Giuseppe Verdi was "Oberto." The biggest river in South America—that's the Amazon. The Pensione Olimpo in Milano is a thousand lire a day, a circle is two-pi-radius long, and don't use any hot water on woollen socks. I know "*O tempora! O mores!*"—it's the First Oration Against Catiline of Cicero. There's one hundred and forty-four in a gross. The solar system is—Hey! Where'd Maria go?

CUSTOMS OFFICER: A couple of blocks ahead of you, Mac. Pier 88, I think.

IMMIGRANT: What's the matter her? I'm not even halfway through elaborating in my broken—

CUSTOMS OFFICER: Oh, for goodness' sake, open your bags.

I think we can all sympathize with Giovanni's—that was his name, wasn't it?—Giovanni's perplexity. In Italy, two people encountering each other



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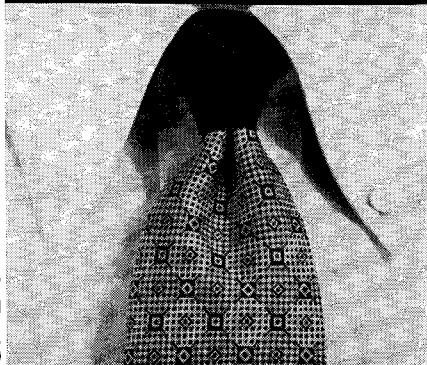
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always seem to get the ball rolling by saying "Come sta?," "Sto bene," in Germany it's the equally easy formula of "Wie geht's?," "Es geht gut," and even in Korea it's the question, answerable in a monosyllable, of "Achim chapsu suhbsumbnika?" ("Did you eat breakfast?") Only in America do we hail an acquaintance with such a riddle as "What do you know?," "What's up?," or "What's new?"—the only answer to which is "Oh... things," and after that the conversation is practically impossible to resuscitate. Giovanni's plight is the plight of us all; his puzzlement, as Mrs. Post replied in her column, "perfectly illustrates the fault of this particular greeting."

I was interested to see her recommendation. "This phrase," she said, "requires no definite answer"—and there she dropped the matter. I don't think this is very good advice, tending, as it would, to bring on such an uncomfortable situation as this:

IMMIGRANT (*hurrying off the Cristoforo Colombo*): Maria! Maria! It's me, Maria! *Come sta?*

MARIA: *Sto bene, Giovanni!* What do you know?

IMMIGRANT (*He stares at her icily*):—

No, that will never do. The more I think of it, the more I think that Giovanni's original answer is the best, and worthy of being imitated by the rest of us. Certainly Maria, after several hours of lying low at Pier 88, has sworn never again to say "What do you know?" to anyone, and so will our own friends, if only we contrive to answer it with a tidy compendium of whatever we do know—the date of Savonarola's death, the albedo of the planet Uranus, the specific names of the *Lampropeltis* snakes, etc. In the same way, I think we can rid the American language of the demoralizing question of "What's up?," although we must be, here, a little less panoramic in our reply, there being only a limited number of things that are "up" in the twenty-six definitions that Webster's allows. The following easily memorizable response is what I would recommend:

FRIEND: Harry, old boy! What's up?

HARRY: In Metropolitan New York, a daily average of seven hundred and five commercial, and five hundred and sixteen other, aircraft, as well as at least 303,556 birds, are up, according to the *Monthly Summary Report of Aviation Activities*, September, 1957, and the

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Audubon Society's Christmas Bird Count of 1956. In addition, the Consumer Price Index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, of the Labor Department, is up. The Tishman Building is up, the sun is up, I'm up, and unfortunately my time is up—goodbye.

THE proper answer to the question of "What's new?" is not so easily made, varying, as it has to, from day to day. So you must keep yourself abreast of current events and say something akin to this (whose utility expired at midnight, November 16th):

FRIEND: Hello there, Rumpelmayer. What's new?

RUMPELMAYER: The S.S. Cristoforo Colombo, with immigrants aplenty, tied up at Pier 84 early today. Brigitte Bardot opened at the Trans-Lux Fifty-second Street Theatre, the Baltimore & Ohio opened at 34 1/4, and January cotton futures in Alexandria closed at 86.55 tallaris per cantar. Barry Gray, in his column, said that Gabe Pressman should get a crew cut, and in Western Interprovincial Football it's the Winnipeg Blue Bombers 19, the Edmonton Eskimos 7. The new president of Honduras: Dr. Villeda Morales, of Tegucigalpa. The maximum temperature in Indianapolis today was 60, in Albany 58, and according to "Dick Tracy," Tin-Cup is a dope pusher and Elsa knew it.

The salutation "What's new?" was made to a friend of mine, a reporter on *Time*, a while ago by Henry R. Luce himself, and my friend was absolutely baffled at how to answer it. He assures me now that the foregoing would have been easily adequate. O.K.—let's all use it, and the other answers, too. After a week or so, we shall never again be asked "What do you know?," "What's up?," or "What's new?," to say nothing of "What do you say?" We shall be asked "How are you?" and we shall reply, unhesitatingly, "I have a slight temporomandibular dysfunction and a bit of otitis media," and shall proceed at once to meatier conversation.

—JOHN SACK

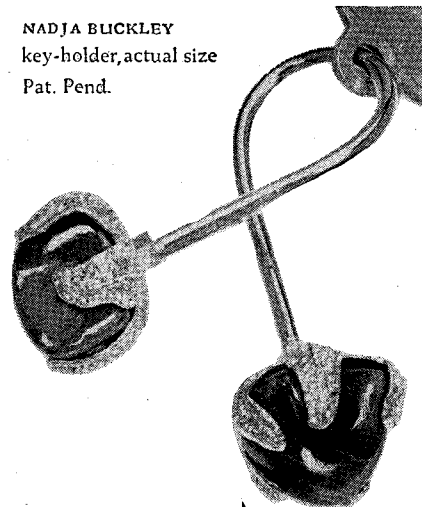
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Frolic in Arms



GOLDBRICKING, as applied to the soldier who is expert in avoiding the perils and tribulations of the military condition, has been dealt with either cautiously or doltishly in most of the movies about the armed services that I have encountered. Now, praise the Lord, we have a movie that, without going overboard on the side of burlesque or treating our warriors as a special caste, comes up with some very droll stuff on the subject, centering on the antics of a medical unit of the Army stationed in France after the close of the Second World War. Directed by Richard Quine, produced by Jed Harris, and written by Arthur Carter, Blake Edwards, and Mr. Harris, the film is called "Operation Mad Ball," and though its plot may be rather fragile (as its title is certainly dismaying), its individual scenes have a lot of comic sinew. The story is mostly concerned with the efforts of a group of noncommissioned officers—and of the private who does most of their thinking for them—to dally with a band of Army nurses who outrank them, being lieutenants and such. I'll agree that this doesn't sound very hopeful, but as "Operation Mad Ball" whirls along, some funny ideas are neatly and quickly developed. As the hero of the piece—the private with all the bright ideas—we have Jack Lemmon, who shows a nice gift for portraying the ingenious low man on the military totem pole. And Ernie Kovacs, the television comedian, is first-rate all along the line as the private's *bête noire*—a stiff-necked, rules-and-regulations captain who is pushing for a splendid Army record that he can make the most of once he gets back to the United States. Watching Mr. Lemmon and Mr. Kovacs run through a few reels together, I reflected fleetingly on the likes of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen and Karl Dane and George K. Arthur, who played Marine and Army braves after the First World War, and reached the conclusion that the movies really have made a couple of strides in the right direction.

It is the notion of the assembled authors that in some carefree area of post-war France, a true mover and shaker—our private, of course—has decided to have a grand party, with supplies pinched from his medical outfit, in order

to render the nurses attached to his unit more accessible to the rank and file. Working against this project is the commanding colonel's desire to have a party of his own to honor his brother, a brigadier general, who is due to pass through nearby Le Havre any minute. The inventiveness of the private and his companions—among them a number of German prisoners of war—makes for some very lively moments, and when Mickey Rooney turns up as a transportation sergeant who has been detailed to see to it that the brigadier general is processed through the shipping base of Le Havre as briskly as a piece of livestock going through an Armour plant, "Operation Mad Ball" is reduced to a hilarious shambles. Mr. Rooney's interpretation of a phrenetic hillbilly, whose craze for facts has induced him to memorize a whole almanac, is highly original and diverting, but he isn't alone in distinction among those supporting Mr. Lemmon and Mr. Kovacs. Arthur O'Connell makes a fine colonel, Kathryn Grant an appealing resident of the nurses' billet, Dick York an amusing corporal, and Jeanne Manet an excellent proprietress of a French inn. I don't think you'll find any fault with the rest of the cast, either.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31 (AP)—President Eisenhower presided today over a greatly enlarged session of the National Security Council.

As usual, the proceedings were secret.

But Capt. Slade Cutter, a salty submarine officer in his first season as athletic director at the Naval Academy, can tell you all about it.

"It's just impossible," the harassed Cutter said today as he fretted over ticket applications from alumni, congressmen, influential friends of the Navy and just plain citizens who want more tickets than the 49,000 Navy is allotted. . . .

"Look at this," said Cutter, spreading out a huge seating plan of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. . . .—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle*.

Cutter! Get hold of yourself!

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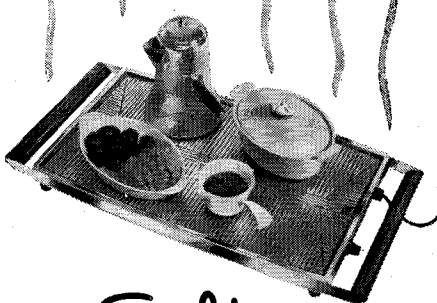
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THE WAYWARD PRESS

WAITING

LAST August, when Secretary Dulles announced, after months of indecision, that the State Department had approved the entry into Communist China, on a seven-month trial basis, of correspondents representing a select group of American news-gathering organizations, many people were elated at the prospect of finally getting some up-to-the-minute intelligence from that remote and shrouded land. The plan, of course, did not materialize, largely because the Chinese insisted that their correspondents be allowed to enter the United States on a more or less *quid-pro-quo* basis. Since then, so many newsier events have occurred—Asian flu, Little Rock, Zhukov, and the Sputniks, for instance—that the number of Americans who still care much about either the quality or the quantity of current news from China has probably greatly diminished. Among those Americans who surely still do care, and for whom the last three months must have been one of the most exasperating periods in journalistic history, are the two dozen or so men who were named to represent the organizations on Mr. Dulles's approved list. I say "or so" because their precise total poses a statistical problem comparable to the numbering of American Presidents. The State Department accredited twenty-four organizations, but two of these—the Scripps-Howard Newspapers and the N.E.A. syndicate, which are jointly owned—gave their coveted spots to the same man, Fred Sparks. Had the deal gone through, Sparks would have been the Grover Cleveland of the new China hands.

TYPICAL of the inconsequential, warmed-over news about China that American reporters have been obliged to content themselves with passing along was a Hong Kong dispatch sent to the *Times* on August 24th, just two days after Mr. Dulles's announcement. The author was Tillman Durdin, one of two men from New York newspapers on the State Department's list—the other being A. T. Steele, of the *Herald Tribune*, who, with Sparks and five others on the list, was keeping Durdin company in Hong Kong. Durdin disclosed that Mao Tse-tung had thrice swum the Yangtze River—a feat the *Times* man had learned of by reading about it in a copy of the *Yangtze*

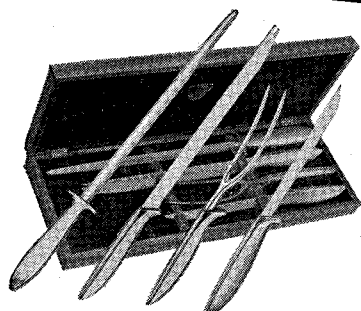
River Daily News that had just reached Hong Kong. It was a June 13th *News*. One can only speculate on how galling it must be for a reporter to have to relay, two months after the fact, such tidbits about the chief of a state he's assigned to cover when information about the heartbeats of the chief of his own state can be sent around the world as rapidly as a cardiogram can be translated into prose.

To further pique the Messrs. Durdin, Steele, Sparks, et al., while, with typewriters and copy paper at the ready, they waited in Hong Kong for permission to cross the Chinese frontier, two or three American journalists, of a sort, were already in Peiping and filing dispatches from there. These were among the forty-two youthful United States citizens—most of them students and the whole bunch of them usually lumped together in that category by the press—who, after attending a World Youth Festival in Moscow, had breezed on to the Chinese capital, unmindful of the State Department's expressed disapproval of the side trip. To be sure, Reuters, the British news agency, had been represented in Peiping for months, but the English have recognized the Communist regime in China, while the United States all but withdrew recognition of even the forty-two Americans visiting there. Being a notably brash crew, they probably didn't give a hoot; one of them, on hearing that President Eisenhower thought they were ill-advised, told Reuters, "We will soon set him right." I concluded that on their return to the States they would at once direct James Hagerty to arrange an appointment.

In the meantime, the embryonic journalists among the forty-two had agreed to send out eyewitness accounts of their stay in China to the Associated Press and the United Press. The press in the United States is understandably eager to squeeze whatever news it can out of Peiping, but the wisdom of hiring these untried, impulsive wanderers may well be questionable. After all, one of the most persuasive arguments the American news-gathering organizations had in their running battle with the State Department was that men like Durdin, Steele, and Sparks are mature, professional, levelheaded, politically sophisticated reporters, not likely to form half-baked impressions; it could be

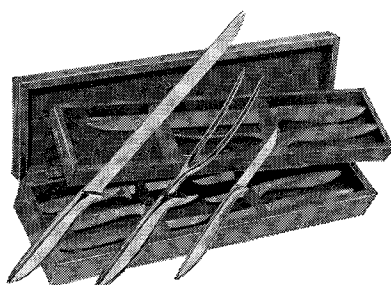


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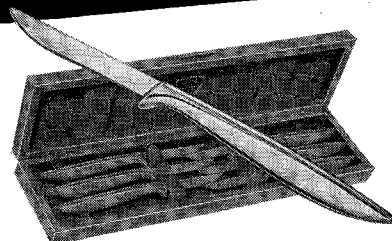
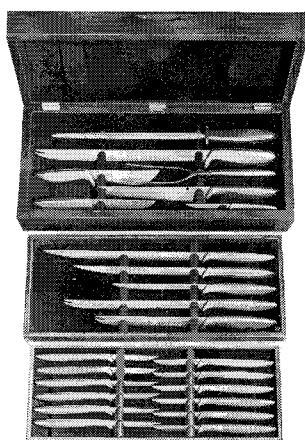


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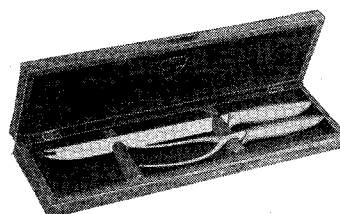
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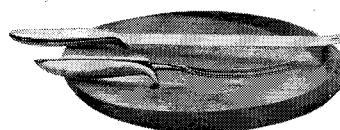
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For one thing, it is unusually crisp. The whole kernels bring to mind the very first corn of summer. Their shape, too, is remarkably tall and slender. They were named, in olden times, after the tiny pegs then used in fine shoes. And, as you'd expect, their flavor is extraordinary. It is an experience which a gastronome should treasure.

For reasons inherent in the breed, this corn has always been rather rare. Its special seed is the result of hundreds and hundreds of crossbreedings. And then, the seed is planted in but a few selected acreages in the United States.

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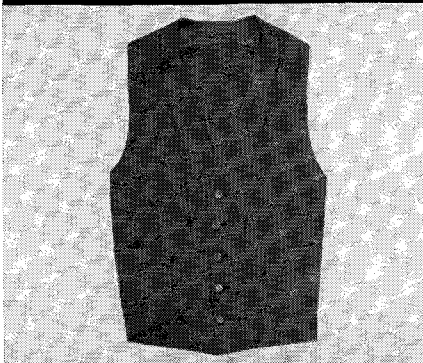
argued that, frustrated though the A.P. and the U.P. undoubtedly felt, their attempt to fill the gap by hiring the young tyros, whose stability and judgment are hardly unassailable, was even less desirable than the gap itself. Anyway, not only did the novices who thus overnight became international correspondents enjoy excellent American journalistic sponsorship while in China but they were granted ready access to the very best—or, at least, highest—sources, while Durdin and his colleagues in Hong Kong were left to write at second hand, in time and space, about Mao and his associates. According to a September 8th Reuters dispatch from Peiping, printed here in the *Times*, the young Americans in the Chinese capital had, the day before, joined Chou En-lai in a close-harmony song fest.

Reuters first began to tease the professional American correspondents in this fashion on August 25th, when it revealed that the students had decided to remain in Peiping until October 1st, which the Communists were going to celebrate as National Day. The eight members of Mr. Dulles's rival press contingent encamped in Hong Kong would probably have been happy to settle for *getting* to Peiping by October 1st. "All [eight] had instructions to stand by," the *Times* reported hopefully from Hong Kong on August 25th. On August 28th, doing his best to keep up with the scribbling students, Durdin filed a dispatch from Hong Kong based on a Peiping radio broadcast, which reported that a movement was afoot to try to make Chinese businessmen appreciate the virtues of Communism. But in covering news, diligence is no match for propinquity. Durdin's rehash followed by one day a *Times* story direct from Peiping—an interview, transmitted by the U.P., that one of the students had with an American soldier who had been captured in Korea and, as the brevetted correspondent put it, "refused repatriation to the United States and opted to go to China." "Opted" doubtless has its place in the English language, but hardly in straight journalism; I don't believe a self-respecting *Times* correspondent would ever use it.

BY early September, it was becoming increasingly clear that the Americans waiting in Hong Kong had little chance of carrying out their assignments in anything like the immediate future, and since then, almost as if in petulant protest against their exclusion, the majority of the New York papers have carried practically no news at all about China. The *Herald Tribune* and the

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World-Telegram & Sun, which, as a Scripps-Howard paper, has access to whatever Sparks produces, fitfully pecked away at the subject for a while, but only the *Times*—faithful as ever to its role of world historian—continued to try its darnedest not to slight the country. On September 9th, Mr. Durdin gleaned from the Peiping *People's Daily* the news that China was planning to harvest four and eight-tenths per cent more farm products in 1958 than it expected to in 1957. (The day before, he had had no byline in the *Times*, but a student-correspondent had one—on the first page.) I hated to think of Durdin waiting in Hong Kong, meagrely subsisting on such stale crumbs of news, and I resolved to keep an alert, sympathetic lookout for his dispatches—to wait, as it were, with him. His singleness of purpose proved to be far more enduring than that of most of his colleagues—or, perhaps, of their editors. As long ago as September 23rd, for instance, Danton Walker's column in our own *Daily News* revealed that James Michener, who, as a *Reader's Digest* man, was on the original roster of China-bound correspondents, had just put in an appearance at El Morocco. In view of the way things have turned out, that may have been as sensible a listening post to wait in as any.

In mid-September, Steele and Sparks were suddenly, if briefly, heard from in clarion voices. The *Tribune*, on the fifteenth, carried a Steele dispatch under a five-column headline reading, "PEIPING BLASTS AT PEASANT HOARDERS AND BOOTLEGGERS OF GRAIN." Below this came Mr. Steele's byline, and then "By Wireless to the Herald Tribune" and also "Copyright 1957, N.Y. Herald Tribune Inc." With all this fanfare, a reader might have been justified in jumping to the conclusion that the *Trib's* man had scored some sort of across-the-border exclusive, but it soon became apparent that Steele had still penetrated no farther than Hong Kong, and in the body of his story his source was revealed, anticlimactically, as "the mainland press." He had merely been reading old Chinese newspapers, like Durdin and the rest of them. The following day, Sparks broke nearly a month's silence in the *World-Telegram & Sun* with the first of two consecutive stories from Hong Kong, where, he said, "spy-fed IBM machines help the free world chart the mainland's pulse." The headline of his first story—"HOW STRONG IS THE RED WARLORDS' GRIP ON CHINA?"—sounded promising, but the story itself dashed my momentary hope of learning anything

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especially eye-opening about what was happening in the country. It began by quoting from a Chinese Communist Party decree issued last April, and after two days' worth of fairly unrevealing revelations about "a conquered and now stone-silent country," Sparks lapsed into silence himself—not a stony silence, I surmised, but a brooding one.

The *Times* kept pushing on, serving up bits of Chinese news from all directions. Among the bits was a Reuters report that a typewriter costs less in Shanghai than in Peiping, which the *Times* evidently considered preferable to no news whatever; after all, its Hong Kong correspondent couldn't so much as price a typewriter in even one of those cities. On September 27th, the *Times* printed an A.P. dispatch, dated the day before, from Hong Kong. The nub of it was that two Chinese religious leaders had been sentenced to death for opposing the Communists, and it was based on a story in a September 9th issue of a Peiping newspaper that had just reached Hong Kong. Seventeen days is a long time to wait for a spot-news story. The *Tribune* made out almost as well, but not quite, by covering China from the United Nations headquarters, where, on September 26th, it learned about a Communist Chinese press report that was nineteen days old. Three days later, the *Tribune* turned to running Chinese news it had received by way of Rome. (You take your news about China where you can get it; on October 21st the *Times* reported that the Premier of Afghanistan was on his way to Peiping—or at least so the Associated Press in London had heard a Moscow broadcast say. Poor Durdin may not know it yet.) Even Reuters has trouble digging up timely intelligence in some parts of Asia. On October 12th, its Hong Kong man reported, in a story printed by the *Times*, that the Chinese were pulling out of Tibet. His source was a Lhasa newspaper dated August 10th, which had been smuggled into Hong Kong. Paul Revere was swifter.

Nor was the *Times'* own correspondent silent. For the paper's first Sunday issue in October, Mr. Durdin's office sent in no fewer than four stories about China: an interview with a Peiping businessman who had arrived in Hong Kong after six years in prison (unfortunately, the man was afraid to say anything much); a synopsis of an editorial, in the Peiping *People's Daily*, berating the United States for the Little Rock affair; some condensations of press reports, from various Chinese Communist publications, asserting that Red China was wooing intellectuals; and a disclo-

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—Kerr, Herald-Tribune

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sure, by courtesy of the Peiping radio, that the Chinese had completed the world's highest highway and that a new radio-parts factory had been built in their capital. While Mr. Durdin may have derived some small personal satisfaction from writing this last item, since the factory could conceivably make the Peiping broadcasts he monitors come in clearer, he could hardly have considered any of the four stories Pulitzer Prize stuff.

THE *Times'* relationship with China took a new turn in October, when the chairman of its board, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, and his nephew, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, who is the paper's foreign-affairs columnist, arrived in Asia on what was to have been a world tour. (After six weeks, they called it quits in Rangoon, where the elder Sulzberger was taken ill.) In Tokyo, on October 5th, Arthur Sulzberger made a speech urging, according to the *Times*, that there be some sort of improvement in getting news from China, and two days later, rallying as best it could to his support, the *Times* ran a Durdin interview with one of the forty-two intransigent Americans who had visited Peiping and had come out, alone, via Hong Kong. This American, it developed, was neither a student nor a journalist but an advertising copywriter. Advertising copywriters have a job to do, too, but it is one that is not often associated with accurate, unbiassed reporting, and Mr. Durdin's chagrin at having to rely on this man for news of the world's largest country is painful to contemplate.

Three days after the completion of that humiliating chore, Durdin temporarily pulled his feet out of the starting chocks in Hong Kong and joined the Sulzbergers in Taipei, Taiwan. He probably wanted a familiar shoulder to cry on. The *Times* did not abandon Hong Kong, though; Durdin's spot was filled by Greg MacGregor, who on October 14th sent home a résumé of a mainland report that had arrived in Hong Kong seven days earlier. Meanwhile, Sparks seemed to have disappeared from Hong Kong (the only item of Chinese news in the *World-Telegram & Sun* during the first eleven days of October emanated from New York's Chinatown), and Steele had moved on to India. (The *Tribune* got one of its few items of Chinese news that month from Senator Eastland.) Reuters went right on taunting its American rivals; in a dispatch from Wuhan, China, that told of the unveiling of a new bridge across the Yangtze and that was printed



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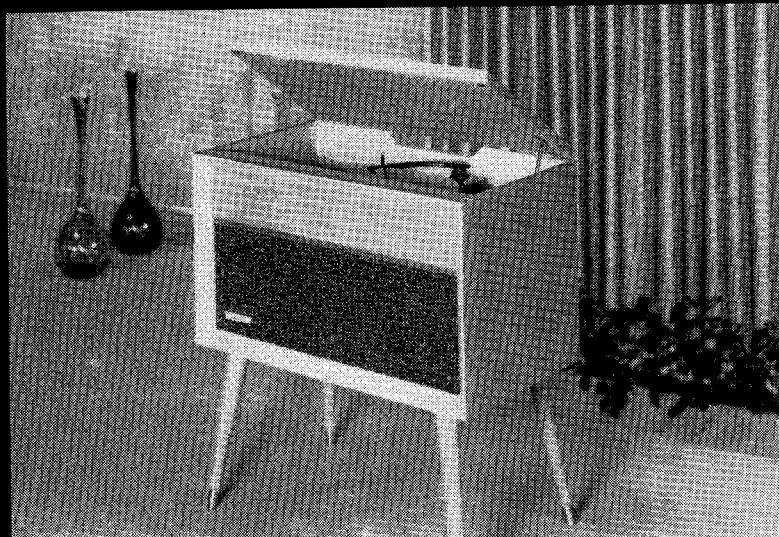
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GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME

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in the *Times* on October 16th, the British agency observed, "The opening of the river's first bridge makes it possible physically—if not politically—to travel by train from Hong Kong to Paris." In the same issue of the *Times* was a home-office report that one of the forty-two Americans who had made the trip to Peiping—in this case, a bona-fide student, at C.C.N.Y.—had been hanged in effigy on his own campus. I guess the story *could* be indexed under "Communist China," possibly along with a Lee Mortimer Chinese exclusive in the *Mirror* a day earlier, which revealed that on the evening before the seventh game of the World Series Mickey Mantle had dined at the Peking Restaurant.

By October 20th, Durdin was back in Hong Kong, filling us all in on a Peiping radio report of a meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China that had ended eleven days before. The Secretary-General of the Committee was said to have said, among other things, that Rightists had been discovered in the ranks of the Communist Youth League. (Maybe the League was alerted to the peril by the disclosure that the American tourists in Peiping had found Rightists in *their* ranks.) On October 21st, the *Times* ran a column by Cyrus Sulzberger showing that he had got as close to Communist China as Durdin had. Writing from the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, two miles from the mainland, Sulzberger reported, "There is an aspect of unreality about such ponderous strength so delicately poised upon the brink of danger—and so motionless." He was referring to Red Chinese military forces, but the sentiments would certainly have been equally applicable to the remnants of the immobilized press corps in Hong Kong. Two days later, Sulzberger joined Durdin there and filed a dispatch in which he speculated on the ease with which the Communists could seize the British Crown Colony, if they were so minded. (If they should become so minded, then where will the waiters wait? In the Peking Restaurant?)

That same week, Sparks abruptly broke his silence—with word from Ankara, Turkey. "I find Turkey in the eye of a hurricane sweeping the Middle East," he began, no doubt relieved to be at last in the eye of something. Then, quickly switching metaphors, he went on, "Turkey is truly in a nutcracker, Russia on one side and Syria on the other. Imagine American uneasiness and Wall Street's jitters if Canada and Mexico suddenly unfurled Red flags,

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—Watts, Post

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"Funnier than 'The Moon is Blue'. Should run for 3 years."—WARD MOREHOUSE, N.A.N.A.

SAM LEVENE in
FAIR GAME
with **ELLEN MCRAE, ROBERT WEBBER**
LONGACRE, W. 48 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY!"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO SMALL PLANET
WITH **EDWARD ANDREWS**
BOOTH Theatre W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

moved troops to their borders." What Sparks probably didn't know at the time was that Wall Street was having the shakes even without seeing any flags unfurled, and the *World-Telegram & Sun* made his innocence appear all the more glaring by running his jitters sentence smack alongside a headline reading, "MARKET SWEEPED BY SELLING WAVE." The *Mirror*, which for ages had given its followers almost no cause to concern themselves with Mao Tse-tung, finally came out the next day with its own contribution to the news about Communist China—an announcement that Roberto Rossellini was going there next year to make a movie.

AS I write this, I find from my files that very little additional journalistic thunder has come up out of China recently. Reuters is still entrenched there, and still tormenting the boys outside the pale—a typical jab being a report from Peiping on November 2nd that newspaper correspondents are the only non-Chinese who are allowed to travel freely within the country. Oh, there have been other stories, although none much weightier than an I.N.S. dispatch from Hong Kong, in the *Journal-American* of November 5th, disclosing that polygamy is legal there but not in Peiping, or than a U.P. Hong Kong story, in the *World-Telegram & Sun* a couple of days later that was headed "BUILD IN HONG KONG AND GET RICH QUICK." By then, most of the forty-two back-door visitors to Peiping had returned home, but none of them seemed to be pounding on the White House gates. A number of them had something else on their minds—the problem of getting readmitted to their colleges, for they had returned to this country too late for regular registration. Sparks was in New York and Steele was in Washington, and it seemed reasonable to assume that they had given up waiting. On picking up my *Times* one morning early this month, I noticed that Durdin was in Manila, covering the Philippine elections, and when I saw that he was still there last week, I decided I might as well give up waiting, too.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

I don't think that the *New Yorker's* role is quite so decisive as you make me say, or so active. Rather it is indicative—it represents the personal attitudes of the enlightened middle class: very sweet attitudes, although rather nerveless and thin. —Letter from Lionel Trilling to John Wain in the *London Observer*.

They make a high, whining sound on cold nights.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FOR CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR



THIS being the appointed time to count blessings, we've just checked over ours and found that high up on the list is the comforting knowledge that our Christmas shopping seems to be well in hand. Here it is barely Thanksgiving and we've already dealt with several of the major problems that we take unto ourselves every year. Week before last, it was custom-made presents and jewelry, and last week it was presents for the house and the householder. This week, we'll tell you all we know—and that turns out to be rather a lot—about presents for women. As usual, all the prices mentioned hereinafter include luxury taxes, if they apply. Now for the melee. *Allons!*

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: This muscular old institution says that more and more women are asking to be taken along on camping trips these days, and we are in no position to debate the point. Anyway, for these women A. & F. has designed a tent; it's for women because it weighs only twelve pounds in its zippered duffelbag; because it is mounted on a collapsible frame of aluminum tubing (remember the old "one-man top" on convertibles?), and thus requires no pegs, ropes, or poles; and because it has a floor, of double vinyl-coated nylon, that is impervious to spiders, centipedes, mice, toadstools, moisture, and all the other intrusions that make camping so trying for ladies. It's four feet high in front (it slopes down a bit in the rear), and its sides and roof are made of green waterproof Egyptian cotton; its floor space measures five feet by almost eight. The canvas triangular front door can be sealed shut with a zipper, and there's also a zippered nylon-netting door for balmy nights. The price is \$89.50. After all that, maybe a tree-hammock will be needed. Twisted-cotton-rope ones, six and a half feet long, with hardwood stretchers, are four feet wide (\$27) or five and a half feet wide (\$34). For women drivers, there is a leather-covered storage box that fits neatly between the front-seat cushions of a car, where it (1) serves as an armrest and (2) takes care of the overflow from the glove com-

partment. It is lined with plastic and comes in the more usual colors of automobile upholstery; \$9.95. An A. & F. survey discloses that more ladies took headers getting out of cars on icy Westport driveways last year than in all of Garmisch-Partenkirchen. With A. & F., to survey is to act; witness now a lady-like set of crampons, made of stainless steel and armed (or footed) with five spikes each, that strap on like skates. They cost \$2.50. A child's seat called a Hike-A-Poose is designed to be strapped to the seat of a car but can also be strapped to Mother. Mother's work is never done. Being made of green or red canvas and aluminum tubing, it weighs only two and a half pounds, and when the child grows up, he can use the thing as a rucksack; \$12.95. If the lady doesn't have a car and

can't stand rucksacks, why not give her a nice warm coat, so she won't catch cold as she plods about? A double-breasted one, fingertip length, comes from Germany and is made of brown, gray, or green Loden cloth, lined with white baby-lamb's wool and buttoned with leather buttons; \$59.95.

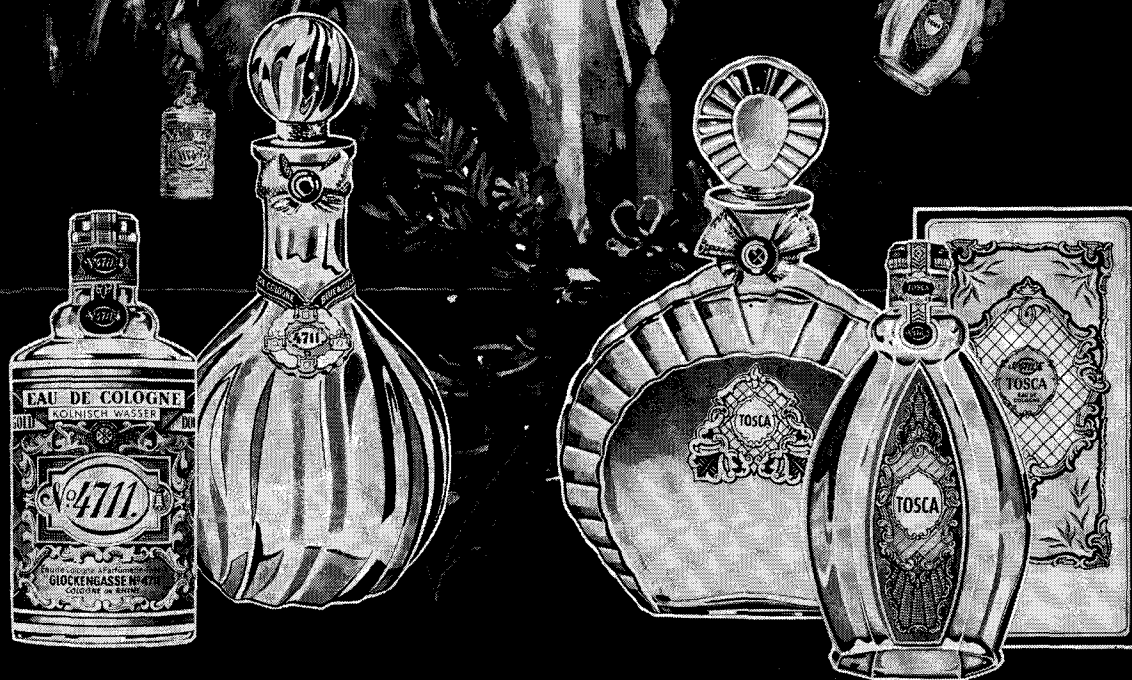
ALTMAN: In a new and stylish department on the third floor, known as Studio 3, Altman has put some of its choicest eggs in one basket. The first egg to catch our eye was a red cashmere cardigan decorated at the neck and hem with broad strips of black-and-white tweed running through loops of the cashmere; \$89.95. A matching tweed skirt to go with it costs \$45. Another skirt of a somewhat different black-and-white tweed is sprinkled with rhinestones (\$29.95) and would look fine paired



"When you say that, twinkle!"

Gifts
for him

and for her!



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So close you two... only a gift of great meaning will do. And such a gift is 4711... favored over eight generations by men and women of discernment... known the world over for its exquisite quality. 4711... one illustrious name with many exclusive fragrances. Beautifully wrapped for Christmas, singly and in sets. So very special... so very personal. A most eloquent declaration of your love and admiration. Available at leading stores everywhere. Imported from Cologne, City of "4711" fame.



he came

he saw

she conquered

ROMAN HOLIDAY

PERFUME, \$15, \$5, \$2.50; PERFUSION SPRAY MIST, \$3
COLOGNE, \$2; DUSTING POWDER, \$1.50
CREATED IN ITALY BY BOURJOIS

off with a wraparound sweater-blouse of black cashmere (\$49.95). A vicuña cardigan is as soft as a soap bubble but considerably more substantial; \$69.95, in the natural brown of the beast only. Tea shirts (*tea shirts*) are made of iridescent silk taffeta. One, in gray-blue, has a slash on the chest, a turnover collar, and long cuffed sleeves, and another, copper-colored, has a bateau neck and short sleeves; each fits snugly, by means of a zipper up one side, and costs \$25. To decorate a waistline, there's a great big (five-and-a-half-inch) rosette of pleated black moire (\$8.95), which could itself be decorated with a two-inch rhinestone Maltese cross (\$6.55). Hand-whipped, six-button gloves in Paisley-patterned wool jersey (white with gray, say, or red with black and beige) are \$6.95. A sumptuous pouch bag is made of black American broadtail, and attached to the inside of the bag is a change purse of the same fur, easily approachable through a special cut-out in the flap closing; \$203.50. For evening, there are clutch bags and pouches made of silk brocade with a pattern of black-clad horsemen on golden steeds galloping over a Chinese-red background; \$110. Among a raft of elegant cape stoles, there's one of white-and-gold rayon brocade with a ranch-mink shawl collar; it looks like a coat when seen head on, because the wide ends fall almost to the hemline of a street dress; \$164.50. An almost-floor-length stole made of two layers of royal-blue satin has armholes edged with black-dyed fox; \$139.50. A reversible satin stole, sapphire blue on one side and emerald green on the other, ties at the chest with long, slender streamers of the same stuff; \$42.50.

AMIE, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd): There's a rich Christmas lode to be worked here. For instance, Switzerland has sent over cotton velours cardigans that feel and look like velvet but can stand up to both rain and washing machines. They are trimmed with cotton ribbing and come in such colors as gold, gray, taupe, and navy, as well as black and white (a white one could be a warm-weather evening jacket); \$14.75. A black cashmere cardigan embroidered down the front with luscious wool-yarn red strawberries and green leaves costs \$79.95, and so does a middy-collared overblouse of black wool jersey ornamented down the front and on the sleeves with red

felt poppies (appliquéd) and green wool leaves (embroidered). A large, deep corduroy handbag with a bamboo handle is reinforced at the base and at the zippered top with strips of black patent leather, and would be useful for either a shopping trip or an overnight trip on a plane; \$20.35, in black, taupe, royal blue, or moss green. A cozy peignoir of Swiss challis in a red-and-black Paisley design has a round yoke and long set-in sleeves, and clusters of pleats flow down the back from shoulder to hem. The price tag reads \$95. Another peignoir, at the same price, is of French taffeta printed all over with abstract flowers in three shades of pink combined with beige; this one has raglan sleeves caught into cuffs at the wrist, and a matching contour belt.

ELIZABETH ARDEN: As usual, it's hard to beat Miss Arden's lingerie department. Long, shawl-collared robes of an orlon, nylon, and alpaca fabric that looks furry and is washable are lined with flowered nylon chiffon. If the robe is pink, the lining is red, mauve, and white, and if it's blue, the lining is emerald green, olive green, and pale blue; \$125 either way. Short, unlined robes of the same furry stuff and in the same straightforward colors have tapered pushup sleeves, cardigan necks, and rope belts; \$45. A coachman's robe of black velvet, full length and grand enough to be seen at the opera, has a notched white ermine collar set away from the throat to show an expanse of neck fore and aft. It would be comfortable for a lady to slip into while she opens the rest of her Christmas presents—if she has eyes for any of them after opening this one. The price is \$225. Less ermine and a great deal of archness show up on a sheath petticoat of black nylon tricot, bordered for six inches below the hem with Chantilly-type nylon lace and accompanied by a couple of ermine tails, which are to be pinned on the lace; \$6. Matching ermine-tailed pants are \$5. Moving to the Boutique, we observed a monkey-fur pullover (\$137.50), teamed with Shocking-pink or turquoise-blue velveteen slacks (\$35). The same lady who would go for that sort of thing might also be a candidate for slacks or knee breeches of black velveteen, cuffed at ankle or knee with black-dyed fox; \$35, whether long or short. If you're casting about for something to please a vegetarian, how

**"Puerto Rico is surprising
—so are its rums!"**

*says Livingston Fairbank
of Lake Forest, Illinois*

"I was totally unprepared for what I found in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Fairbank.

"The sunshine. The beaches. The *rum*. I was familiar with rum in daiquiris and punch, of course. But in Puerto Rico it's a new kind of rum. Dry and light.

"They often serve it *on the rocks*. Or with tonic. Sometimes in highballs, tall and cool. It's sensational!

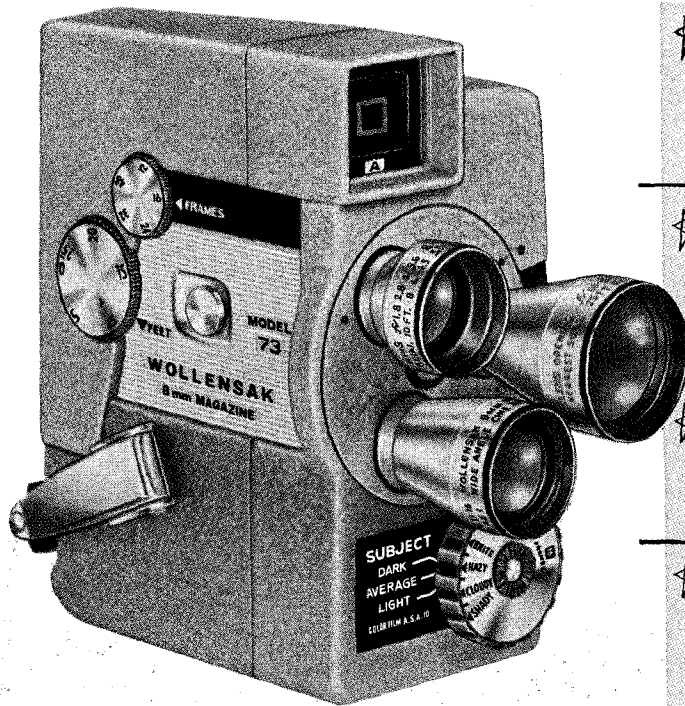
"What about Puerto Rico? I fell for it—hard. Where else in the Caribbean do you find old Spanish gardens like this? Or perfect climate all year round?"

Mr. Fairbank tries his first rum and tonic in the garden of a friend in Old San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt. ►

*Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion
Division, 579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

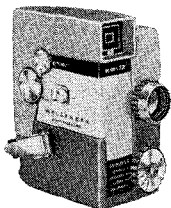
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"73" 8 MM MAGAZINE TURRET CAMERA—In addition to the sensational features described here, there is a host of outstanding advancements including easy, fool-proof loading; self-snap door lock; powerful long run motor; rapid crank wind and large "Picture-Window" view-finder with tinted mask. F.E.T. inc. **\$149.50**

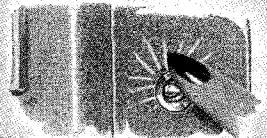


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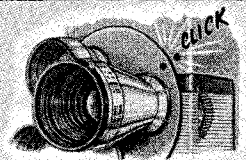
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AUTOMATICALLY signals proper advancement of film. While camera is operating, you feel and hear it transporting film.



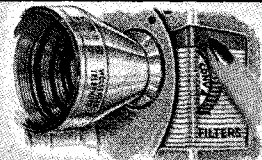
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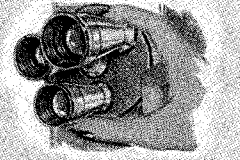
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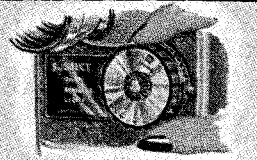
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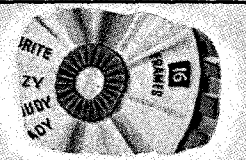
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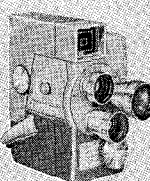


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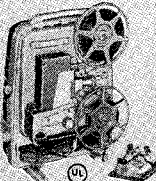


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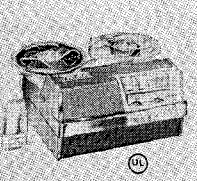
"715" 8MM MOVIE PROJECTOR—Push button controls; reverse, forward, reverse and still; AC/DC, rheostat; removable splicer; 500 750 watts; three 400-ft. reels, case. . . . **\$162.50**



"815" 2x2 SLIDE PROJECTOR—Shows 35mm, bantam or 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" slides automatically! 5" F/3.5 lens. Case, extra condenser lens, cord and 7 magazine trays. . . . **\$149.50**



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about a white cashmere cardigan outlined with white faille and embroidered with bunches of silk carrots and a few silk pea pods? That costs \$90, but, in case you didn't bring your checkbook, here's one of the most impressive inexpensive presents we've seen anywhere—cuff links or earrings consisting of chunky balls of twisted ten-carat gold wire. A pair of either, arriving in a drawstring bag of white or pastel kid, costs \$8.80.

HENRI BENDEL: Both mother-and-daughter sets and brother-and-sister sets abound in the outstanding children's department here. A raincoat of black-and-white striped rayon taffeta, collared with black corduroy and accompanied by a hat and an umbrella to match, costs \$14 in sizes 3 to 6X, \$16 in sizes 7 to 14, and \$18 in grown-up sizes 8 to 16. From Italy come Christmassy blouses of white batiste, with alternating stripes of green and red cotton appliquéd down the front. These cost \$8 and \$13 in the children's sizes named above, and \$14 (short-sleeved) and \$18 (long-sleeved) in the adult sizes. Toddlers' overalls of quilted white cotton sprinkled with confetti dots are further embellished with a kangaroo pocket, for a boy toddler, or a red cotton bow at the chest, for a girl toddler. Accompanying red cotton shirts have either straight, cuffed sleeves or puffed ones; \$7. Taking leave of the small fry, we found some boxy cocktail or evening jackets made with standaway collars and bows at the back of the neck, in either ruby or black velvet, or in emerald-green, black, pale-blue, white, ruby, pale-pink, or Shocking-pink rayon satin; \$45, lined with a contrasting organza. A black knit cashmere jacket outlined in white ermine costs \$250. A splendid lot of black alligator bags have been laid in here. Most of them are along satchel lines, and cost from \$82.50 to \$214.50, depending on the alligator's pedigree. And here's a stocking present: a gold-filled bangle bracelet engraved with "Merry Christmas"—a reasonable sentiment, all in all—for \$11.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Let's start with negligees. One that caught our eye straight off was a shirt-cut robe of beige imitation broadtail (rayon and cotton, really). It has a notched collar, large rhinestone buttons from chest to hem, and a beige sash; \$50. A white floor-length mandarin coat is made of the same fabric, which would probably surprise a mandarin,



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Masterpieces in Leather

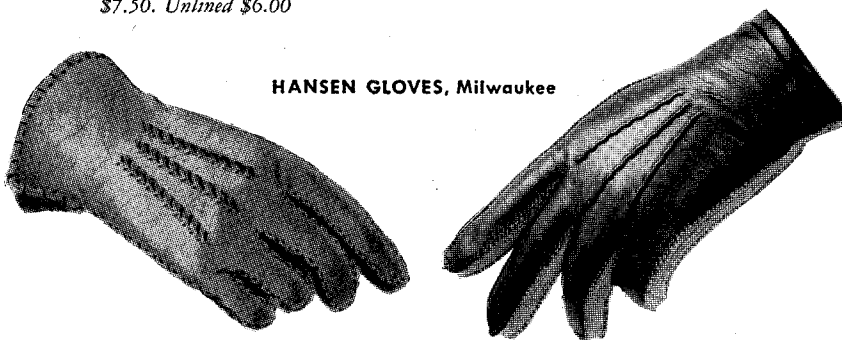
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"GLOVE 55"—The glove that breathes. Perfect for business and leisure clothes. Of imported capeskin or pigskin. Knit lined for added warmth. \$7.50. Unlined \$6.00



HANSEN GLOVES, Milwaukee

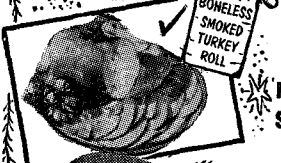
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Whole smoked turkeys, ready to eat, 8-20 lbs. net. \$1.75 lb.



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All white meat, 7-9 lbs. net.....\$2.95 lb.



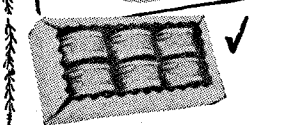
FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Smoked HAM

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All solid meat, 8-10 lbs. net.....\$1.80 lb.



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as would the jewelled buttons that are used instead of Chinese frogs to fasten it; \$60. A burnous here differs from the usual burnous in that (1) it is made of wool jersey, (2) it is vertically striped in red, olive green, and black, and (3) it has a matching jersey cummerbund; \$40. And a sailor suit designed by Galanos differs from the usual sailor suit in that (1) the pants are made of Shocking-pink ribbed silk, (2) the pea jacket is made of the same silk and lined with pink-and-gold lamé brocade, and (3) the price tag attached to it reads—hold on, now—\$985. Just about the prettiest lingerie ensemble we've seen is visible on these premises—petal-pink nylon georgette crêpe printed with deeper-pink long-stemmed roses. The square neck of the Empire nightgown dips to a V in back and is lavishly trimmed with white Valenciennes-type nylon lace appliquéd with pink nylon crêpe flowers. The nightgown costs \$23, and the matching bed jacket and slip cost \$17 apiece. A sheath petticoat is \$14, and pants \$12. Then, on the main floor, there's plenty of useful frippery for a lady who is always going to parties. Hand-whipped sixteen-button-length evening gloves of black Chantilly-type lace cost \$28.50. Short white glacé-kid slip-ons are adorned at the outer edge of the wrist with three V-shaped rows of fagoting and three small cultured pearls; \$15. Two-strand chokers of a plastic crystal (they look real and are as lightweight as a cloud) tie with silk chiffon squares in colors to match the beads—amethyst, emerald, sapphire, or ruby—and cost \$7.50. A small evening bag from Belgium, covered with tiny glass beads—ice blue, navy, bronze, jet, pearl, or ruby—is a good bet for \$16.50. Six pairs of Dior's sheer nylon stockings come in a handsome oyster-white rayon satin case studded with five real French coins; \$12.50, if the franc holds firm. Some nylon umbrellas have small capeskin pouches dangling by gold-metal chains from the whangee crook handles—handy for keys or carfare or for a tag bearing the owner's name and address. These are \$10.50, in green, navy, red, gray, toast, brown, or black, and the pouch can either match or harmonize.

BERNATH, 560 Madison Avenue (56th): The management here goes in very heavily for imported turtle-neck sweaters. If a classic turtle-neck pullover is what you're after, you'll

XMAS

gift idea from Sulka



SCOTCH CASHMERES

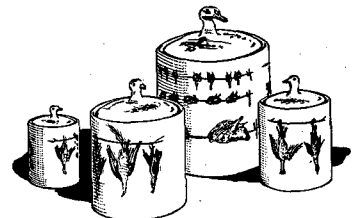
Sleeved pullover, **41.50**. Sleeveless slipover, **30.00**. Luxurious 2-ply in natural, navy, black, brown, white, medium or dark grey. Sleeveless slipover also in canary, blue, red. Both in sizes 38 to 46.

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find it here in cashmere from Scotland (\$35) or merino wool from France (\$19.95) or silk from Italy (\$39.95)—all of these in a number of colors. A pullover with a fifteen-inch ribbed neck that can be turned up into a hood or draped around the throat costs \$49 if it was made in Scotland of black, white, light-blue, or beige cashmere. If it was made in France of that merino wool (black, charcoal gray, light blue, or pink, or in two contrasting colors—caviar gray, for example, with pink ribbing at the neck), it costs \$27.95.

BEST: Anybody looking for a pair of two-hundred-dollar gloves? You can latch on to a pair here. They're Kislav four-button-length white kid gauntlets that have been liberally garnished with red, white, bronze, and silver embroidery, plus fake rubies and pearls. For \$150, there's a pair of similar gauntlets whose cuffs have been incrustated with gold, silver, and bright-blue embroidery. If these seem a trifle flamboyant, \$10 will buy a pair of white kid shorties, each with a modest blue fleur-de-lis or ruby sunburst embroidered at the back of the wrist. The kind of clutch bag that folds over on itself appears here in festive gold or silver acetate jersey; \$12.05. For a teen-ager who says she can't keep track of the time when she goes to a party, you might try a seven-jewel gold-metal Sheffield watch, guaranteed for a year; \$18.65. Each has four interchangeable suede straps—one blue, one red, one tan, and one black. A ranch-mink Peter Pan collar costs \$27.50, and an ebony- or ranch-mink shawl collar, reaching to the waist, costs \$87.50; at prices somewhere in between, you'll find collars of other furs and other shapes, and if you buy one of Best's sweaters as well, Best will sew on the collar in a few minutes with its compliments. Something new and gay and comfortable for a lady to wear at home is a pair of floor-length culottes, all unpressed pleats, of rayon crêpe vertically striped in Shocking pink, red, green, blue, or chartreuse. The culottes zip up the back, have a wide self belt, and cost \$22.95. The top to go with them is Shocking-pink velveteen, sleeveless, with a neckline that is high and rounded in front and low in back; \$11.95.

BLOOMINGDALE: The Place Elegante, on the third floor, is filled with an assemblage of likely bits and pieces from all over the store. How about

two of France's great perfumes

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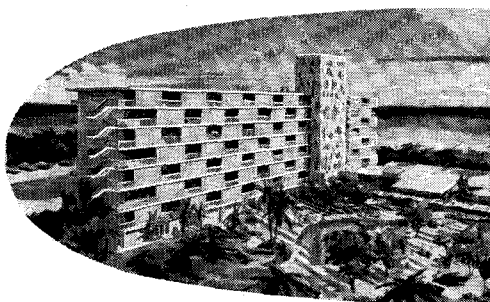
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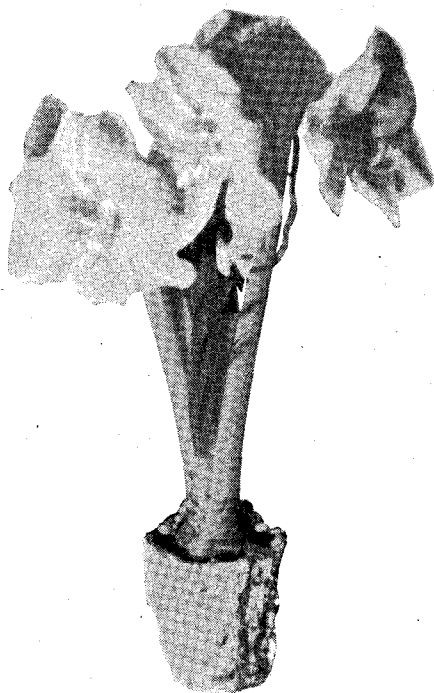
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Dearest Mrs. Richards:**

Yes, you can grow Warmenhoven Amaryllis, the strain that is internationally famous for not only size of bloom, but for their wonderfully clear and nearly iridescent colors. Anyone can grow this strain; fact is we are so sure of it that we unconditionally guarantee that each bulb will bloom this year, and that, Mrs. R., is quite a guarantee. Moreover, if our concise directions are followed even haphazardly, the bulb will get bigger and bigger, throw more and more flowers year after year. Yes, it will.

This is the perfect "not-too-little-and-not-too-much" remembrance. We ship huge bulbs (11 inches and more in circumference), potted, ready to grow. All one does is to add water. In from six to eight weeks the great flowers (4 inches and more in diameter, two to six blooms on each stalk) will appear. Sounds foolproof? Well, it is foolproof—for years we've sold all of this scarce strain we could get.

Order by color. Pure White, solid shades of Pink, Salmon, Scarlet, Darkest Red, Lighter Red, and Rose. Also, Rose and White. Potted, each \$5.95. Shipped postage free east of the Rockies and Texas; west of the Rockies and Florida, add 50¢ for each bulb. (Unpotted bulbs \$4.95 each, postage free anywhere in U.S.A.) Detailed instructions accompany each bulb. Please indicate a second (and third) choice of color. Be sure to enclose your gift cards, addresses, other instructions.—Amos Pettingill

P.S. For fanciers we have extremely rare Warmenhoven named varieties. Indicate color: White, Pink, Red, Scarlet, Salmon, and Cerise. \$15.00 each, shipped potted only. Supply is very limited. And please don't buy these rarities for gardeners who won't appreciate them.—A.P.

WHITE FLOWER FARM

Rare Plantsmen

Litchfield 30, Connecticut

a bed jacket? There's one of washable white silk vividly printed with large red roses and green foliage; its triple-tiered Peter Pan collar and double cuffs are of white nylon organdie, and the price is \$17.95. Another bed jacket is simply a sawed-off shirt of fireman-red nylon fleece; \$10.95. Scarves? Eighteen-inch squares from Italy, of soft surah silk—olive green, say, with a narrow painted border of fine diagonal white stripes—cost \$2.98, and so do eighteen-inch black chiffon squares painted with gold stars, gold dots, and gold letters spelling out "Paris," which is where they come from. A crescent-shaped black wool jersey stole from Austria is fringed with black raffia and sewn here and there with flowers that are bits of red felt and bits of blue-and-white foam rubber; \$45. Considering all the stoles that a lady is likely to accumulate these days, you might conclude that she could do with a stole hanger. Well, there's one here, an eighteen-inch pink, blue, or red velvet-covered roller, two inches in diameter, suspended from a gilt clothes hanger; \$3.98. Slippers, did somebody say? Italian slippers of brilliant harlequin-patterned felt have Turkish-style toes and no heels and cost \$6.95, while flat scuffs have tops of rich blue and green (or red and pink) velvet printed with roses and piped all around with gold kid. The sole is pointed and turned up in front, and the price is \$5.95. At the glove counter, there's a pair of French hand-stitched black kid gauntlets, lined with wool, that have leopard-printed rabbit fur inside each wide-flaring cuff (\$19.98); also, eight-button gloves knit of fine white wool and decorated at the wrist with a cut-glass topaz and a light sprinkle of pearls (\$3.98). From Italy comes a collection of alabaster paperweights—a cube or a horse's head for \$5, a four-inch red heart for \$3. A charming black-and-white chess set is of alabaster, too—alabaster and brass, that is; the pieces are set on brass bases, and the board is edged with it. The kings are two and a half inches high, and the board is a little over a foot square; \$39.95.

BONWIT TELLER: If you are eager to bestow upon a very special lady a very special embroidered cashmere cardigan, and haven't been able to find what you have in mind (or you think she has in mind), take her measurements to Bonwit, state your prefer-

ences in the matter of jewels, beads, pearls, lace, ribbons, or whatever else you want embroidered on it, and be prepared to fork over anywhere from \$89.95 to \$190, depending on the extent of your dreams. Orders are filled in about a week. In the lingerie department, we took note of the fact that marabou is staging a comeback. A floor-length robe entirely of white marabou has a widely scalloped hem and a white rayon satin lining and sash; \$169.95. There are girls who like marabou, and there are other girls. Some of the other girls like simple, no-nonsense pajamas. A pair of white cotton ones here consist of perfectly plain shorts and a long-sleeved overblouse adorned only with six rows of hemstitching down the front and a row around the hem and the cuffs; \$14.95. Lounging slippers of black American broadtail have elasticized gold braid around the entrance, and gilded leather soles for a kicking up of heels; \$22. A thought for travellers: three seamless nylon stockings sealed into a clear plastic cylinder small enough to carry in a handbag—only three inches long and less than an inch in diameter. The cylinder was packed under pressure, so once it's opened, your traveller will never get all three stockings back in, but it can serve as a container for the spare; \$4.50. Black Chantilly-type-lace eye veils, very *bal-masqué*, are attached to curved rayon satin bandeaux—red, black, royal blue, or coffee—that dip over the forehead; \$6.95. Black or navy silk umbrellas from Italy have hand-carved, twisted handles that look like taffy but are really fruitwood; \$18.95.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE, 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd): This place is noted for its imported raincoats, which come not only from England but from a number of other countries. Japan contributes a good-looking trench coat of cream cotton gabar-

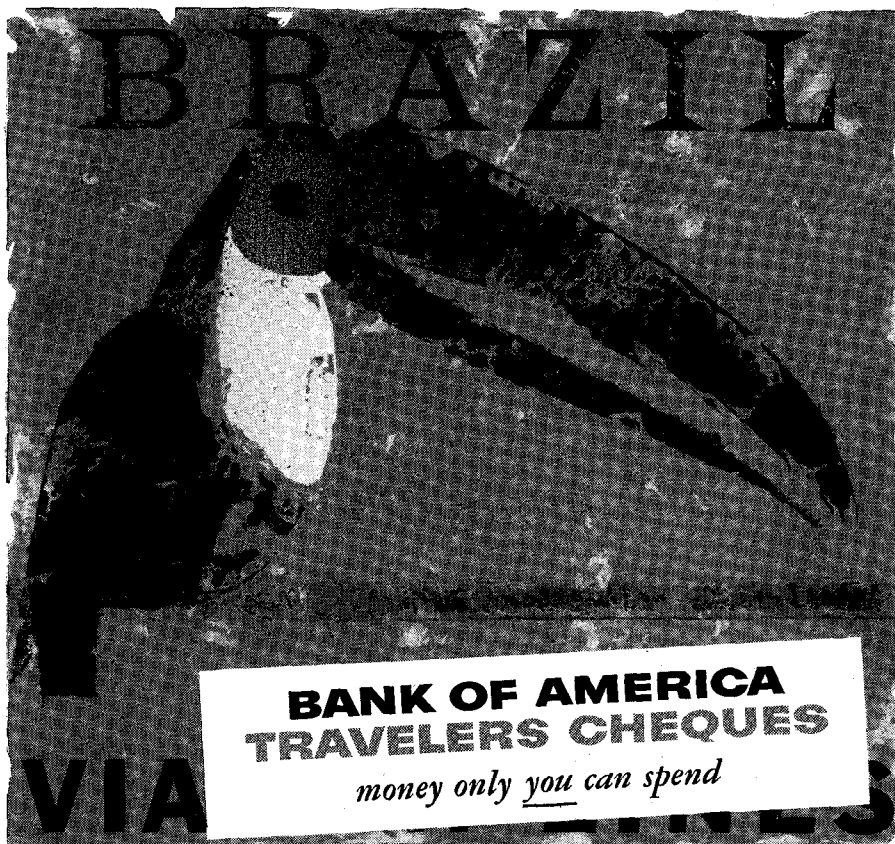


dine, completely outlined with triple rows of matching stitching; \$35. From Italy (it rains there, too) come slender lemon-colored Loden-cloth coats with matching ribbed wool-knit collars and sleeves (\$65); raspberry polo coats of Shetland-type tweed, piped with white leather (\$145); and reversible cotton poplin coats, beige on one side and almond green, mocha, or Copenhagen blue on the other (\$59.95).

SIG BUCHMAYR, 16 East 50th Street:

After-ski fashions these days seem to be designed only for exceedingly wandlike skiers. If you have such a party to take care of at Christmas, she should certainly fit nicely into this establishment's narrow slacks of an elasticized wool-and-nylon mixture, which were made by Bogner, the eminent Austrian ski-pants man. The slacks are anchored under the foot by means of a loop, and are guaranteed to keep their shape. The colors include light blue, hunter green, burgundy, and a black-and-white pin check (\$49.95 for any of these), and a black, green, or navy background shot with gold thread (\$54.95). Black rib-knit wool tights from Sweden cost \$19.95, in small, medium, or large sizes. To wear with these, or with just about anything else, there's a good-looking wool-knit cardigan with long black sleeves and a black turtle-neck, black and white vertical stripes on the boxy torso, and a zipper closing; \$29.95. Ankle-length boots of soft black sealskin that are not too warm to wear by the fire are nevertheless hardy enough, thanks to light rubber soles, for a brief venture outside; \$14.95.

HATTIE CARNEGIE: A bed jacket of the fine French wool known as Albatross, in white, yellow, pink, or blue, has a satin lining in the same colors, a Peter Pan collar, and a slit up the back. All the edges are trimmed with Val-type lace; \$45. Another bed jacket, of imported French fleece in pink, blue, or pink-and-blue vertical stripes, has a matching knit band trimming the Peter Pan collar, the three-quarter sleeves, and all the edges; \$25. Black or white satin gloves come in just one size, because the satin is made with stretchable (and washable) Helanca nylon; shorties and four-button gloves are \$5, twelve-button gloves are \$7, and sixteen-button ones are \$12. Imitation fresh-water pearls set in gold metal and cornered with marquise crystals make a choker

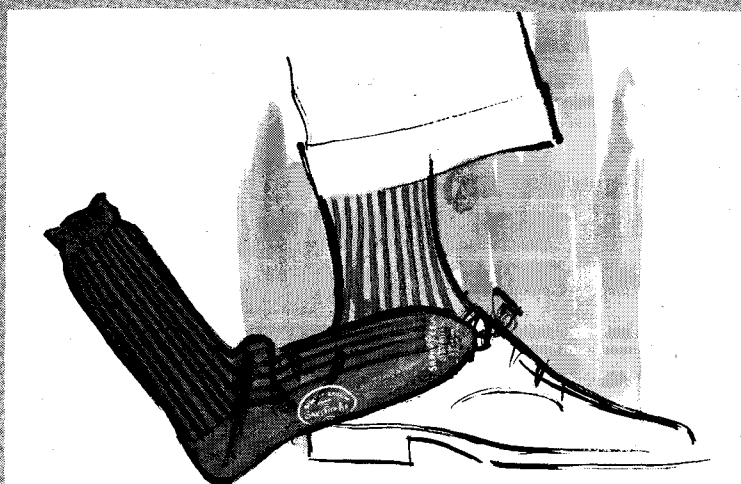


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(\$19.80), a bracelet (\$11), and earrings (\$5.50). A cage of veiling is decorated with a crisscross of velvet ribbons at the back; \$25, in black, maroon, navy, brown, beige, or green.

MARK CROSS: A shallow box about a foot long and eight and a half inches wide, made of black, red, or tan cowhide, is sectioned off inside to hold a lady's manicure equipment and jewelry. The lid opens in three sections, and beneath the center section, which is faced with a mirror, is a tray fitted with nail scissors, a file, and other manicure things; to the left and right of this are two more trays, upholstered to accommodate earrings and rings. The trays are removable, and below them is more storage space for jewels; \$52.50. Handy accessories for a lady's desk include a great big blotter-holder of brown, green, or wine calfskin, filled with a year's supply of blotters (twelve, that is), on each of which is printed a giant monthly engagement calendar (\$6.95). Another is an eleven-by-fourteen-inch leather folder that comes in black, brown, or dark green and is lined with matching moiré silk (\$20). Among the clocks here, we particularly admired a calendar time-piece (it tells you the month and day, as well as the hour) that runs on transistor batteries and can keep ticking for nearly a year without any attention whatever. It has a Swiss Erga seventeen-jewel movement and a round dial set flush with the top of a wedge-shaped case that measures three inches high in back and seven by five inches across the base; \$115.50 if the base is gold metal, and \$170.75 if it's brown crocodile. A nearsighted theatregoer who gets exhausted holding up a pair of opera glasses all evening would appreciate a pair here that fit on like eyeglasses, have black or pearl plastic frames, and are focussed by means of a small knob on one side of the frame; \$19.25.

LILLY DACHÉ, 78 East 56th Street: The walls of the boutique are currently festooned with silk stoles from Siam, and for between \$22.50 and \$65 any one of the stoles can, come Christmas, festoon a lady of your choice. One is three and a half yards long and over a yard wide, with a generous gold lamé border at each end, and has six-inch bands of gold lamé alternating with bands of dark-olive silk; \$65. Another, the same size, is a checkerboard of Shock-

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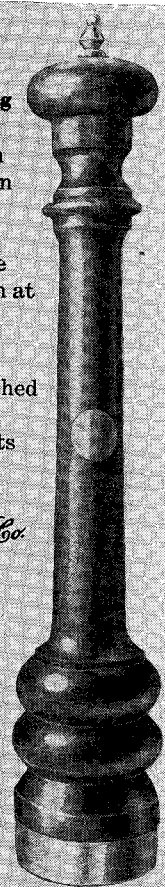
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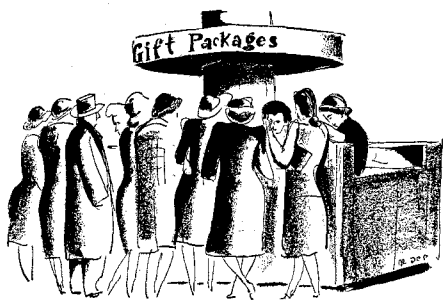
Vertically striped bottles in blue & green, black & white, black & yellow, yellow & white, styled by Paolo Venini and hand-rolled by master Venetian craftsmen. No. 4498, right, 19" high \$39 ea., \$73 pr. No. 4493, left, 14¾" high \$28 ea., \$51 pr.



On mail orders add 50c for insured parcel post.

ing pink, orange, green, blue, and lavender, plus blends of all these colors; \$35. A Dache beret of black, beige, cocoa, red, or turquoise velvet has a neat little bow on one side and costs a neat little \$15. If it's made of fibred plush in any of the above shades, it costs an even neater \$12.50.

DE PINNA: The children's clothes here are especially engaging, and what engaged us first of all was a pinafore adapted from the ones worn by the little girls in Degas's "Portrait of the Bellelli Family." The adaptation is done in white seersucker, and has a square neck edged with white cotton lace, and elasticized puff sleeves; \$8.95, in sizes 3 to 10. A toddler who can't talk much yet should be grateful for a coat-dress or a two-piece suit of yellow cotton broadcloth equipped with a button-on white cotton tab bearing the embroidered notice "My name is—." De Pinna fills in the appropriate name in five days; \$10.95 for the works. Little girls who are allergic to wool, and even those who aren't, should take to a rayon slacks-and-cardigan set imported from Switzerland. The slacks (\$8.95) are of gray-and-white checked rayon flannel and are tapered; the cardigan (\$14.95) is plain gray knit rayon, with a band collar to match the slacks. Both are in sizes 4 to 14. From France come enchanting pink or white washable kid gloves, fastening with a pearl button at the wrist, for young ladies in the afternoon dancing class; \$5. Also French are a pair of hot-water-bottle covers for mother and daughter. They're of white wool fleece appliquéd with bright-blue wool eyes, red nostrils, red heart-shaped mouths, and yellow wool pigtailed; \$4.95 and \$3.95. Once we had torn ourselves away from the children's department, our eye was arrested by a reversible calf contour belt, black on one side, red (or tan) on the other, and decorated with a dozen gold-metal discs set in like windows. On one side of the belt the discs are marked with the signs



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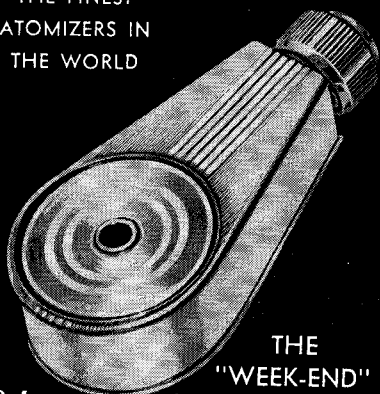
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of the zodiac, and on the other side with the owner's lucky number, lucky day of the week, and a brief summary of her horoscope; \$24.95.

MARY DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Something called the Sylph lighter here struck us as an unusually practical contribution to a lady's handbag. It has a gold, leather, or enamel case the length of a regular cigarette and twice as wide, and it can be refuelled by simply slipping the case off the machinery inside; it costs \$9.90 in plain gold plate, \$11 in engine-turned or basketweave gold plate or various leathers, and \$13.20 in lapis, black-jade, or tortoise-shell enamel. A handbag that looks as if it could stand up to years of hard knocks is made of gray or beige calf stencilled to resemble buffalo. It's about a foot square on a base six inches wide, and has black or brown loop handles attached to vertical black or brown leather straps on the sides. A zipper closes the top, and for decoration there's a buckle on each corner; \$38.50. For the sort of lady traveller who can manage to go somewhere without taking the whole bathroom cabinet along, there's a leather case four and a half inches high and seven and a half inches wide, on a base two inches deep. It is fitted with two plastic bottles, two plastic jars, a comb, a brush, and a couple of nail files, and comes in red, turquoise, pink, or ivory calf; \$16.50. Then, there's a loose-leaf pigskin notebook with pages indexed for cataloguing presents, Christmas cards, addresses, friends' birthdays and measurements, inoculations, and goodness knows what else; \$14.50. A handsome red, black, or white calf box measuring twelve by fifteen by four inches could contain anything from bills to love letters; \$50. Given ten days (but no cash), Dunhill will put a three-letter monogram on the top.

ELDER CRAFTSMEN, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th): Everything in this small shop is indeed handmade by elder craftsmen, and there's practically no limit to the useful and attractive objects they can turn out. There are book covers of red, blue, or beige felt, each with a matching felt eyeglass case sewn right on the front, to dispose of that distracted question "Where *did* I put—" The case is embellished with gold braid and sequins, and the cover laps easily around a six-by-nine-inch book,

which is par for a novel these days; \$1.95. A woman with lots of sewing to do should be grateful for a denim apron that has a large pocket across the front, subdivided into sections for sewing tools. The apron itself is a mass of bright vertical stripes (Lord knows how many colors), and the pocket is a plain matching color; two ribbons hanging from the waist dangle a red felt pincushion and a strawberry emery for sharpening needles, and a tape measure is printed across the hem—all for \$2.75. An unusually lightweight briefcase, thirteen inches long, ten inches high, and an inch and a half thick, is made of waterproofed rayon with an aluminum frame, and has a zipper around three sides. It would be a very handy means of carrying addenda for an overnight trip; \$6.50, in light or dark brown with black piping, or in black or navy blue with red piping. Something else this shop has is clothes for children. A small baby who likes his ears and fingers warm should certainly be glad of a cap-and-mittens set hand-knit of white nylon yarn and bordered with a slate-blue Scandinavian design; \$6.

GUCCI, 7 East 58th Street: Green or red pigskin is used here for exemplary tailored leather-lined handbags, ten inches wide, seven and a half inches high, and three inches across the base. Double loop handles attached with brass fittings come two-thirds of the way down the front and back of the bag, and there's a V-shaped flap closing, plus an outside pocket; \$61.60 or \$68.20, depending on the complexity of the interior compartments. Leather desk accessories include a loose-leaf address book with a cover narrower in front than in back, so the alphabetical index is right there before the eye. (A minute saved is a minute earned.) An engagement pad fits inside the back, and a leather-covered pencil is attached; \$20 in walnut calf, \$24 in red pigskin. Burnt or gold initials can be added in a day's time at no extra charge. For a lady who has to travel in the rainy season, there's an umbrella with a bamboo-molded silver crook handle that unscrews from the shaft, so that both parts will fit into a suitcase; \$19, in black or gray silk.

GUNTHER JAECKEL: To keep a lady from being late to the theatre, a small silver-metal watch, incrustated with lots of rhinestones, is attached by a satin fob to the frame of a black rayon

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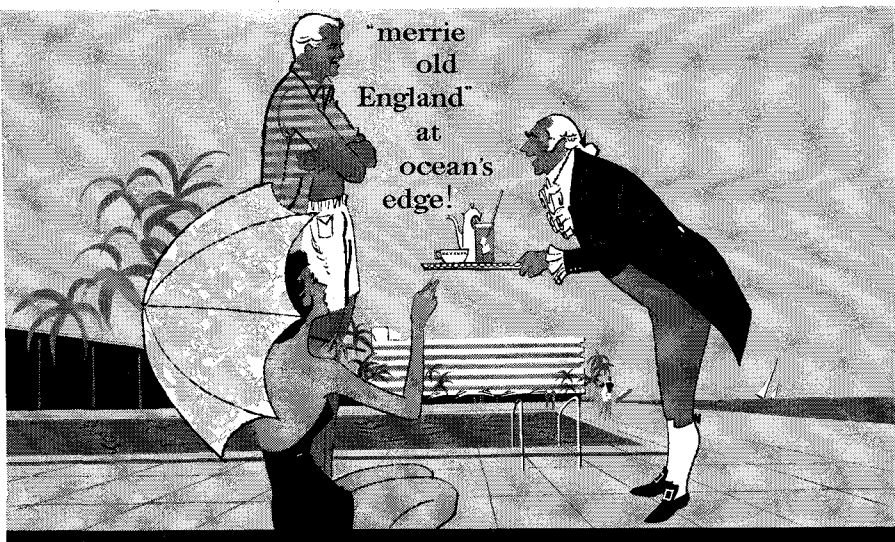
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satin clutch bag; \$38.50. And, to keep her hands warm while her taxi is jammed in the West Forties theatre traffic, eight-button washable kid gloves are lined with white orlon knit; \$12, in white, black, or beige. Reversible evening stoles, two and a half yards long and two feet wide, are either white or black satin on one side and white rayon taffeta printed with pink cabbage roses and green leaves on the other; \$35. Costume jewelry? There's plenty of it here, such as teardrop pendants representing sapphires, rubies, emeralds, or topazes, each mounted on a rhinestone-studded loop and ready to be attached to a chain or to a string of pearls; \$4.40. Earrings to match cost \$8.25. Chokers composed of six twisted strands of imitation seed pearls caught with rhinestone bands cost \$38.50, and matching bracelets are \$16.50 or \$25.30, according to the number of strands involved. Something called a fencer sweater turns out to be a sable-brown or black cashmere pullover with a ribbed plastron front on which small sable-brown or black mother-of-pearl buttons are arrayed; \$40. And, finally, a pretty pink or blue nylon crêpe nightgown—loose and flowing, like a peignoir—has double ruffles of white nylon lace at the high neck and short sleeves, and nylon satin shoestrings to tie at the throat; \$18.

HENRY À LA PENSÉE, 8 East 54th Street: Henry's *pensées* this year include a black wool jersey blouse with a V-neck, both front and back, and pointed and stiffened lapels that spread out to the shoulders. The lapels are lined with pale-pink or white silk jersey and bound with black grosgrain; \$68. A pocket mirror, just four inches long over all, has silver-metal latticework on its back and handle. At each point of intersection is a tiny rhinestone, and underneath is a backing of black, red, green, or blue velvet; \$15. The lower front corners of a black antelope envelope bag are embellished with faceted imitation amethysts, each swathed in strings of tiny oblong and round glass amethyst beads; \$82.50, and available also with pale-sapphire, ruby, or topaz beading. And for a poodle who admires French accessories, a leather dog collar with large glass emeralds, gold beadwork—all on a leather leash, for



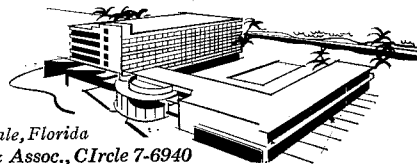
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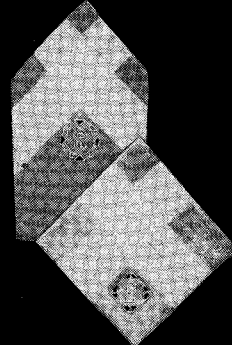
Sea Island
the year 'round

West 57th Street: Among some splendid new sweaters from Italy we took note of a wool rib-knit straight cardigan that brings with it two or three ties in contrasting colors, meant to snap on beneath the high, round collar. A beige sweater has gray, black, and brown ties; a navy one has white and red ties; and there are a number of other possibilities. Sweater and ties together add up to \$49.50. Then, there's a double-breasted bulky-knit wool bolero with eight gold-metal buttons down the front, three-quarter-length sleeves, and a tiny round collar; \$34.50, in red, gray, navy, or white. A dressy wool jersey overblouse knit in a vertical self stripe is finished off at the hips and the square neck with an edging of pointed scallops; \$19.75, in a dozen colors. There's a good collection here of Italian cut-velvet bags. To give you an idea, a satchel made of red-on-oyster-white velvet, with an oyster leather lining, is \$71.50. A little girl is sure to be charmed with a plaid laundry bag here that has a dog's furry head at the top. The bag part makes the dog look as if it were wearing a full-length dress with a white apron tied over it; \$7.95.

JAY THORPE: A new member of the stole family—part jacket, part stole—is bolero length in back, and has a shawl collar, three-quarter raglan sleeves, and stole ends that drop two feet below the waist in front. The ends may be folded over each other, something in the manner of an obi, or their edges may be folded back to continue the shawl effect of the shawl collar. In black or white imitation broadtail, lined with rayon taffeta, this bit of engineering costs \$39.75; in black velvet or white, pink, beige, or black satin, it's \$35. Three yards of thirty-inch-wide silk chiffon, in Shocking pink, eggshell, black, or white, can have a large monogram cut out of one end; \$18.95 or \$22.95, depending on whether you order a one- or two-letter monogram (one week). French suède belts, four



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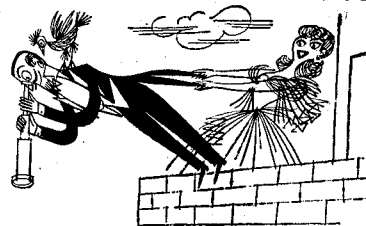
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inches wide, fasten in front with a two-and-a-half-inch suède-covered rectangular buckle and, in back, pass through a doubled two-and-a-half-inch inverted suède triangle; \$6.95, in a mild Kelly green, an orangey red, or gray. A one-eyed lorgnette (well, a magnifying glass) is set in a harlequin plastic frame with a five-inch handle, and both frame and handle are peppered with sequins (\$7.95). Purse accessories of French blue and rose brocade, sewn here and there with rose-colored sequins, include a tiny billfold-and-change-purse (\$7.95) and a slipcase for a five-cent packet of Kleenex (\$4.50). A handsome group of bathroom accessories, of plain black Plexiglas or of white, pink, or gray Plexiglas with a mother-of-pearl look, can be monogrammed in large, modern gold-metal letters (one week). For instance, a sizable cosmetic box with a hinged lid, divided into ten handy compartments, costs \$25; a tumbler is \$3.95; a soap dish \$2.50; and there are a number of other pieces.

GEORG JENSEN: Among the usual impressive array of Danish silver jewelry here we came upon an interesting choker made of free-form oblongs shaped something like spindles and fitted one into the next; \$192. There's domestic gold jewelry, too. A gold lapel pin, in the over-all shape of a tree, is composed of fifteen graduated mobile leaves suspended from seven rigid ones. The mobile leaves are sprinkled with eight little round diamonds; \$285. Small carved gold earrings are shaped like carnations, and at the base of each ear lobe, where a few petals are missing, there are seven little sapphires clustered around a tiny diamond; \$247.

KNIZE, 24 East 56th Street: Women's things, imported from Knize's headquarters in Vienna, seem to be infiltrating here more and more. One example is a splendid envelope handbag of either natural pigskin or black, navy, or red calf, with two strap handles and a tab closing. The tab also provides access to a big pocket across the back of the bag. There's another pocket in front, zippered and concealed beneath a narrow flap, and three more pockets inside, plus a wallet for both change and folding money; \$49.50. Among the domestic items are yard-square tailored silk scarves that would do for either sex—the sort of thing that an un-

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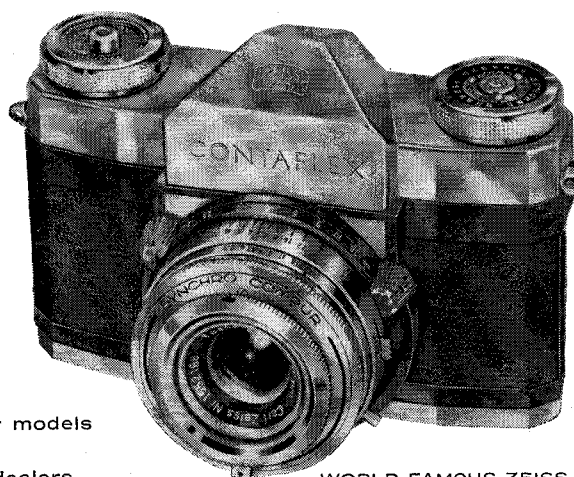
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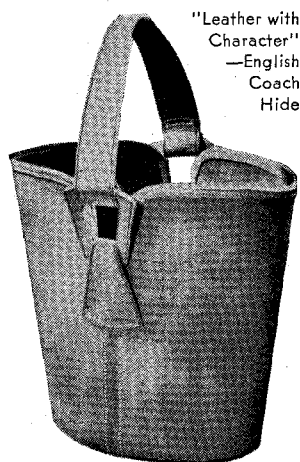


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principled woman might give her husband for Christmas and then borrow back—in a number of hand-printed patterns: navy blue with red polka dots in a red frame, say, or navy blue with irregular white criss-crosses in a white frame; \$16. A French contribution is a flock of stoles, light and soft, of hand-loomed wool, in white, blue, red, or aqua; \$25 gets you a stole eighty-four inches long, if you count the eight-inch border of caught fringe.

ROBERT LEADER, 146 East 54th Street: Wraparound hostess gowns with most of their fullness concentrated in the back come in dozens of attractive challis prints, among which is one, called Pink Plants, that shows jungle flowers in every shade of pink against an eggplant ground; \$65 buys a dress-length version of this or any of the others, and \$85 buys a long one. A casual pullover blouse, adapted from a Japanese man's coat, has a bateau neck and very loose kimono sleeves; in bright-blue, red, or green French plush, this costs \$27.95, and would look striking with a pair of the shop's wool jersey slacks, imported from Italy, which may be had in bright blue, red, olive, or black, for \$35. From Hollywood come some particularly festive-looking slippers. They're hand-knit, soles and all, of black or red wool, and enlivened with enormous pin-on cat-whisker bows made of scraps of pink, orange, and Shocking-pink cotton rickrack braid; \$9.95.

FRED LEIGHTON, 15 East 8th Street: Among the latest shipments from Mexico are a lively flock of voluminous black cotton party skirts, lavishly painted and pailletted in gold. One we especially admired was a mass of giant leaves and bamboo stalks, but it's possible you'll never see this one, since no two skirts are alike; \$55 for any of them. Gold-washed silver jewelry comes from Tehuantepec, where the girls wear scads of it and are said to be the best-looking girls in Mexico—two facts that may or may not be connected. Imitation coins set in a row between two chains, with three more coins dangling, make a flashy bracelet for \$8.25. Pendant earrings consisting of a pair of filigree peacocks hanging a couple of inches below a pair of filigree rosettes cost \$3.85, and gypsy hoops of filigree, nearly two inches in diameter, are \$6.60.

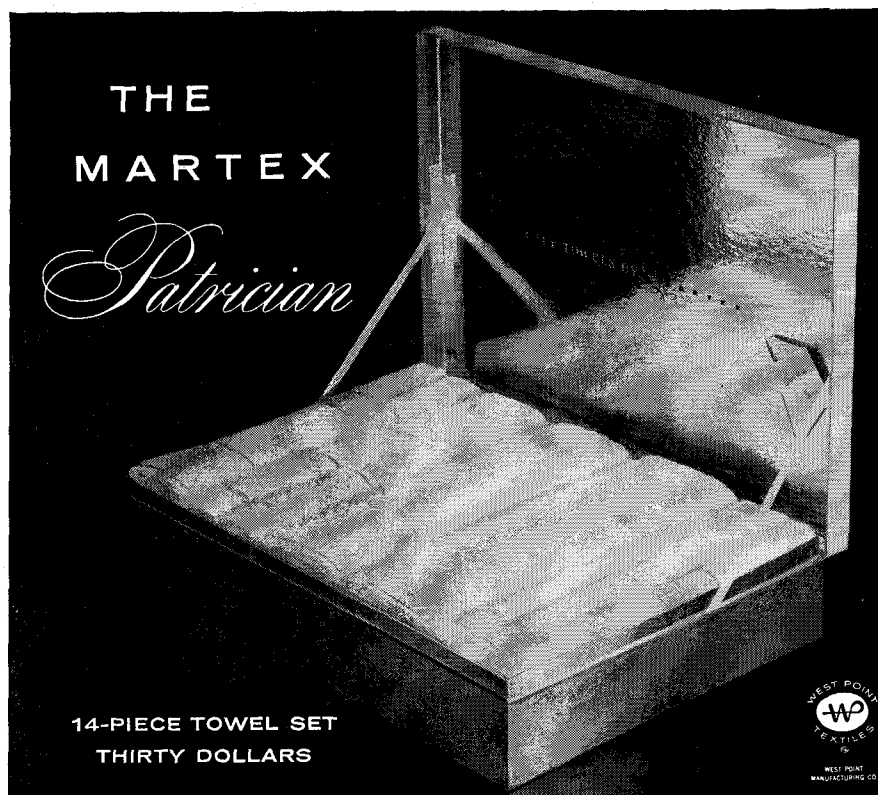
THE LIGHTHOUSE, 111 East 59th

Street: A traveller of tidy and logical bent might like to file reading material for her trip in a handy book bag of striped canvas. The one here, handmade by blind craftsmen, has two loop handles on top and a jolly tassel swinging from the bottom; \$2. Wraparound denim skirts with patch pockets come in red, pink, gray (light, medium, or charcoal), green (light or dark), brown, beige, aquamarine, or blue, and are almost sure to fit the recipient, even if you are just guessing at her size, because their fastening offers a choice of seven buttons on the belt; \$8.95. Among any number of baskets, we were charmed by some small ones intended to dress up five-and-a-half-inch flowerpots; \$1.70 to \$2, depending on the intricacy of the weave. A white earthenware bowl, three inches tall and five inches in diameter, is covered with woven straw, and is meant to be used as a flower container, either alone or outside a smaller vase; \$1.50. Old-fashioned pomanders, redolent of cloves and guaranteed to remain redolent of them for years, are \$1.50 each.

LORD & TAYLOR: This house has sent expeditions to far places for its Christmas sweaters, which should fill up a number of blank spaces on anybody's shopping list. From the Shetland Islands come wool cardigans in such unusual shades as pumpkin, cranberry, and pea green (\$19.95), and from Sweden come hand-knit sweaters of ice-blue angora, bordered at their shoulder-tip décolletages with a peasant motif in gray-blue and aquamarine (\$89.95). Ireland sends along hand-loomed shirts of light-weight wool narrowly striped in green, gold, and French blue (\$25), or widely striped in coral, green, wine, gold, and salmon pink (\$19.95). So much for Christmas sweaters and shirts. At Capezio's shoe counter, the newest invention is a pair of all-raccoon slippers; that is to say, the soles as well as the uppers are of raccoon, which is more than the raccoon himself can boast. The lining, however, is red cotton jersey; \$30. To pluck just two pieces out of a sea of costume jewelry, there's a satin-finished gilt clip in the shape of a double scroll, banded with seven green or pink cabochon tourmalines (\$19.95), and a gilt bow-knot pin set with hundreds of pinpoint black rhinestones that would put forth quite a shimmer against a black dress (\$16.50 or \$27.50, according

to whether the pin measures two or three inches across). Among the handbags are some that look as if they were made of antelope but turn out to be of an antelopelike synthetic fabric imported from France. There are several versions—a deep pouch on a gold-metal chain (\$38.50), for example, or a wider pouch with black leather handles (\$49.50). A three-letter gilt monogram can be added (two weeks) to these particular bags for \$4.95; the same kind of monogram on other bags is \$8. An enormous, squashy pouch of fake chinchilla fur costs \$71.50, and an Italian satchel handbag of red-and-green cut velvet in wavy horizontal stripes, banded vertically with strips of black leather, costs \$65.95. The practical Germans contribute a gold-metal key chain suspended from a three-inch lacquered-brass key that doesn't lock anything but has a clip on the back of it so that it can be hooked to the inner pocket of a handbag; the idea, of course, is that real keys can be strung on the chain. This costs \$2.50. The Fantasia Shop has silver-metal thimbles studded around the base with fake cabochon jewels—a cheerful stocking present, for \$3.

MACY: The Little Shop has the most interesting loot from all over Macy's, so that's the place to concentrate on. In a group of imitation-fur wraps trimmed with real fur are a waist-length jacket of fake white broadtail with a shawl collar of mink sides (\$32.89), and a black rayon moire cape stole edged with ranch mink (\$125). Ascots of American broadtail dyed black, white, or red cost \$21.98, and so do small matching clutch bags lined with red leather. From Holland: A satchel handbag of multicolored cotton tapestry on a frame of natural cowhide, with double cowhide handles. It's capa-



AT CHRISTMAS, for those very special people, a very special gift. "Patrician" by Martex. Richly presented in a grey suede and silver foil chest. 2 bath towels (30" x 52"), 2 guest towels, 4 face cloths, 6 fingertip towels, in white or pastels, \$30. Order from the stores listed below. Martex, 65 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

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White Flower Farm's **PLANT BOOK** and **NOTES** are two unique gardening publications, so different that they are the only nursery publications in the world which are in demand as reading matter and which are sold by subscription. **PLANT BOOK**, published once a year, is full of horticultural lore. It also provides a source for more rare and unusual plants than gardeners usually can find elsewhere. Moreover, subscribers have the privilege of asking us to locate rare plants for them without charge through our extensive American and European resources—all a subscriber need know is the correct botanical name of a plant, and chances are we can find it. **PLANT BOOK** contains no color pictures for we have never found a color printing process that reproduces the color of flowers truly. Descriptions are unembellished. **NOTES** is a two-page folder (sometimes four pages) published at least six times a year, and is a compendium of timely gardening data.

Many subscribers tell us that these publications are fun to read and amusing. Indeed, several thousand subscribers are city dwellers who buy plants only as gifts. Of course, we appreciate that it is probably fun for gardeners, or would-be gardeners, to read about gardening, but where our subscribers get that "amusing" angle is baffling. We're plantmen; you know, men of the soil—serious, dedicated types.

Be that as it may, the point is that if you are an experienced gardener, chances are you will like **PLANT BOOK** and **NOTES**. And experienced gardeners who are friends of yours will also enjoy these publications as gifts. Subscription, **PLANT BOOK** and **NOTES**, \$3.50 for three years. We send gift cards now. The 1958 **PLANT BOOK** is published in January. However, if you, or your experienced gardening friends, don't like these publications—just say so. This plantman will be more than pleased to refund your money.—A. Pettingill

WHITE FLOWER FARM
Rare Plantsmen
Litchfield 1, Connecticut

cious and sturdy, and altogether a find; \$7.69. From Italy: Shaggy hand-knit stoles of black or royal-blue mohair, measuring nearly three feet wide and nine feet long, if you add in the seven-inch fringe (\$49.95); also a nightshirt of brick-red cotton broadcloth, with a turn-over collar and a white button-on cotton necktie (\$10.29). From Switzerland: Two-piece ski underwear of black wool-and-cotton knit, striped with jade green, red, and yellow. The pants cost \$5.59, and the pullover top, which could double as a sweater, costs \$4.64. And, *enfin*, from France: A huge triangular plaid stole (bright-blue, red, and black), made of wool that has a velvety look to it, and dripping plenty of long black wool fringe (\$19.98), and a fragile and lovely handmade nightgown of Wedgwood-blue chiffon, with hand-run Alençon-type lace crisscrossing the bodice, edging the décolletage and the shoulder straps, and running down each side of the six-yard-wide skirt (\$129.95).

MANDARIN FASHIONS, 817 Lexington Avenue (63rd): A new shop, in which a single bamboo rack is loaded with boleros, jackets, dresses, coats, and lounging clothes, all made in Hong Kong in the classic mandarin style. A bolero of red, navy, silver-gray, black, pale-gold, or turquoise rayon satin brocade costs \$17.95, and a hip-length jacket of the same stuff is \$28.95. Or, for \$100, there's a luxurious black rayon-and-silk jacket richly hand-embroidered all over with dragons and peacocks, a design traditionally used on Chinese bridal jackets. For lounging mandarins, there are jackets and tapered slacks in, say, almond-green silk damask with a red silk lining, or peacock-blue silk damask with a gold silk lining, for \$44.95. A slim street-length coat of plain red, black, or jade silk satin costs \$85, and coat prices climb from there to \$150, which will pay for a reversible coat of Tribute satin. Tribute satin, it seems, is a silk satin with a woven self design, and is so called because in the old days it was presented to and used by nobody but kings. These days, anybody with \$150 can buy the shop's Tribute satin coat. The coat, which is cut full, is black on one side and emerald, gray, Dior blue, red, or gold on the other.

MARCHAL, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): If a gold charm is what you're after, you just might find it here, for this

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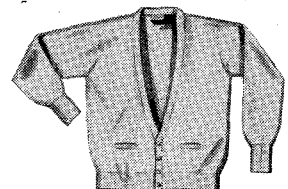
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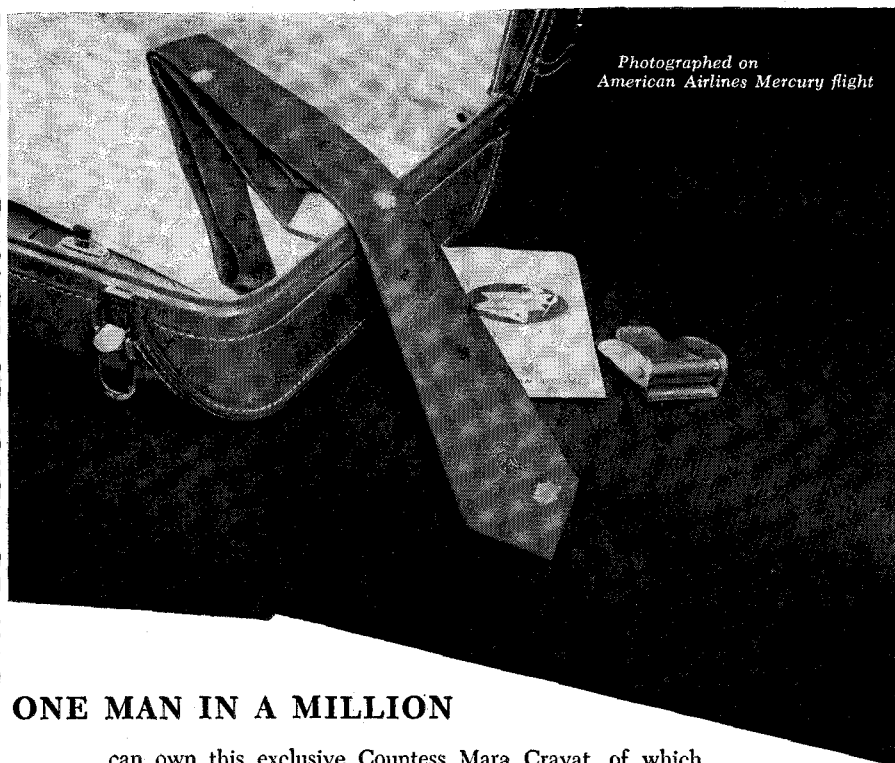
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shop has on hand no fewer than twenty thousand fourteen-carat gold charms. Some of them are musical—for instance, a tiny telephone whose dial sparkles with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and whose music box gives out with "La Vie en Rose" or "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" or any one of eighteen other numbers. This is \$65. Another music box is hidden inside a house with a mansard roof, and "My Blue Heaven" is all it knows; \$85. A self-winding and shockproof clock charm has three tiny rubies on each side of its dime-size face; \$98. And, for a charm addict who travels, there's a miniature passport, three-quarters of an inch long, whose inside covers are intended to hold the bearer's name, address, and passport number (engraved) and her picture (inserted); \$32.

PAT-RICK, 930 Madison Avenue (74th): This shop is always full of beguiling clothes for children, and around this time of year it's full of Christmas-shopping rich uncles and fairy godmothers. A little girl who is about to have her portrait painted might like to go down to posterity in a bolero suit of red or black velvet; the one here consists of a long-sleeved, collarless bolero—it has an inverted pleat down the back, but this presumably won't show in the portrait—and a suspender skirt with a pleat front and back, and, at each side, more pleats, these held in by buttoned tabs; \$22.95 in sizes 3 to 6X. Sensibly assuming that boys in this age bracket would balk at a velvet bolero, Pat-Rick offers velvet suspender pants, which, being perfectly plain, are less controversial; \$8.95. There is a bolero suit, though, for boys who wear sizes 2 to 4 and have no say in what they'll wear; \$19.95. And, for babies, there's a snap-croched version; \$8.95. The pants and jackets are cotton lined, and the velvet is hand-washable.

PECK & PECK: There are some warm, shaggy white coats here that look as if they might be made of polar bear but turn out to be washable acrilan-olon-dynel-and-Santa Fe. They're lined with forthright red orlon-and-wool jersey, and cost \$75.95 if they're hip length and \$100 if they're seven-eighths length. Double-breasted polo coats of another mysterious fur (orlon-and-darlan) cost \$89.95 in beige and \$99.95 in navy, brown, or black. Water-repellent suede sports jackets—beige, mushroom, or rust—fas-



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ten with seven gold-metal buttons, but there are seven natural-bone buttons in one of the pockets, in case the wearer would like a switch. Another pocket contains a brush for cleaning suede; \$39.95. A fitted toilet bag of plaid cotton twill in a variety of bright colors contains all sorts of thoughtful surprises—a shower cap, clothes hangers, plastic boxes and jars, sewing necessities, bobby pins, and a lot more—and costs \$7.15.

RABUN STUDIOS, 31 East 67th Street:

Everything here is made by hand—such as hand-knit white wool knee socks (\$15), and hand-carded, hand-spun, hand-fringed wool stoles, turned out in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Georgia, and available in such Blue-Ridge-Mountains-of-Georgia colors as gold mustard and flame red, as well as a soft medium blue and an undyed, flecked sheep color (\$22.50). Scarves of the same material are \$10 each. Five cutout ovals of hand-hammered silver are linked to make a bracelet (\$22), and two bracelets can be fastened together with a flexible link to make a choker. Moreover, five matching miniature links make a flexible ring, not quite half an inch wide; \$16.50. A bangle bracelet of solid silver, irregularly contoured in sculptured curves and angles, makes quite an eye-catcher for \$24.75, and a tulip-shaped scatter pin does the same for \$9.35.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN: Some evening capes here, turned out by Fontana of Rome, include a five-tiered stand-away shoulder cape of green or black rough silk, with armholes to keep it from standing away too far, and a short sling cape of dull-red slipper satin, gathered beneath a wide yoke; \$45, either way. A negligee of American Beauty rayon velvet has a cape collar, finished off with a flat velvet bow at the throat, and is cut along the lines of this year's clothes from Paris; that is, it has a barrel back and a short, tapered hem. It's \$63. Pink or blue quilted nylon tricort bed jackets have big snap-on shawl collars of marabou (the jackets are washable—the marabou, we hardly need say, isn't); \$25.95. Imitation baroque pearls—combining shades of gray, mauve, and pink, and all of them remarkably real-looking—are strung on knotted cord to make adjustable two-strand necklaces; \$16.50.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: If you're seeking a nice notion for a lady who owns quite a few jewels—a maharane,



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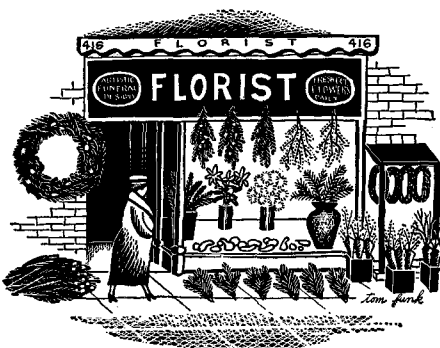
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PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

say—there's a jewel case here, imported from England, that might be just the thing. It's as large as an overnight bag—fifteen inches long, eight and a half inches wide, and about four inches deep—and is made of black cross-grained morocco, lined with apricot velveteen. Inside are an elaborate system of compartments and a couple of pull-out, hinged trays, some roomy enough for a medium-size, or country, tiara; \$165. A red silk umbrella from Italy with a plain birch handle opens automatically when the ferrule is pressed and closes automatically when a button in the handle is pressed; \$22.95. A cat fancier would welcome a twenty-six-inch square of white surah silk bordered in gold and printed with nine huge Siamese cats—crouching, sitting, reclining, and clawing. It comes not from Siam but from Switzerland, and costs \$5.95. From Hong Kong, but more Saks Fifth Avenue than Chinese, are crocheted-wool triangles in green, black, and other colors, studded with matching paillettes and handy to use in the evening as babushkas; from our own shores, but in this case more Turkish than own-shores, are gold or silver kid Turkish slippers with gold or silver spaghetti bows, done up in a white plastic drawstring pouch. The price of either of these fancies is \$5.95. A black cashmere cardigan that is topped by two collars—a small white mink one over a wide black American-broadtail one that comes out to the tips of the shoulders—manages to look thoroughly Victorian, perhaps because there's a narrow black velvet necktie ending in long streamers; \$135.

STEIN & BLAINE, 13 West 57th Street: Three chinchilla skins, mounted on a crescent-shaped collar of gray satin, might serve very well to put the old Christmas message across this year, and there's one here for \$225. A single skin of natural sable mounted on a collar of silk lamé goes for the same



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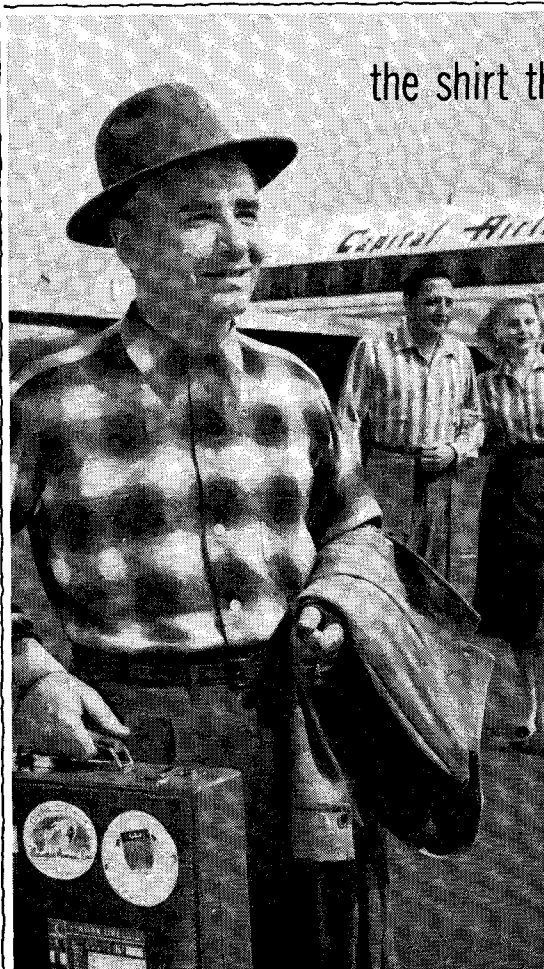
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price, but one skin of king fox mounted on a collar of matching beige satin will set you back a mere \$75. Then, there are fur-trimmed cardigans. A black cashmere one, lined with chiffon, has a deep V neck not only faced with ivory satin but accorded a cowl-like collar of black Russian broadtail, which is caught at each side of the throat with an ivory satin bow; \$250. Another V-necked cashmere cardigan is white, with a collar of white mink and a lining of white chiffon printed with roses. A nosegay of artificial roses nestles at the base of the V; \$175.

THAIBOK, 3 East 52nd Street: In Siam, a stole is not a stole; it's a *pakoma*. Some of the *pakomas* that have found their way from Bangkok to Fifty-second Street this year are a trifle smaller—two and a half yards long by thirty inches wide—than the standard size, but they're made of the same dazzling plaid or striped raw silk as their conventional relatives; \$14. Larger, more sumptuous ones go up to \$75. Soft handbags of heavy silk in plain colors—dark green, ruby, pale blue, and the like—are lined with plaids or stripes to match the *pakomas*; \$33. Cummerbunds in one of any number of typical Siamese colors—orange, Shocking pink, chartreuse, mustard, and so on—are made with five flat pleats and cost \$12.50. And cravats, shaped to lie flat at the back of the neck, come to \$10.50, in the same profusion of colors.

MARION WRIGHT, 42 East 50th Street (second floor): Most of the things here are designed by the proprietress and apt to be gay, colorful, and right in tune with the festive season. A bouffant overskirt (street length), to superimpose on a sheath, is made of three layers of nylon net—a black layer over a gray layer over a pink layer, for instance. At the waist are a bois-de-rose silk-and-velvet cabbage rose and bois-de-rose velvet ties; \$39.95. If you have a week's leeway, Miss Wright will make one in any color scheme you stipulate. Boxy cocktail-and-evening jackets with standaway portrait collars dip below the waist in back and ascend to just above it in front. They're on hand in flame-and-gold lamé, lined with beige acetate satin; in gold-streaked hyacinth-blue lamé, lined with apricot rayon taffeta; and in several colors of acetate satin, lined with rayon crêpe. Whichever one you choose, the price is \$35. Some-



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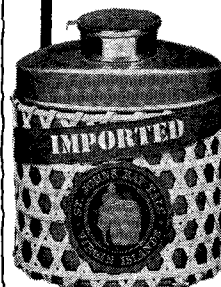
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thing called a restaurant turban—and, sure enough, it's designed for a woman who doesn't mind catching every eye in a restaurant—is constructed of two layers of sea-green acetate satin; these are twisted into a *chou* above the brows, the *chou* is surmounted with garlands of emerald and aquamarine glass beads, fake baroque pearls, and rhinestones, and the whole bears a price tag of \$35. More conservative, and very useful for a sojourn in the South, is a reversible caftan coat. One side is a solid-colored nubby cotton—gold, say, or moss green—and the other side is a smooth cotton tie print in harmonizing colors; \$30.

HERE AND THERE: James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, has a noteworthy group of English gold seals, dating anywhere from 1760 to 1830, that he has transformed into bracelet charms. Most of the seals are set with carnelians, some of which are carved to resemble lions, foxes, dogs, or birds, and a few of the seals are chased with hunting scenes; \$30 to \$150. . . . Miniature portrait medals struck in Paris in 1810 show the ladies of Napoleon's court decked out as Greek goddesses. These have been mounted on engraved ivory discs, framed in gold, and hung from gold-filled rope-chain bracelets or necklaces, by Kendall-Smith, 65 East 54th Street. One, depicting Napoleon's sister Caroline, Queen of Naples, goes for \$18.50, including the bracelet it dangles from. Among the other one-of-a-kind treasures are a gold-plated silver medallion of Queen Elizabeth I, struck in 1588 to commemorate the defeat of the Armada. On one side, in deep relief, are an image of the phoenix rising from ashes and the legend "Danger Averted;" on the other is the Queen, seen in profile. Together with a heavy gold-filled chain necklace, this costs \$77. . . . The Petit Musée, 16 West 58th Street, is another lode of one-of-a-kind bits of jewelry. To mention just two brooches—and these, of course, may be gone by now—we admired an inch-long swan whose body is a freshwater pearl and whose head, neck, and tail are white gold set with diamonds; \$185. A French dragonfly (circa 1845) of gold, with a diamond-and-emerald tail, ruby eyes, and four delicate wings of shaded green-and-blue transparent enamel veined with gold wire, is ticketed at \$450. . . . At B. Harris & Sons, 25 East 48th Street, we ran into two gem-jade sitting Buddhas, each five-eighths of an inch high, sitting

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WHITE FORSYTHIA. Bet a nickel you never heard of this. The botanical name, *Abeliophyllum distichum*, is a jaw-cracker, so forget it. Remember that White Forsythia's branches are wreathed in early spring with masses of pink buds which open white on soft-colored brown branches. Although the bush itself is completely hardy, it is best planted in sheltered locations in very cold climates to keep flowers from blasting after they appear. This shrub's leaves are a pleasant sea-green and in three years it develops into a compact, twiggy bush, and never grows over 4 to 5 feet high. It's a very rare shrub, only recently introduced in this country. Plants 16 to 24 inches, each \$6.80.

WISTERIA ARBORETA. This is the hard-to-find tree form of Wisteria. *W. Arborea* is a spreading bush, its crown from 4 to 6 feet above the ground and in time the crown spreads further than the height. Tree Wisteria is one of the loveliest of all shrubs. Shipping plants are 4 feet high, and crowned. They will throw panicles of flowers next spring but we notify gardeners now (and later) to cut the panicles off, because it is important to establish the shrub well its first year—flowers sap the plant's strength. Choose White, Pink, or Lavender. Each \$12.95. Stocks are very limited.

SYRINGA microphylla superba. In case you are unaware of it, Lilacs are properly called Syringa. This delicate species Lilac is indeed superba—it blooms profusely in springtime, then bursts into profuse bloom again in August. That's a blooming treasure. Buds of the long flower panicles are mahogany-red; they open to soft rosy-lilac. Just the right degree fragrant. Superba grows to about 8 feet under the best conditions. 24 to 30 inch plants, \$4.95.

Stocks of these shrubs are limited, so please order at once. Naturally, we send complete cultural instructions with each, which, if followed will insure against failure. If you buy all three for shipment to one address, deduct 10 per cent.—Amos Peffingill

WHITE FLOWER FARM
Rare Plantsmen
Litchfield 30, Connecticut

in gold-wire frames, in order to serve as button earrings; \$82.50. A deep-green oval of gem jade set in a platinum ring and flanked by two rows of five baguette diamonds is \$495. Mr. Harris is partial to antique gold beads, as like as peas and also the size and shape of peas; a fifteen-inch necklace of them costs \$99. . . . A brand-new jewelry nook, Janet Brown, 14 East 60th Street, goes in for bracelet charms. An antique globe of carved coral revolving inside a gold-wire frame is \$35, and a Chinese head in a coolie hat and an American Indian head in a war bonnet—each three-quarters of an inch high and made of fourteen-carat gold—are \$25 each. . . . Victoria Stone, 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), designs all the jewelry in her shop, and is especially devoted to chunky semiprecious stones. A bracelet containing one chunk each of polished topaz, green tourmaline, lapis lazuli, pink tourmaline, amethyst, beryl, and rose quartz, set in heavy prongs and flexibly linked together, costs \$75 if the prongs and links are silver, \$250 if they're gold. Gold rings with half a dozen minuscule rubies, opals, garnets, or what-you-will set across their tops are \$25, and there are matching bangle bracelets with about two dozen stones across *their* tops, for \$85 and up—the more stones the more up. A tiny toy poodle, to be hung on a charm bracelet, costs \$25 in plain fourteen-carat gold and \$35 in white, brown, or black enamel on fourteen-carat gold. . . . Jolie Gabor, 699 Madison Avenue (62nd), has copied a pair of platinum, diamond, and pearl earrings, then copied the copy, and then copied the copy of the copy. That first copy, made in Hungary of cultured pearls and diamonds set in silver, costs \$150; the copy's copy, made in this country of cultured pearls and rhinestones and an unidentified metal, costs \$59; and the low man on this totem pole, made on Seventh Avenue and thoroughly ersatz, costs \$5. All consist of a large pearl centerpiece with small pearls and diamonds clustering around it and another large pearl dangling beneath. . . . From the Rome workrooms of Eleanor Garnett, 47 East 51st Street, come hand-strung four-strand necklaces of milk crystal—pale pink, Nile green, coral, or any of several shades of blue. Each necklace fastens with a square gilt clasp teeming with multicolored crystals; \$33, and inch-round earrings to match are \$11. . . . The Silversmith, 1843¼ West 4th Street, makes a plain and effective wraparound bracelet of heavy silver



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wire, with a flattened blob of silver at each end; \$4.50—or, in brass, \$3.50. This shop also goes in for fancy hair-pins, to hold together the town's chignons and buns. One of the pins, four and a half inches long, sprouts a peacock tail of five curly-ended silver wires; \$10.

At Giulietta di Roma, 31 East 61st Street, which is a new store full of well-mannered wares from Italy, most of the goods are one of a kind, but there is an abundance of tubular silk-knit evening sweaters, which have wide-ribbed shoulder straps and are decorated at the chest with elongated grosgrain bows. They come in lots of unusual colors—corn yellow, olive green, almond green, and cerise, to name a few—and cost \$35. Silk-knit overblouses have ribbed standaway collars that dip to a deep V in front. These could be worn backward just as well, with the collar draped into a cowl front; \$50. White cotton shirts and shorts, to please a lady who will be making for a Southern beach right after Christmas, are painted with stripes of burgundy and black or with variegated scrolls in watermelon pink, watermelon green, navy, and gold; \$50 a set. . . . Brett, 10 East 53rd Street, goes in for clothes that have a casual, uncontrived look. Sloppy Joe cardigans with standaway collars two inches high are knit of barley or scarlet homespun yarn (\$27.95); Shetland wool knit—red, cream, or pale blue—makes versatile shirts, which have convertible collars and, since the bottoms are ribbed, can be worn either as overblouses or tucked in (\$14.95). Tapered royal-blue slacks of Italian velveteen (\$29.95) are teamed with an emerald-green Honan-silk shirt (\$29.95), making a startling



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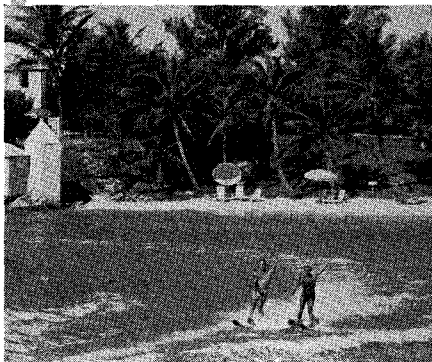
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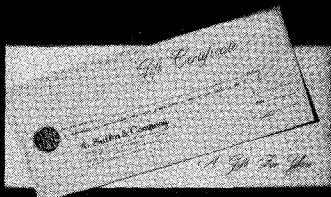
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sweep of color that probably needs a tall, slim party to carry it off.... In the women's department at Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street, things are far from uncontrived. A little barrel-shaped drawstring evening bag of brown and black silk brocade is all but hidden beneath eleven vertical mink tails; \$93.50. A tan calf belt has a curved cutout at its lower edge in front, and from this hang two bangles of solid brass, adorned with green-and-blue geometric enamel designs; \$25.... Chequer, 816 Third Avenue (50th), has imported from Germany a cotton parka in a flame-and-white hound's-tooth check. The hood is lined with flame-colored poplin, and the whole thing should make the wearer easy to pick out on a ski slope; \$17.50.... The wool stocking caps at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), are old hat, or cap, in the Bolivian Andes, but in these parts they would be a novel Christmas present. Each one is half a yard long, a riot of color, and knit in such a complicated design that the Bolivian Indian woman who put it together is reported to have worked steadily at it for two months, all the time muttering to herself in Bolivian Indian, "Knit one, over, purl two, back, two together," so the price, which is \$8.50, seems an extremely modest one. Wool throw rugs from Mexico, three feet by five and a half, are hand-woven with colorful primitive motifs—pink and yellow fish, for instance, cavorting through green waves against a gray background. These are all \$40.... Harold J. Rubin, 52 East 56th Street, does a good job of making inexpensive furs look like something. He uses black-dyed broadtail-processed lamb to make a well-tailored chesterfield and throws in a black-dyed mink shawl collar, all for \$345.... If it's a bit of real lace you're after, Helen Albert, 760 Madison Avenue (65th), has a shopful, ranging from a simple square of lace-bordered Belgian linen (\$3.75) to a mother-of-pearl fan covered in rosepoint (\$250).... British Tweeds, 727 Madison Avenue (64th), has over a thousand different designs and shades of imported tweed, all of them fifty-four inches wide and all priced at \$16.50 a yard. Enough tweed for a suit makes a nice present that would become princely with the addition of the name of an absolutely marvellous little person who can whip it into shape.

The current wave of Oriental materials has rolled over the doorstep of the Bermuda Shop, 545 Madison Avenue (55th), and they are now making their

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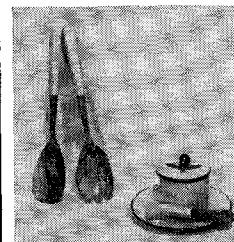


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famous slacks in a fireworks display of bright Indian silk brocades. One pair we saw had small multicolored floral medallions on a blue background, and another was finely striped in black, gold, gray, blue, and moss green; there are lots and lots of other patterns, and the slacks all cost \$35. Four-inch satin belts come in cerise, scarlet, or royal blue, and you don't need to know the donee's waist size, because they can be cinched in as tight as a waist will allow; \$5. . . . The India Shop, 17 East 54th Street, is a cornucopia of glitter from East of Suez. *Choppa* scarves are hand-spun, hand-woven, hand-blocked silk scarves from Bengal. ("*Choppa*" means hand-blocked in Hindustani. We know practically everything.) Elephants and peacocks are favorite *choppa* subjects, and on one scarf they turn up in a blaze of bright red, blue, green, and yellow. A twenty-two-inch square is \$5, a thirty-six-inch square is \$10, and a forty-five-inch square, big enough for a tablecloth, is \$17.50. Sari stoles, however, are the mainstay here. One of mother-of-pearl wild silk with a simple pattern in gold-metal thread costs as little as \$14.75, but if you think the lady you're buying a sari for would prefer one woven entirely of fourteen-carat gold thread and then embroidered with a flock of multicolored peacocks, roosters, and parrots sitting in trees, that will be \$235. . . . You will encounter a host of Chinese brocades at the House of Pan, 817 Madison Avenue (66th), both by the yard and made up into stoles and evening purses. One purse we saw is a sort of fan-shaped box, covered with black, green, or gold brocade, that splits wide open in the middle. It is lined with white rayon and has a wall-to-wall mirror inside one half; \$2. . . . An obi can be a glamorous addition to an Occidental lady's wardrobe, provided she knows how to wind herself into it. If you buy one at Yamata, 862 Madison Avenue (70th), the local experts will attempt to show you how to wind it, and then on Christmas Day you can show the lady you give it to, which seems like as good a way as any to spend Christmas Day. To give you an idea of what you and the lady are up against, a first-rate obi is a hundred and twenty-seven inches long and six inches wide, *except* that for thirty-nine inches of its length it widens to twelve inches. One of the obis here is a continuous strip of doubled, stiffly interlined brocade, in a silver, gold, orangey-red, and black checker-board pattern; \$15, and Godspeed. . . . From Japan, via the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, come

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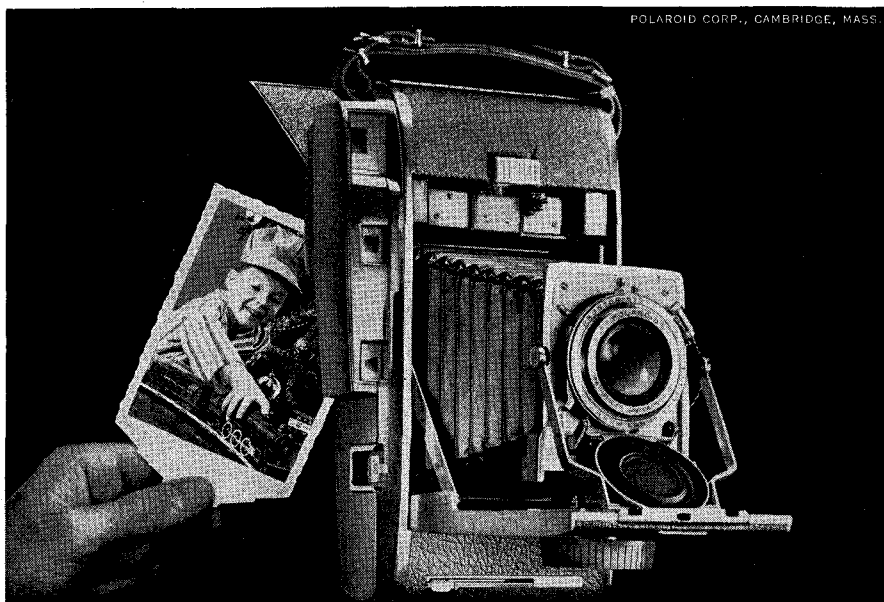
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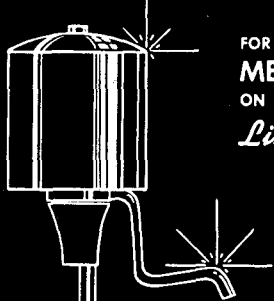
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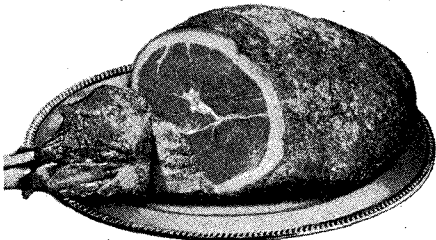
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mother-and-daughter lounging pajamas. They're made of cotton (red, yellow, aqua, or turquoise), have mandarin jackets and calf-length trousers, and cost \$9 for adults and \$5 for sizes 2 to 12.

To get back to the Western Hemisphere, Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, produces impeccably tailored blouses for little girls. One, of yellow or red Viyella flannel, is made with a Peter Pan collar and cuffed short sleeves, and has small white buttons down the front (\$6.95), and another, of white linen, has two lines of hem-stitching across the front (\$7.95); both are on hand in sizes 2 to 6X. . . . Brooks Brothers continues to copy for ladies its celebrated shirts for men. A shirt of finely striped English broadcloth, with a button-down or a rounded collar, costs \$9.50; a Tattersall shirt in an oxford-weave cotton from Scotland (red and black, navy blue and light blue, or yellow and black, each combination on a white ground) or an oxford-weave shirt in a scaled-down tartan (Black Watch, Wallace, McLeod) costs \$10.50; and a dacron-and-cotton shirt, white or blue, with tucking down the front, costs \$11.50. . . . Crossroads of Sport, 15 East 54th Street, ornaments a straight, rather narrow calf belt (red, brown, beige, or navy) with a white porcelain disc on which is painted a colt, a grouse, a Labrador mallard, or any of several other inhabitants of the great outdoors. The disc is set into a simple brass buckle; \$6.50. Three of these discs, mounted on brass links, decorate the front of a red, honey, or green calf belt; \$16. . . . An old familiar firm, Levi Strauss, has lately turned its hand to making some very snappy plaid frontier pants, which H. Kauffman & Son, 139 East 24th Street, carries at \$11.95. They come in a predominantly green or predominantly red plaid in regular waist sizes (twenty-two to thirty-two inches) and, because of a fifteen-per-cent nylon content in the otherwise wool fabric, they are washable. . . . A superlative bulky pullover, hand-knit in Mexico of unrefined wool, has found its way to Elaine Starkman, 127 Macdougall Street. It has a ribbed double-thickness shawl collar set into a V neck, as well as about four inches of ribbing at waist and cuffs, and it comes in a number of shades of beige and brown, as well as shades from gold to deep tangerine; \$20. . . . Another first-rate bulky sweater is to be found at the Top & Bottom Shop, 164 West 4th Street. This is a wool cardigan, with a knit-in hood. It has eight bone buttons up the front, and it is available in red,

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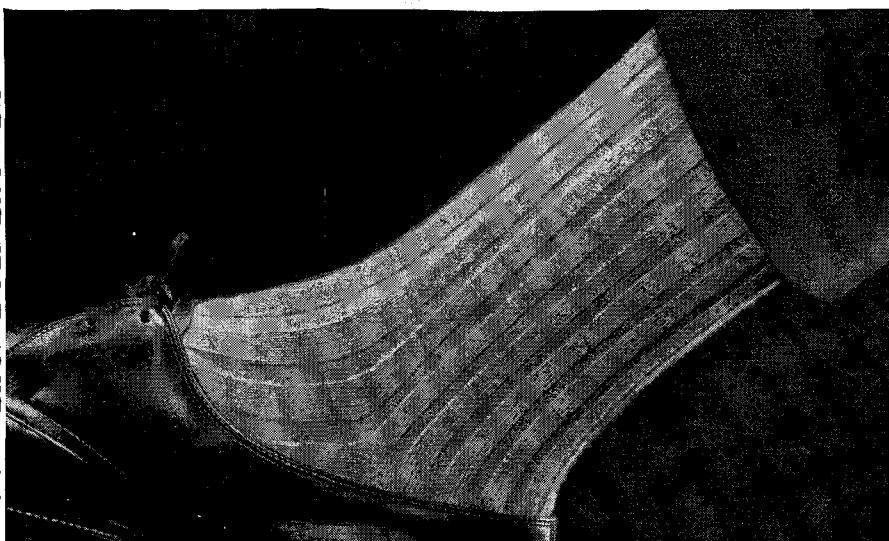
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dull green, husk, cider, or black; \$24.95, in small, medium, and large sizes. . . . For a young girl who likes camping trips and also likes to go to the beach, Robert John, 175 Macdougall Street, turns out a useful canvas duffelbag, sixteen and a half inches tall, mounted on a base of glove-tanned calf. A drawstring rope, threaded through brass eyelets, is so contrived that the bag can be carried rucksack fashion; \$7.50. A suède slipper, shaped like a low boot, has a modified Persian toe, is ornamented around the vamp with gold braid, and is finished off with a jingle bell on a leather thong at one side; \$4.95 a pair, in red with black soles or in black with red soles. There are children's sizes, too, at \$3.95. . . . The felt slippers at Signorina Eugenia, 544 Madison Avenue (55th), are made right here in New York but have a very Italian look about them. A pair of slit-sided ankle boots with pointed toes may be bright blue, say, with rose, green, blue, and lavender wool flowers hand-embroidered over the toe and instep; \$14.50. . . . The ankle boots at Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street, are considerably grander, being handmade, by De Busschere of Belgium, of fleecelined black or taupe reverse calf. They look like something that a Victorian gentleman might have worn while taking his ease beside the gas fire, but thick sponge-rubber soles make them substantial enough for street wear as far as, say, the mailbox and back; \$37.50.

If your Christmas problems involve an equestrienne or a lady who wishes to become one, you will be safe in making tracks for the Miller Harness Company, 123 East 24th Street. A velvet hunt cap here has a safety crown of a new kind of horseproof plastic; \$16.50 to \$25, depending on the workmanship and the quality of the velvet. (The cap is \$12.95 in children's sizes.) Buff breeches of wide-wale corduroy have been imported from England and are washable; \$21.50. The "Horse Map of the World," showing where various breeds of horses and ponies come from and giving all kinds of facts about their height, weight, and lines of descent, measures twenty-two inches by thirty-four and costs \$5 as is and \$8 mounted on a mat and varnished. . . . Since 67.6 per cent of the adults in this country wear eyeglasses, it's not too hazardous a bet that at least one of them is a woman on your Christmas list. How would she feel about a lorgnette? Clairmont-Nichols, 16 East 53rd Street, puts them into pretty cases—for instance, one of engraved silver inlaid with black onyx or bright-colored enamel, and no bigger

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than a minute. They cost from \$49.50 to \$55, exclusive of lenses. . . . Rhinestones have invaded the optical world by the thousand at E. B. Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd). A string of them makes a safety chain for glasses (\$4); bands of them circle each barrel of a pair of opera glasses (\$16.50); and, together with a scattering of imitation rubies, sapphires, and pearls, they constitute twin clips meant to fasten to the upper corners of a pair of plain glasses when their owner is feeling devil-may-care (\$6.05 a pair). Among the timepieces here is a seventeen-jewel Swiss finger watch, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, housed under a spring-hinged dome and set in a ring of yellow or white gold; \$126.50. If the dome is strewn with half a dozen or so diamonds, the price ascends to \$275. . . . A. Fairchild, 886 Madison Avenue (72nd), imports porcelain bathroom accessories from France in either a formal gold-wreath pattern or a floral one involving roses, irises, greenery, and so on. The whole set consists of five pieces, for \$65, but you can buy the pieces separately, if you like. A toothbrush-and-water-glass holder (\$6.98); for instance, or an eight-sided waste bowl (\$19.98) would lend éclat to any bathroom, or might even be used elsewhere in the house for flowers or plants. A scalloped oval soap dish of cut crystal, six and a half inches long, stands in a frame supported by four gilt dolphins; \$10. . . . Had enough? So have we.

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Hydrogen Bonding and Physical Idealism of its Predissociation Theory. M. I. Batuev. *Zhur. Fiz. Khim.* 25, 884-95 (1951).

The frequency-modulation theory of H bonds of Batuev is reviewed. Its ability to explain spectroscopic data is compared to the formalism of Vol'kenshtein's predissociation theory. The latter is wrong and ignores the fundamental principles of Marxism-Leninism.—*Chemical Abstracts*.

Next theory.

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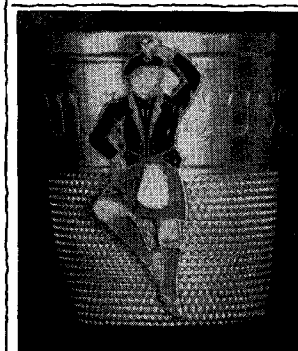


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THE RACE TRACK

Progress Report



WHILE flying in to Idlewild Airport recently, I noticed great activity at Aqueduct, so I hippety-hopped out there the other morning to see how work was progressing on the new track. I am pleased to report that it is slightly ahead of schedule.

All the concrete foundations are in and nearly everything is ready for the workmen to start putting up the grandstand as soon as the steel arrives—sometime this week or next. The racecourses are taking shape, too, and barring the unforeseen—let's all knock wood—the new Aqueduct will open for the season of 1959. It's going to be a jim-dandy track. Although the two hundred and thirty acres of grounds are pretty much torn up just now, what with huge piles of topsoil and sand from the old racing strip cluttering up the place, and tunnels dug here and there, it's possible to get an inkling of the scale of things. The stand, which will have three tiers, will be more than nine hundred feet long and three hundred feet deep—the roomiest, if not the longest, in the country. There will be seats for twenty-two thousand people, mutuel windows on all three levels, and elevators and escalators everywhere you look. Just where the Turf and Field Club enclosure will be—or, for that matter, whether there will be one at all—has not been decided. At the moment, there is talk that it might be up on the roof of the third tier, roughly in the same location as the Cloud Casino at Roosevelt Raceway, but much smaller. When you see the back of the stand from an Eighth Avenue train this time next year, it will remind you of nothing so much as Roosevelt Raceway and Hollywood Park. As I think I've mentioned before, Arthur Froelich, who designed the new Aqueduct, also did both of those. Incidentally, Aqueduct will have its saddling paddock in front of the stand, like Hollywood Park's.

Earlier, I mentioned Aqueduct's racecourses. There will be four: the main track, a mile and a furlong around, and inside it a turf course of a little more than a mile; inside that, a steeplechase course (it won't be a figure 8, as first planned); and still another, for hurdle races. This sounds as though the in-

field would be pretty crowded, but in addition to all these tracks, there will be room enough for two lakes. The main track, you may be interested to know, will have a mile chute, starting from an extension of the backstretch and going around one sweeping turn. (I hope Bold Ruler is still in training in 1959; he'd make fast time over a course like that.) I might add that the main track will be a hundred and ten feet wide on the backstretch (that's wide enough to let more than twenty runners start), will taper to eighty feet on the turns, and will widen to a hundred feet in the homestretch, which I'd guess will be nearly half a mile long. The best horse should win over a track like that. Marshall Cassidy, the director of racing for the Greater New York Association, who is a stickler for detail, has given special attention to the banking and grading of the turf courses. Let's hope all the horsemen and horseplayers will be satisfied.

I suspect that most of Aqueduct's customers will come by subway, but the management seems to be preoccupied with having enough parking space for those who come in motorcars. As a result, there will be room for only thirteen barns on the grounds. For the benefit of the superstitious, they won't be numbered.

WORK is also going on at Belmont Park, and here, too, the solving of traffic problems is a main concern. This includes completion of the cloverleaf under Hempstead Turnpike and completion of the roads from the Belt Parkway that were begun a year ago. Old Guard sentimentalists will no doubt be saddened to hear that the mile-and-a-half main track has been reduced by about forty feet so that one of the roadways could be widened. The Belmont Stakes, however, will still be a mile and a half. And, for the first time in many years, no horses will winter at Belmont Park. The few that remain on Long Island—probably no more than fifty—will be bedded down at Jamaica. Oh, well; horses have no say about where they live.

—AUDAX MINOR

"My first Broadway role was Prince Hal in Maurice Evans's 'Richard IV.'"
—Edmund O'Brien, quoted in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

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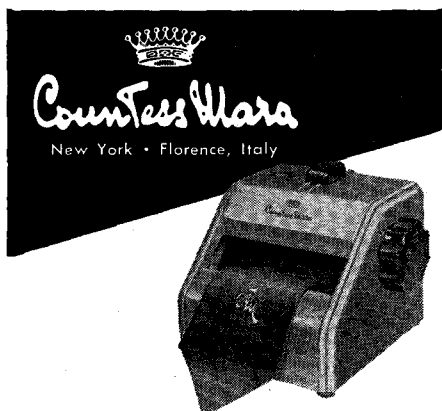
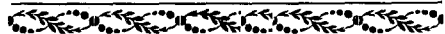
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Rituals of Mr. Cowell



WHEN I first encountered the music of Henry Cowell, in the twenties, he was an *enfant terrible*—famous mainly on the Pacific Coast—who specialized in playing the piano with his fists and elbows. This individual contribution to pianism was referred to by Mr. Cowell himself as the technique of "tone clusters"—a term that undoubtedly has a more dignified and more scholarly ring than such simple, graphic synonyms as "hay-makers" and "roundhouses"—and he developed an elaborate theory on the subject, which he outlined in a book called "New Musical Resources." If I remember rightly, "New Musical Resources" depicted the history of musical technique as a steady, if groping, progress toward a millennium in which Mr. Cowell's tone clusters would have a prominent place. At that point, I had not been able to discern much in Mr. Cowell's music beyond a sort of demoniac frenzy, apparently aimed at the demolition of perfectly good concert grands, and I have always distrusted a composer with a theory, since, in my experience, a composer with a theory is apt to use it to conceal rather than to reveal his true personality as an artist. Later on, however, Mr. Cowell seemed to forget about his tone-cluster theory, and wrote a number of compositions in a folksy American style, which evidently revealed his soul. This soul, to my great surprise, turned out to be an innocent one, closely resembling that of Percy Grainger, though in a more disorganized form. The real Henry Cowell, divested of his theories about musical progress, was, as far as I could make out, a simple man with an ear for such conventional and homely delights as country fiddling and the tunes of the square dance.

Mr. Cowell's Eleventh Symphony, which was given its first New York hearing by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra last week in Carnegie Hall, represents a fusion of the real Mr. Cowell and the former *enfant terrible*, now somewhat mellowed by age. It is subtitled "Seven Rituals of Music," and purports to evoke, successively, emotions associated with childhood, work, love, play, mystical imagination, war, and death. This is a large order, and I must say that his

musical interpretation of most of these human events consisted mainly of acoustical, rather than strictly musical, phenomena—love and mysticism, for example, being celebrated by having the violinists slide their fingers up and down the strings, and work by a great deal of thumping on drums and gongs. When he got to the subject of play, however, he was unable to hide the real Mr. Cowell, and again I noted that he sounded very much like Percy Grainger.

Mr. Ormandy also offered his audience another New York première—that of the Passacaglia, Opus 24, by the contemporary Swiss composer Armin Schibler, whose work had been unfamiliar to me up to then. This proved to be a solid and well-built composition of considerable structural interest and some dramatic appeal, neither academic nor self-consciously fashionable in style, and it has aroused my curiosity about the rest of Mr. Schibler's output. His musical language—in this work, at least—involves a scheme of chromatic harmony at times reminiscent of Sibelius, and capable of creating and resolving emotional tension in a fairly gripping manner. The theme on which his variations are constructed starts out very much like that of Bach's famous C-Minor Passacaglia for organ, but one soon forgets the resemblance as he proceeds to embellish his theme with contrapuntal devices that show a mastery of extended musical form. On the whole, I thought it a reasonably strong and worth-while piece, and Mr. Ormandy, whose taste in contemporary music can usually be relied on, conducted it as though he believed in it.

I WAS unable to stay for the remainder of Mr. Ormandy's concert—which included what I am sure was a very fine performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto by Zino Francescatti—because I wanted to see something of the opening of the New York City Ballet's winter season at the City Center. I got there in time to witness the greater part of the program, which consisted of familiar items and gave me a lot of real pleasure. Some of this pleasure was due to the athletic brilliance of the dancers—notably Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky, who performed the principal roles in "Pas de Dix," and a bevy of only slightly lesser artists, including Allegra Kent, Melissa Hayden, Diana Adams, Patricia Wilde, and

Nicholas Magallanes, who lent a lot of verve and charm to "Divertimento No. 15." Most of the pleasure, however, came from contemplating again the extraordinary flow of ideas and the exquisite taste that George Balanchine has contributed to these two ballets. Mr. Balanchine is, to my mind, the greatest choreographer currently before the public, and his particular touch gives the work of this courageous, and financially hard-pressed, little troupe a distinction that is generally lacking in the productions of more lavishly endowed ballet organizations. He occasionally makes mistakes (they usually happen when he is seduced into sensationalism), but his finest works—and "Pas de Dix" and "Divertimento No. 15" are among them—have a purity of classic grace, a feeling for flowing line, an affection for his human materials, and a sure sense of what is and is not germane to the medium that result, time and time again, in art of the highest order. The troupe will be at the City Center for nine weeks. They should be exciting weeks for everyone interested in the ballet.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

The Resurgence of Red Allen

IT has been nearly thirty years since Red Allen, the tireless, sad-faced trumpeter, became one of the first practitioners of the instrument to move away from the blanketing influence of Louis Armstrong. Today, at the age of forty-nine, he is still an unspoiled, non-repetitive musician who, astonishingly, is still widening his style. Allen left an identifiable mark on the early work of Roy Eldridge, a trumpeter who, in turn, influenced Dizzy Gillespie, the present champion of modern jazz trumpeters. Allen's way of playing, erratic, restless, and highly lyrical, is alternately savage and soothing. Sustained legato phrases that undulate like a calming sea are linked by jumpy connective passages—full of seven-league intervals and slightly flatted notes—that may or may not land on their feet. His thin, coppery tone occasionally softens, but more often it pierces straight to the bone. Once in a while, too, he ascends wildly into the upper register or relies on technical tricks, such as a rapid, bird-like tremolo, achieved by fluttering two valves up and down, that sound more difficult than they are. At his best, Allen is one of the most eloquent of jazz musicians, past and present. His melodic feeling is governed almost completely

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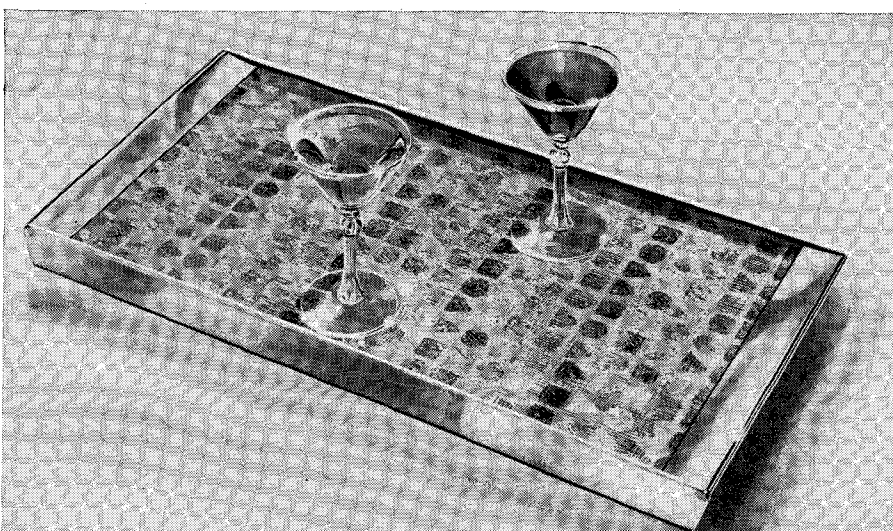


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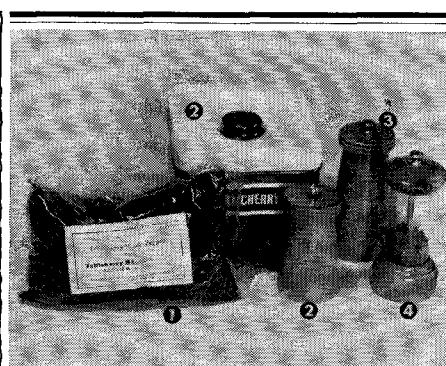
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by the blues; he infuses just about every tune with broadly played blue notes, those mysterious, melancholy sounds that are peculiar to jazz. In the past few years, a remarkable thing has happened to Allen's playing. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who tend to ignore what has come after them, he appears to have been listening to modern jazz. The unsteady, staccato blare that has characterized his work now frequently gives way to a thoughtful, more generous tone and a myriad of graceful, glancing notes that resemble nothing so much as a nervous, vigorous Miles Davis.

Allen's rejuvenation is apparent in the recent "Ride, Red, Ride in Hi-Fi" (Victor LPM-1509), which contains nine numbers. Also on hand, among others, are Buster Bailey, clarinet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; and Cozy Cole, drums. The recording, which is exasperatingly uneven, calls to mind those Bix Beiderbecke sessions in which his cornet was surrounded by some of the most dismal sounds ever uttered. The barely skeletal arrangements are climaxed a couple of times by meaningless grandstand codas, and a desperate, semi-burlesque number, "Ride, Red, Ride," is done at a flag-waving tempo full of boiling trumpet and a chorus of voices that chants the title. Both Bailey and Higginbotham are in uncertain form, and Cole, who usually combines a faultless technique with sensitive support, indulges in a door-slamming afterbeat that continually joggles the melodic flow. Nonetheless, in "Sweet Lorraine," "I've Got the World on a String," and "I Cover the Waterfront," all taken at slow speeds, Allen produces long and memorable solos, in which he alternates ceaselessly between judicious high notes and lush, booming, trombonelike phrases that match anything he has ever recorded. He does not, however, top Hawkins, who has also recently undergone a metamorphosis, abandoning the cool, precise museum of tenor-saxophonology that he had become ten years ago for a heated, angry style that suggests the work of a young, uninhibited Hawkins imitator.

"TRADITIONALISM REVISITED" (World Pacific Records PJ-1233) is a blessedly relaxed recording in which Bob Brookmeyer, a youthful and enormously adept nasal-toned valve trombonist who appears never to fluff a note, and Jimmy Giuffre, the mauve-sounding clarinetist, unpretentiously ease into their own idiom some of the



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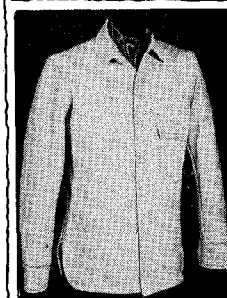
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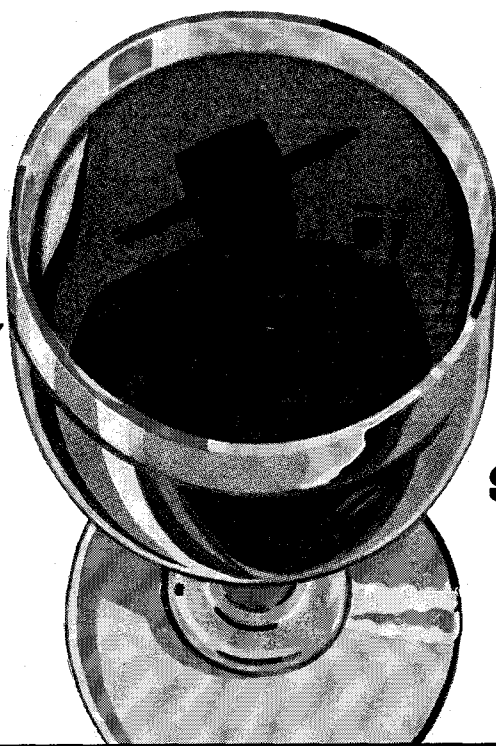
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numbers that Allen and Hawkins grew up with. (Their companions are the guitarist Jim Hall, two alternating bassists, and a drummer.) There is, though, one pleasant bit of imitation; in the opening section of "Sweet Like This," Brookmeyer and Giuffre copy, almost note for note, two solos in the original King Oliver recording. Several of the tunes are associated with other musicians—"Louisiana" with Count Basie, "Some Sweet Day" with Louis Armstrong, "Truckin'" with Fats Waller—and are successful attempts to capture, in a gentle, singing fashion, their melodic rather than their improvisatory possibilities. Thus, "Don't Be That Way" is turned into a slow, swaying number that contrasts sharply with the bustling foundry treatment usually accorded it by Benny Goodman's big band; "Sweet Like This," a plaintive blues, becomes a short, poetic idyll; "Ja-Da" is played in an oblique way, free of the stertorous bounce generally given it by Dixieland groups. In half of the eight tunes, Brookmeyer switches to the piano, which he plays like a sleepy Thelonious Monk, while Giuffre shuttles back and forth between the clarinet and the tenor and baritone saxophones. The musicians' total immersion in their materials may be responsible for an accidental resurrection; during his solo in "Honeysuckle Rose," Hall slips in some bright, chunky figures straight from the late Charlie Christian, and Brookmeyer immediately adds some irresistibly rumbling, striding left-hand Basie figures. It is precisely the sort of collaboration Basie and Christian so often unforgettably achieved on



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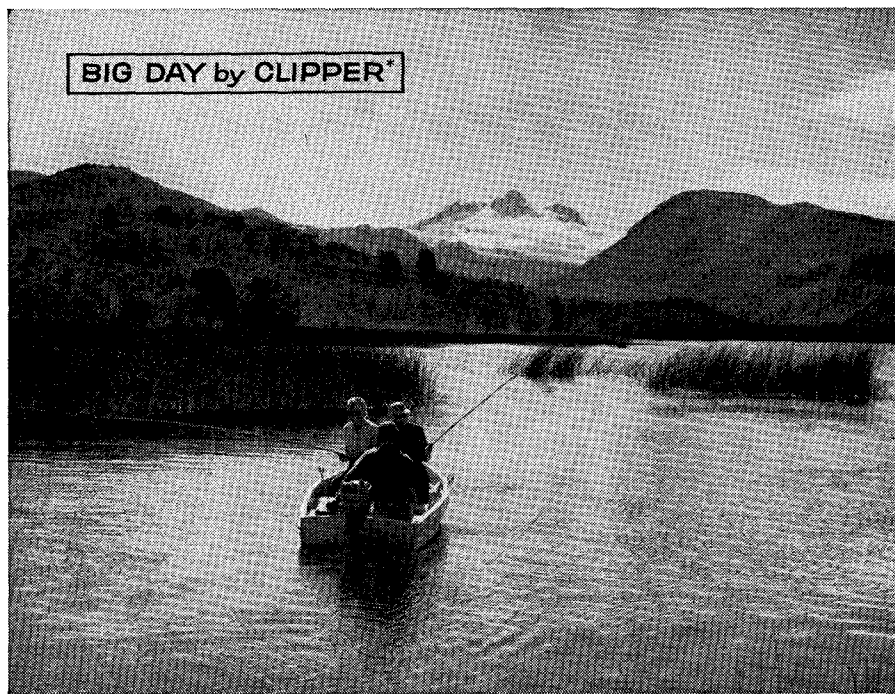


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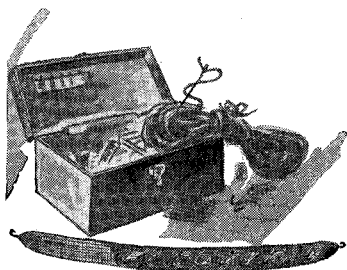
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several of the old Goodman small-band records.

VICTOR has issued a puzzling record, "Dave Garway: Some of My Favorites" (LPM-1449), on which Matt Dennis, a night-club singer, walks through four undistinguished selections, surrounding four nearly perfect numbers by a Red Norvo group that includes (in addition to the celebrated vibraphonist) Ben Webster on tenor saxophone, Harry Edison on trumpet, Jimmy Rowles on piano, and bass and drums. All of their selections are slow, suave blues, one of them a first-rate re-creation of "Just a Mood," a languorous classic first recorded in 1937 by Norvo, Harry James, Teddy Wilson, and bassist John Simmons. Webster and Rowles are unimpeachable throughout.

Columbia has indulged in further confusion with the release, under a subsidiary label, of "Metronome All-Stars" (Harmony HL-7044), which consists of nine of the historic All-Star recordings made between 1940 and 1950 by such men as Jack Teagarden, Dizzy Gillespie, Johnny Hodges, Count Basie, and Goodman. Comparison with the originals indicates that about half of the numbers are not the "takes" that were used for the original issues. Moreover, one number, "Dear Old Southland," has never been released before. Columbia has not bothered to supply any of this information.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "Principles of Economics,"
by Henry Rogers Seager, 1913]

The extent to which the general government undertook to regulate industry in England in the time of the Tudors is today hardly credible. We are so accustomed to the idea that the state should interfere as little as possible with business that the contrary system, in which regulation is relied upon usually and competition only under exceptional circumstances, is difficult to imagine. And yet this was the condition until comparatively recent times in England and in most European countries.

MONTVILLE (AP)—Firemen had a fire in a five-room house pretty well under control Sunday until a Central Vermont railroad freight train passed.

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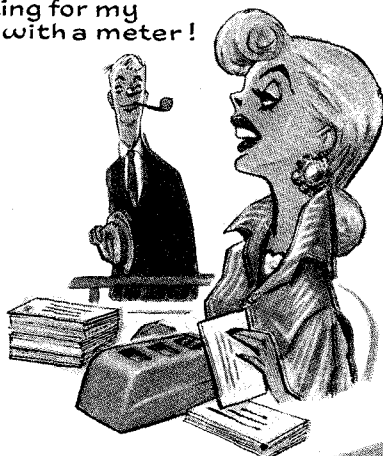
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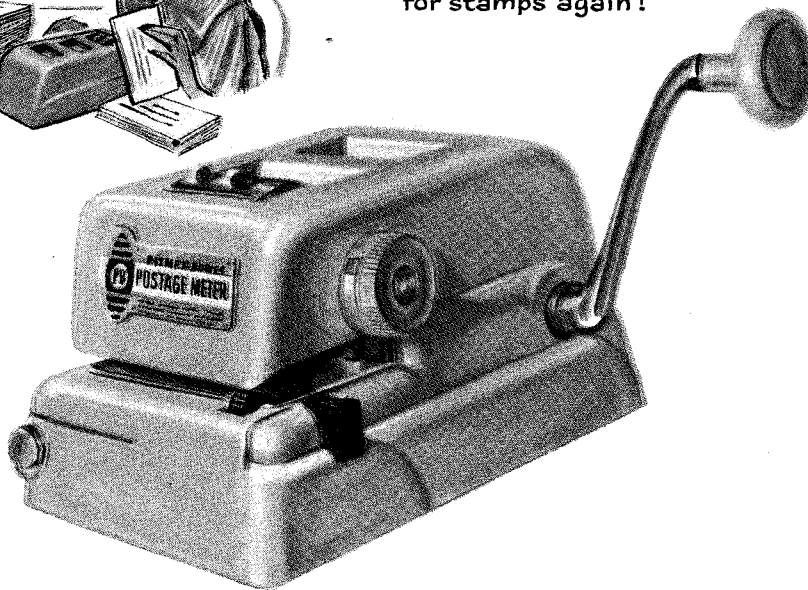
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THE EXPERT

HE boarded the morning train for Naples at Sorrento—a small Englishman with sandy hair and a nose that had peeled after too much exposure to the sun. He wore a tropical suit, and thick glasses that magnified his blue eyes until they seemed a part of the glasses themselves. His neck and the backs of his hands were covered with freckles, and as he sat down next to me, I noticed that drops of sweat glistened on his upper lip like diamonds. He looked at my luggage, saw the English labels, and said, "Hot again."

"Very hot," I replied.

There were only three other people in the carriage: a plump man with a fine Roman nose; his plumper wife, who sat placidly with her gold-ringed fingers twined in his; and an anemic boy of perhaps twelve, who seemed too thin to be their child but obviously was. The train—a single-class electric one—rattled in and out of tunnels, and presently the dry Neapolitan plain came into sight.

"You going to London?" my companion asked, staring at me.

"No, Paris," I said.

"Then we'll share part of the journey, at least," he said. "My name's Gregory. Precision Tools, Birmingham. Just been on a fortnight's jaunt around Italy. I'm due back at work day after tomorrow." He spoke in a flat Midland voice. "You travelling first or second?"

"Second," I replied.

"That's good. So am I," he said. "We shall have to get the ten-thirty-seven fast train from the Garibaldi Station, in Naples, if we're to catch the connection at Rome."

"Shall we?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "It'll

cost about three hundred and fifty lire extra fare, but it's well worth it."

"You seem to know a lot about it," I said.

"I know everything there is to know about the Continental train system," Gregory said. He did not speak boastfully; he was merely making a statement of fact as he saw it. "I've spent every holiday for the last ten years travelling on European trains." He paused, still watching me.

"I don't know too much about the trains," I said. "I generally drive, if I can."

"I wouldn't travel by road these days if you paid me," he said. "All those extra customs documents, the price of petrol sky-high, the terrible Continental drivers—Italy's road-accident rate is ten times as great, relatively, as England's—and you don't see anything of the country, or know what time you're going to get anywhere."

"What about flying?" I asked.

"Boring. No fun. Good for businessmen and invalids, that's all," said Gregory.

WE arrived at the Circumvesuviana Station in Naples about nine-thirty, and since I was evidently going to remain in Gregory's company, it seemed natural that I should let him take over the direction of our movements. "It's only five minutes' walk to the Garibaldi Station," he said, peering about the busy platform. "We shall need a porter. We could take a taxi, but with the one-way streets and the traffic confusion in this city, that would be very expensive."

"There's a porter," I said, pointing to a man who was wearing what seemed to be a porter's cap and was trying to wrest a suitcase from a traveller's hand.

"Not him," said Gregory sharply. "He's an *unofficial* porter. You've got to be very careful in Naples, and only take the official ones. Otherwise there's trouble. Believe me, I know!"

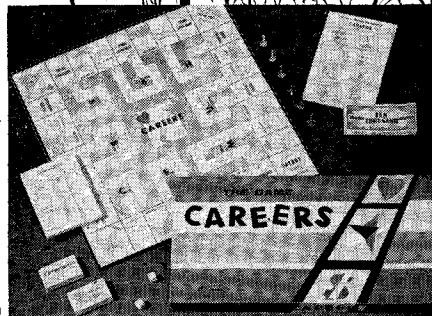
We stood where we were while a number of our less knowledgeable travelling companions disappeared from the platform with unofficial porters carrying

their bags. Soon we were the only people left. "We'd better go to the main hall," said Gregory. "We'll pick up a porter there."

The day had grown hotter. There were large patches of sweat showing under the arms of Gregory's suit as he marched down the platform, a suitcase in each hand and a mackintosh slung over one shoulder. I was less heavily burdened, having only a light travel bag with me. We had almost

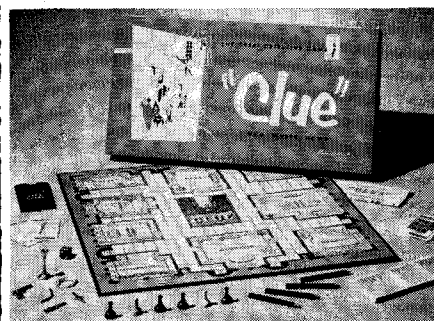


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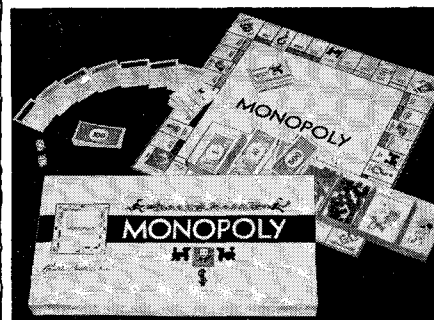
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reached the street before we found a porter whom Gregory deemed official. He was a square elderly man in a blue-gray smock and blue cap, and Gregory put his bags down and asked, in Italian, "How much to the Garibaldi Station?"

The porter looked at our luggage and at the white sunshine in the street. "One thousand lire," he said.

"Two-fifty," said Gregory.

"Eight hundred," said the porter.

"Three hundred," said Gregory.

In the end, they settled for four-fifty.

The street that led to the Garibaldi Station was short and filled with an incredible number of small-time peddlers: men carrying trays with flints for lighters carefully laid out on them, like jewels on display; boys selling second-hand American comics; girls selling tiny bunches of dried-up flowers, crucifixes, tins of boot polish, fountain-pen clips, buttons, and string. "Come on, come on!" Gregory said irritably when I stopped beside a grave-looking man with a tray of pins slung from his neck. "We mustn't let the porter out of sight, or he'll nip down one of these side streets and we'll never see him or our luggage again."

"I thought the official ones were safe," I said, walking on obediently.

"Not *that* safe," Gregory replied.

THE Garibaldi Station faces a square around which, that morning, traffic rushed without any order that I could see. Cars, trams, lorries moved indiscriminately to the right or left, and passed each other at will. There appeared to be no effective traffic lights, no policemen on duty, and no breaks in the stream of traffic. "Stick close to the porter," said Gregory. "He knows how to get through all this to the station."

The porter's system was quite simple. Hoisting our cases onto his shoulders, and thus making himself as blind as a horse in outsize blinkers, he just walked into the maelstrom, daring the traffic to hit him. Gregory and I followed him. It was breathtaking, but we reached the station safely.

At the entrance, the man put down our bags, saying that he had reached the limit of his jurisdiction and that a Garibaldi porter would now take over. He was covered with sweat, and I could not help thinking that four hundred and fifty lire was a small reward for his work in the heat, and the daring he had shown, so when

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Gregory wasn't looking, I slipped him a hundred and fifty more, and he left.

A Garibaldi porter appeared at once—a boy of not more than sixteen, with black eyes in a smooth, oval face, a straight nose, and Cupid's-bow lips, all set beneath a fine brow and curly black hair, which his unofficial porter's cap could not compress. He was wearing a blue smock, and he looked like Ganymede in uniform. "Good afternoon, sirs," he said, in a confident and rather drawling English. "I am your new porter. Where are you going, sirs?"

"London," said Gregory in a suspicious tone.

"Paris," I said.

"Then you will want the ten-fifty for Rome. It leaves from the platform immediately below the bridge, sirs."

"The ten-thirty-seven," Gregory said.

"The train will leave from the Mergellina Station of Naples at ten-thirty-seven, that is true," said the porter, "but at ten-fifty from the Garibaldi Station."

Gregory said nothing, and I guessed that the young porter was right.

"If I may make a suggestion," the boy continued, looking at Gregory, "it would be for you and this gentleman to go to the Mergellina Station, because that is the terminus station, sirs, and you will be sure of good corner seats in your train. The train only stops three minutes here, at the Garibaldi Station. There are always a lot of people and not always enough seats."

"How do we get to the Mergellina?" Gregory asked.

"By the underground," the porter said. "The Mergellina is only a few stops away, and it costs twenty-five lire for each person. I will carry your bags and show you the way."

"Sounds like a good idea," I said.

Gregory shook his head.

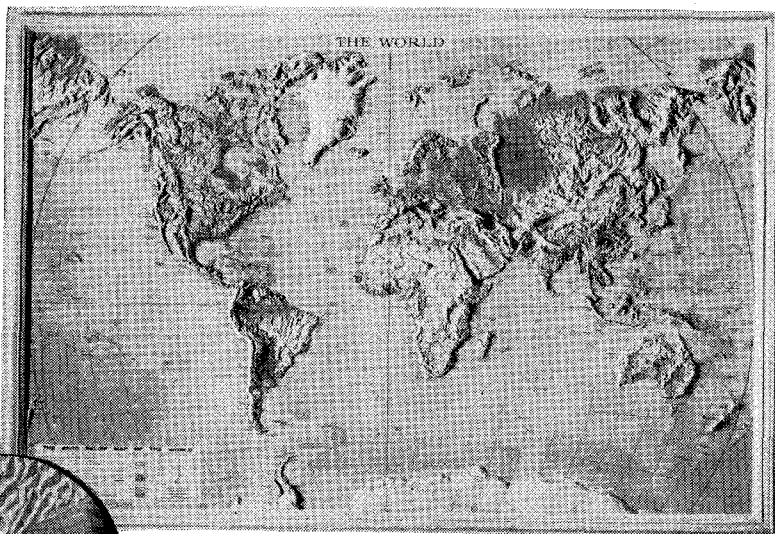
"If you will give me seventy-five lire, I will get our tickets," said the porter.

I handed the boy a hundred lire, and he ran away through the crowd toward a ticket office.

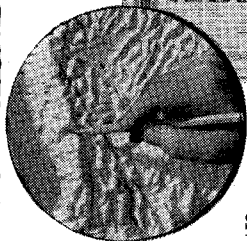
"It's madness to give Italians money like that," Gregory said. "We'll never see the boy again."

"Why not?" I said. "He'll make much more by coming back than by running away. Besides, you've got to trust *somebody*, and if you can't trust a porter, who can you trust?"

"He's an unofficial one," Gregory said. "He hasn't got a proper cap badge on his cap. I don't trust these Neapoli-



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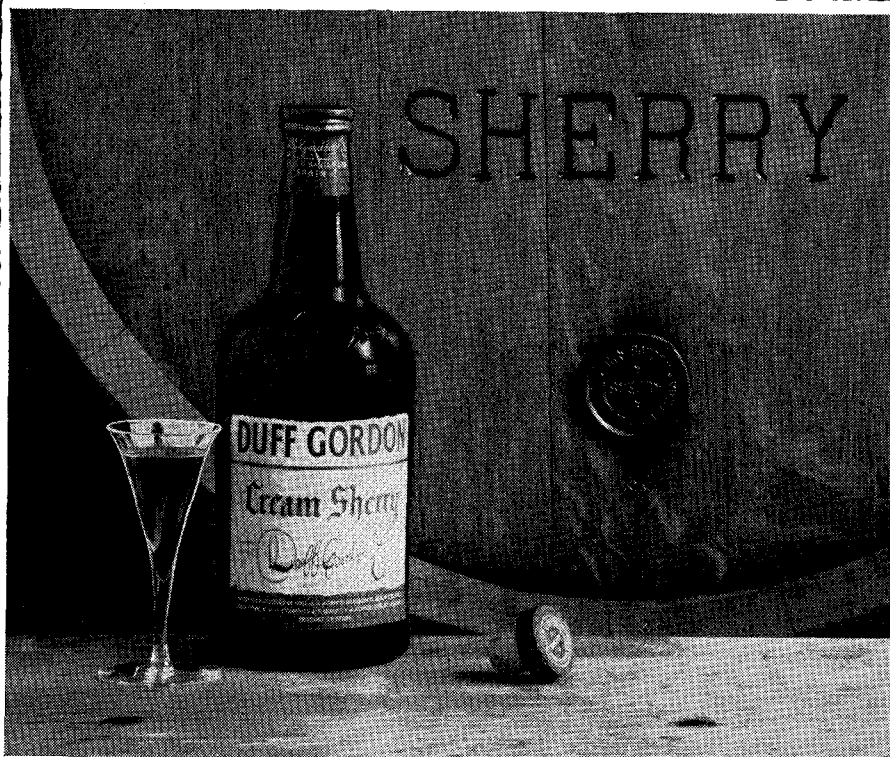
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COFFIN

tan boys. They have the worst reputation in Italy."

"I know," I said. "But this one may be the exception. Here he comes, at all events."

THE boy returned, tickets in hand, and picked up our bags. "This way, sirs," he said.

"We haven't settled a price yet," said Gregory.

"The train is coming," said the porter, starting toward the steps to the underground. "We must hurry."

We followed him, and got on the train. It was full of small brown boys with dark eyes and curly hair, who looked like younger brothers of our porter. There were no empty seats. Gregory stood in a peculiar pose, rather like a girl who has dipped one toe into cold water and doesn't like it; he had doubled up a little and had clasped both arms across himself.

"Have you got a stomach ache?" I asked.

"No, but with these kids around you can't be too careful," he said. "I'm just making sure they don't get at my wallet."

Most of the boys got out at the stop before ours, and Gregory relaxed. When we reached the Mergellina Station, he whispered to me that he would get the supplementary tickets for the fast train to Rome while I kept an eye on the boy.

He vanished, and the porter and I waited by the entrance gate. From where we stood, I could see a very old gentleman, on one of the station platforms, carrying a bunch of red roses done up in cellophane and scanning the people coming off another train. Through the doors of a buffet, I saw two girls sitting at a table, their luggage around them like the ramparts of a city; they were reading illustrated papers, while several men prowled about them, watching thoughtfully. The sky, outside the windows, was now a burning white.

"Your friend does not like Italy," the porter said.

"He isn't my friend," I said. "I just met him on the train."

"Ah!" His eyes lit up, his face became animated with pleasure, as if we now shared a great secret.

"He is a very fine man," I said loyally. "He is a precision-tool manufacturer from Birmingham."

This was too much for the boy's grasp of English, and he looked at me uncomprehendingly.

"An artisan," I said. "Like an artisan

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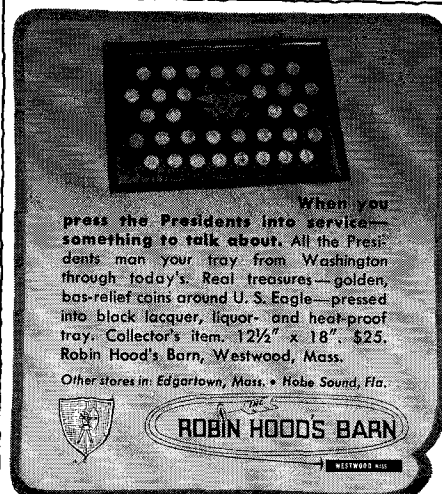
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of Florence." I wondered why I had said Florence, for anything less Florentine than Mr. Gregory was hard to imagine.

"Ah, Firenze!" said the boy, and there was a note of respect in his voice. "I am from Naples."

"Tell me, how long have you been a porter?" I asked.

"Ten years," said the boy. "Since I was six—but, of course, not always at the Garibaldi. First on the quay, and then on the street, except for a year when I was houseboy to an American family. That's how I learned to speak English."

Gregory returned with the supplementary tickets, and presently the Rome express came in. The porter took us to it, found us comfortable corner seats, stacked our luggage on the rack, and then held out his hand. Gregory offered him five hundred lire.

The boy shook his head gently and reprovingly. "That is not enough for all the work, sirs," he said.

"How much?" asked Gregory.

"A thousand."

"Robbery," said Gregory.

"A fair wage, sir."

"You must stay with us until the train leaves, then," said Gregory. "We've got nearly an hour to wait, and we may need you to run errands."

"Very good, sir."

"Wait on the platform," Gregory said.

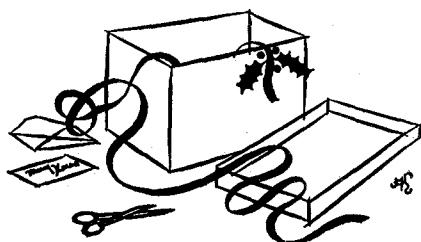
"Very good, sir," said the boy.

When he had gone outside to wait on the platform, Gregory sat down. "A thousand lire for a porter! Have you ever heard of such a thing?" he said.

"It's not all that much," I said, "and we're keeping him most of the morning."

"You're the sort of tourist who spoils the market," said Gregory. "I'm going to have a look at the timetables."

He got off the train and went to the head of the track, where there was a composition board showing the destination of each carriage of the various trains leaving from Naples. The boy, who was leaning against a pillar, watched him with calm amusement. He seemed to hold no resentment against Gregory, and I thought that



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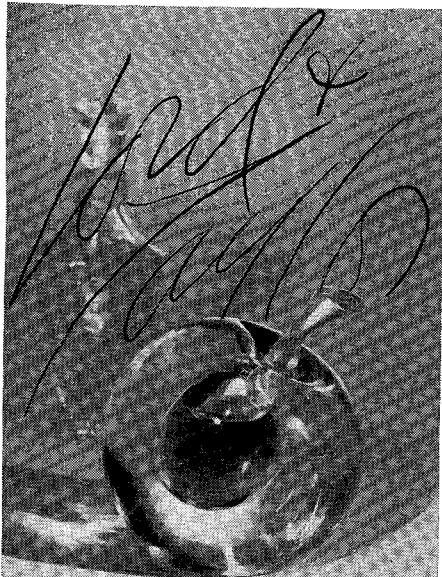
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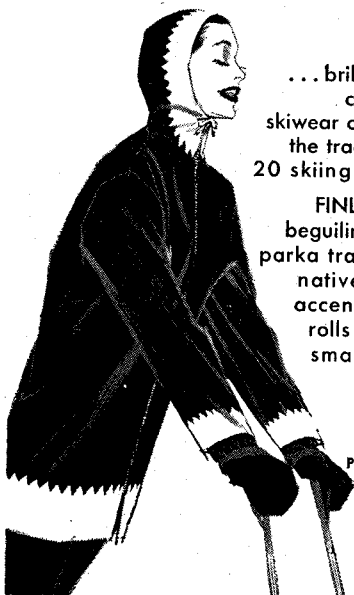
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probably Gregory was right. I was the sort of tourist who spoiled the market.

GREGORY came back presently with a railway official in a red cap. "We're on the wrong train," Gregory said, almost triumphantly. "I knew we couldn't trust that boy!"

The man in the red cap, who looked, spoke, and acted like a general, began to explain. From him and from Gregory I gathered that what we should do was to catch the twelve-twelve through train to Turin. "If we stay on this train, and go to Rome, we'll just have to wait there an hour and a half until the Turin train catches up with us. By that time, it will be full and we shan't get a seat."

"Is the Turin train in your timetable?" I asked.

"It's a new one," said Gregory. "Come on—let's get out of this train before she starts."

I was comfortable where I was, and didn't much like the idea of leaving. However, there was little I could do in the face of Gregory and the man with the red cap. I took down my case, and Gregory pulled down his two. "Where's the boy?" I asked.

"I paid him off," said Gregory. "We don't want him hanging about, with his wrong trains and his expensive ideas."

We went into the railway buffet and ordered an iced Peroni beer each. The train for Rome pulled out. Later, I strolled around the station for a few minutes. The two girls were still reading behind their ramparts; the old gentleman with the roses was still meeting the trains as they came in.

THE twelve-twelve, like the ten-thirty-seven, was a train made up of carriages bound for various destinations, and we got into the one for Turin. It was very hot now, and most of the blinds had been pulled down to keep out the sun. Gregory's manner changed as soon as we set off. His fretfulness and irritability left him. He became expansive and jovial. He told me facts about the route we were travelling and the towns we passed through. He seemed to be in harmony with the noise and rattle of the train. We reached Turin at midnight. "Now for our connection," he said as we got off the train. He found an official porter. There was no connection.

"No connection?" Gregory repeated the porter's words in the tone he might have used if the man had announced the end of the world.

"Not tonight," said the porter. "The

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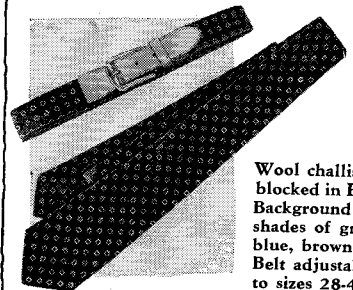
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Paris train left about an hour ago. You should have come on the Rome train if you wanted to catch it."

"When is the next train for Paris?" Gregory asked.

"Ten-eleven tomorrow morning," said the porter.

"That's impossible!" Gregory cried. "I'll never get to Birmingham in time! I shall be late to work!"

He turned and stared at me. I felt very sorry for him. His face seemed to have slipped sideways. His mouth hung open, and there were tears in his eyes. "This has never happened to me before. I've never been late for work in my life. I don't know how I shall live it down."

"There's nothing we can do about it tonight except find a hotel and go to bed," I said.

"I've never missed a train in my life before," he said incredulously.

"Well, you have now," I said. I didn't want to say that it was all his fault. "Look on the bright side," I went on. "We'll have a comfortable night's rest, and then an easy run to Paris. We'll cross the Alps by day. That'll be pleasant."

"But you don't seem to understand," he said. "It's a question of honor."

WE found two comfortable rooms in a hotel near the station. The next morning, I awoke at eight, and as soon as I had had breakfast, I went to the station and inquired about means of getting to London. The ten-eleven would get us to Paris at nine-fifty-four at night—just too late for Gregory to make the night train for London.

I went back to the hotel, and found Gregory sitting in the lobby. He couldn't have slept at all, for his eyes were ringed with black, his body sagged, and his skin showed green beneath the sunburn. He seemed to have gone into a decline, and to be quite willing for me to take over all arrangements.

"We get to Paris at 9:54 P.M.," I said. "You'll be able to fly from there to London. You'll be in time for work after all."

He seemed not to hear.

"Have you had breakfast?" I asked.

He nodded, but I had the feeling that he probably had not.

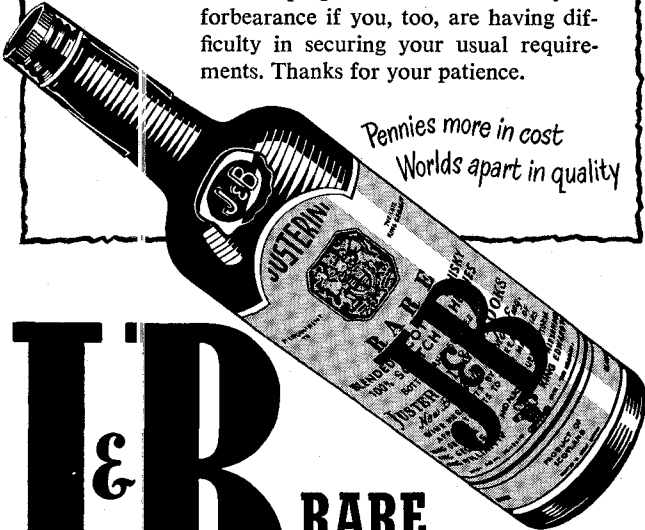
We paid our bills, and went to the station. Even the sight of the train, when it came, did not cheer him. I got into a compartment, and he followed, and settled in a corner seat and pulled down the blind.

Later, we had lunch in the restaurant

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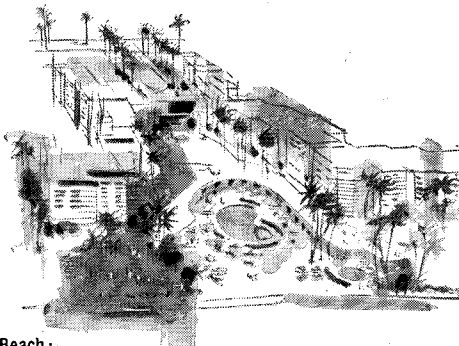
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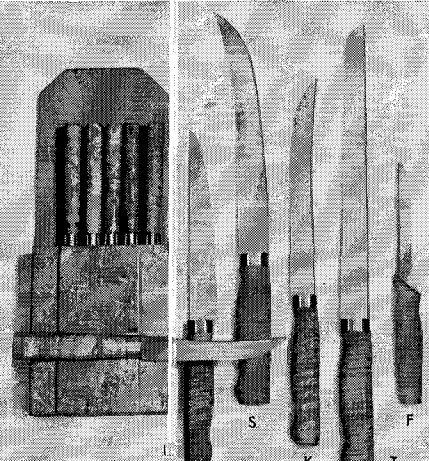


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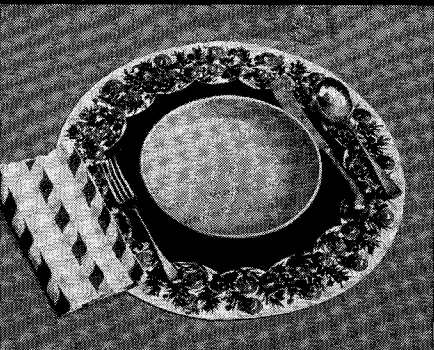
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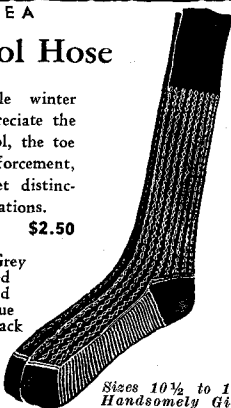
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car, but except for that interval he remained hunched up in silence in his corner all the way to Paris. Even Paris itself, with lights twinkling, could not stir him. I began to be worried about him. "What are you going to do?" I asked as we stood on the platform at the Gare de Lyon. "Fly?"

"No," he said in a low voice, not looking at me. "I never do. I told you that. As a matter of fact, I can't. I get airsick. I'll catch the early train for London from the Gare du Nord. It will mean changing to first class, but I'll be in London by two-five. I'll ring the office and tell them..." His words trailed off as he wondered what he would tell them. "I'll think of something in the train. I'll be in Birmingham by tomorrow evening."

"What about tonight?" I said. "Why don't you come and stay at my hotel? I know a lot of people here. We'll make it a night out in Paris."

"That's very kind of you—very kind indeed," he said. "Under any other circumstances, I would accept your invitation with pleasure, but"—his voice faltered for a moment—"I'll make my way to the Gare du Nord and doss down there, if you don't mind. I want to be sure of catching my train in the morning."

"Just as you like," I said.

He picked up his bags, and tried to smile. "It's been nice meeting you," he said. "I'm sorry I made you miss your train. If we ever meet again, which is unlikely, I would be grateful if you did not mention this episode." He gave me a quick, questioning glance.

"I won't," I said. "It wasn't your fault."

"Yes, it was," he replied forlornly. "If I hadn't let that unofficial porter take us to the Mergellina, we wouldn't have been put on the wrong train."

He gave me the hard look of a man who has, at great cost, been proved right, and then took up his bags and walked sadly down the platform.

—JOHN WATNEY

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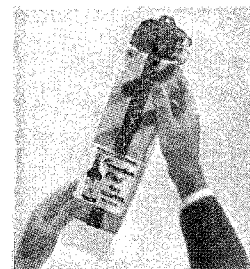
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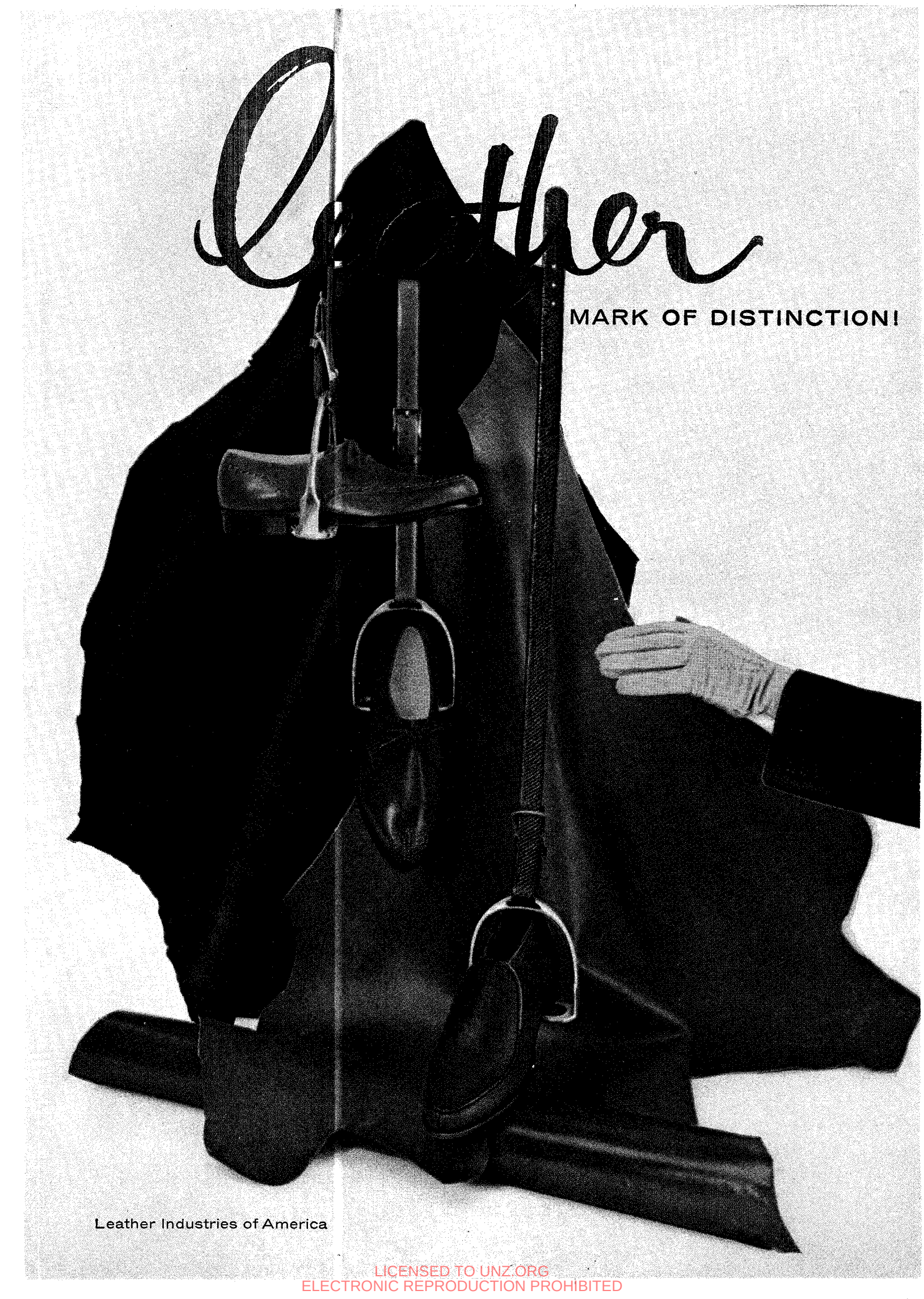
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THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Annual



AS has been the case the last two or three years, the new Whitney Annual is a double-barrelled affair, with paintings and sculpture combined in one showing. This time, though, it has been streamlined still further, for the usual section of drawings and other black-and-whites has been omitted. I'm not sure that this is an entirely sound idea. The graphics section, admittedly, was always a poor relation of the others, serving mainly as a sort of background for the sculpture showing. But it had its adherents as well as its devoted practitioners, and it seems hardly to deserve so summary a dismissal. The current showing is big enough without it, in any case. A hundred and eighty-six items are included, forty-three of which are sculptures, and though this is not the largest Annual (last year's ran to a hundred and ninety-two items, and 1955's was a whopping two hundred and six), it is still a sizable undertaking.

It is also a truly exciting exhibition. To be sure, it leans even more heavily than in the past toward the modernist—to the point where a number of our contemporary naturalistic artists, and some important ones, are not included—and the selection seems fairly arbitrary. Thus, Peggy Bacon is there, with a charming little suburban night scene called "The Moles," as are Adolf Dehn, Charles Sheeler (a cool, neatly articulated blue-and-white study of a mission church, "California"), Charles Burchfield, and Georgia O'Keeffe. But such onetime Whitney standbys as Louis Bouché, Arnold Blanch, Ralston Crawford, Henry Mattson, and even Edward Hopper have vanished, and it begins to look as if we'll have to turn to the National Academy annuals if we want to get any idea at all of what is going on in more traditional circles.

On the whole, the artists at the other end of the artistic spectrum, the Abstract Expressionists, dominate the show, in both number and size as well as in the stridency of their entries, and perhaps largely because of their numerical superiority, one finds in their group some of the best, as well as some of the worst, painting in the collection. Possibly, too, the school is sorting itself out from its rather inchoate beginnings,

and the artists of commanding talent are now acquiring more authoritative and more personal styles. There are also, as in any annual exhibition, the accidents of selection to be considered, not to mention the equally pertinent matter of whether the artist in question happened to have a good year. James Brooks is an interesting painter, but I found his entry for this year, a huge thing called "Boon," little more than an exercise in turgidity. To get rid of the more melancholy part of my report quickly, I felt pretty much the same about Michael Goldberg's overly large, confused "Still-Life" and Joan Mitchell's "George Swimming at Barnes Hole but It Got Too Cold" (there's a good straightforward title for you, but where is George?), while as for Milton Resnick's "Alice" and Richard Pousette-Dart's "White Gothic, Number 3," the one is cloudily diffuse and the other pretentiously so. Yet Grace Hartigan's "Montauk Highway," with its powerfully rhythmic movement and flashing greens, is admirable, as are Franz Kline's massively calligraphic "Sabro" and John Levee's "July III, 1957," the latter done in thick, slablike slashes of blue and white pigment. Robert Goodnough's "Seated Figure with Red," with its pyramidal, interlacing construction, is attractive, too, and I also admired Hans Hofmann's spirited "Capriccioso" and Enrico Donati's more sombre but beautifully textured "Gore et Mandra."

The remaining sections of the show, though heavily outnumbered, contain their full share of really excellent paintings. The Surrealists seem to have faltered a bit, and about the only item I really liked in their category was Kay Sage's charming, poetic "Suspension Bridge for the Swallows"—the others, although technically impeccable, being either too mannered, like George Tooker's "Waiting Room," or, like Jules Kirschenbaum's "The Happy Dead Man," too portentous. The non-objectivists come through more successfully (for instance, Josef Albers' handsome "Homage to the Square: Yellow Resonance," Fritz Glarner's "Relational Painting, Tondo 44," and Ilya Bolotowsky's adroitly planned "Winter Diamond"). But the main emphasis is on the kind of work—to which American artists have always seemed to turn with greatest confidence—in which the movement toward abstraction rarely goes much farther



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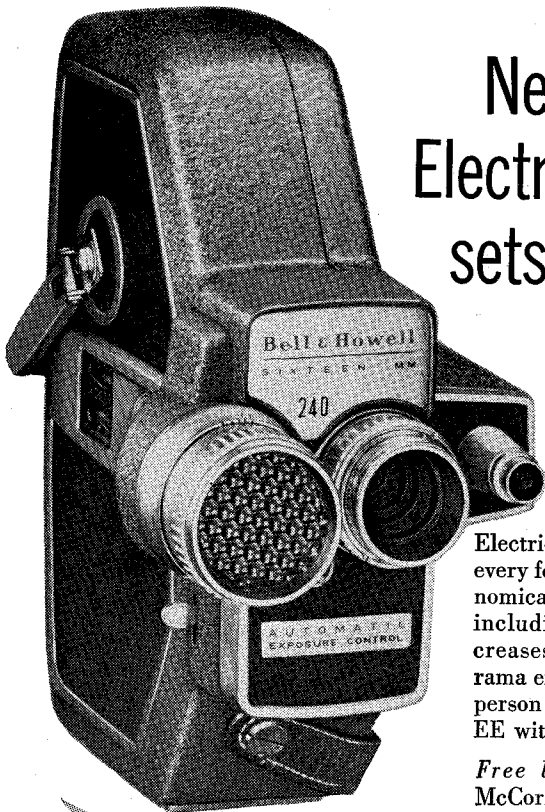
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than a certain distortion of the primary image, either for compositional purposes or for the enhancement of dramatic values. Paintings in this category range from Gregorio Prestopino's starkly simplified "Subway" to John Hultberg's grave gray interior called "Study," but far apart as they seem superficially, they are alike in that a reference to the figurative, and hence an opportunity for philosophic commentary, is always present. In this broad group I liked especially William Kienbusch's quick but authoritative "Fog, Pine and Ruins," Hedda Sterne's glowing "New York 1, 1957," Edward Laning's enigmatic "Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co.," and Herbert Katzman's sweeping, Expressionist "New York Seen from Weehawken." William Palmer's "Night Over Buffalo" is nice, too, and there are stunning performances by Philip Evergood (his brilliant "Snug Harbor") and Jack Levine (the tender "Susanna as a Charro").

The sculpture section, although painfully small, is extremely well selected. Curiously—and this really, if only momentarily, reverses one of our current trends—there is very little welded sculpture. David Hare's handsome, heraldic "Head of an Animal," Theodore Roszak's sensuous "Summer Forms," and Barbara Lekberg's marvellously posed "Discovery" are among the few I recall, and these are just about balanced by such more traditional pieces as Dorothea Greenbaum's gentle study of two linked faces, "Sun and Moon," Oronzio Maldarelli's graceful "East Indian Dancer," and William Zorach's calm, smooth "Sleep." Polygnotos Vagis has a fine piece, too, called "Moon," and typical of this too little recognized artist in the easy mastery of its materials and the deceptive simplicity of its modelling. But most of the work, again, lies in that broad middle ground between representation and pure symbolic abstraction. In this group are a number of excellent pieces, among them Seymour Lipton's "Dragon Bloom" and Day Schnabel's "Core" (both based on organic forms), Jacques Lipchitz's big and rhythmic "Hagar," and—best of all—Milton Hebdal's beautifully balanced study of a woman and a child called "Harvest."

—ROBERT M. COATES

MEN SUIT WOMEN BEST,
SAYS MANUFACTURER

—Headline in the Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.

By and large, yes.

BOOKS

Talent, Genius, and Unhappiness

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON's life of Sainte-Beuve ("Sainte-Beuve," published by Doubleday) and Mr. David Magarshack's life of Gogol ("Gogol: A Life," published by the Grove Press) are excellent examples of the two ways in which biography, like history, can be written. One says, as it were, "There was a man called Sainte-Beuve in whom I am interested. Let me tell you about him in the hope that you will find him as interesting as I do." The other says, "If you are curious about Gogol, the documented facts about his life are these." Each approach has, of course, its dangers. The impersonal biographer is at the mercy of his subject; there are very few people in whose lives there are no dull patches, so when his hero strikes one, his biography must become dull, for he is forbidden to enliven it with amusing digressions of his own. On the other hand, provided his sentences are clear and grammatical, he can be criticized only on points of scholarship; as long as he has not overlooked a significant document or mistranslated one, he is immune. The personal-portrait painter is much more exposed. He must be continually entertaining about his hero, and both his style and his judgments are always open to criticism. Moreover, while he must never be caught out on a point of scholarship, he must not parade his learning; it is for him, not for his reader, to select from his mass of material what is essential and revealing.

Sir Harold Nicolson's forte has always been the comic and slightly malicious, whether it be asides:

If he succeed [in becoming an Academician], he may withdraw into self-satisfaction, becoming obese, unproductive and proud.

quoted remarks:

"She had a great soul," he wrote of her in his notebook, "and a perfectly enormous bottom."

or grotesque anecdotes:

His material circumstances also underwent a change. In June of that year Louise Colet, the exacting, irrational, and most pathetic mistress of Victor Cousin and Flaubert, had been libelled in the *Guêpes* by Alphonse Karr. She decided to take revenge. She called at Karr's flat; when

he opened the door to her and turned to lead the way to the sitting room, she stabbed him in the back with a kitchen knife. Victor Cousin, who was at the time Minister of Education, feared a scandal would result and appealed to Sainte-Beuve to persuade Alphonse Karr to take the assault quietly. Sainte-Beuve's mission was successful and Karr contented himself by having the knife enclosed in a glass case with the inscription "Received from Louise Colet—in the back." As a reward for this service, as Karr maliciously contended, Victor Cousin appointed Sainte-Beuve Assistant Librarian at the Mazarine Library with a flat in the Institute Building and a salary of 4,000 francs a year.

In the end her [Jenny Delval's] infidelity became intolerable and he turned her out of his house. . . . She was succeeded for a while by Céline Debaube, known as "La Manchotte," since she had lost one of her hands. She was so rude to his visitors that

she was kept downstairs. In the end, she also was sent back to the streets.

Sir Harold is less at his ease when he attempts the "beautiful" or the serious.

I agree with him that "Port-Royal" is a wonderful book, but his concluding sentence on this work would never make me think so:

When they read Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal," they will enter upon a new world, become intimate with strange dissimilar minds and characters, discover that the irrational may be rendered a fascinating rather than an irritating mystery, linger in cool white corridors, or observe how in the grey hour before the dawn the sound of bells tolling will hush the chatter of the frogs.

His writing "I" is the tolerant, slightly cynical man of the world whom nothing shocks; when, therefore, he is



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morally shocked, as he is by Sainte-Beuve's sexual habits, he has no language of his own; a phrase like "his dark indulgence" is pure *journalèse*.

In describing Sainte-Beuve's relation to the political life of his time, Sir Harold has the advantage of having, unlike most English men of letters, enjoyed a wide experience of public and political life. As one of them, he knows that

It has always been a characteristic of intellectuals that, while they dislike authority, they like order. What they enjoy is being able to exercise their wits and discharge their grievances from a firm basis of established liberty. . . . If he [Sainte-Beuve] possessed any political convictions it was the conviction that under any system the intellectual must have the right, and be accorded the opportunity, to proclaim that the authorities are invariably evil, stupid, and wrong.

As a man who has held authority, Nicolson knows how emotional, uninformed, and oversimplified the criticism of intellectuals is apt to be. In consequence, he can show an understanding compassion for Sainte-Beuve's support of Napoleon III, not because he thinks Sainte-Beuve was right in his advocacy of the Second Empire and Victor Cousin wrong in opposing it, but because he knows that the political opinions and behavior of intellectuals are seldom to be taken seriously.

Neither by temperament nor by upbringing is Nicolson well equipped to understand theological and ecclesiastical matters. He admits that the doctrine of Grace bores him, and his chapter on Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal" and the contest between the Jansenists and the Jesuits over the monastery from which the book takes its name reads like an essay written by an intelligent undergraduate for his tutor. He has dutifully read up on his material, but it has not become alive for him. Thus Pascal, who in his "Lettres Provinciales" bitterly assailed the Jesuits, would be surprised, surely, to hear that, according to Nicolson, he "had broken the harsh tyranny of scholasticism" and demonstrated "that ethics fundamentally derive, not from doctrinal prohibitions, but from the natural promptings of the mind and heart." The remark of the religious historian Abbé Bremond, quoted by Sir Harold, that the story of "Port-Royal" is "the story of a conversion that failed" seems to me just; that is to say, Sainte-Beuve, who was on the side of the Jansenists, may well have begun his studies of Jansenism with the hope that he would find a faith in the process, but Sir Harold's contention that Sainte-Beuve did not finally lose



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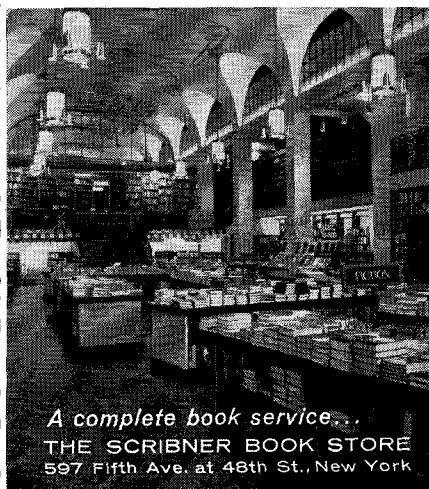


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his faith until 1848, some years before the completion of "Port-Royal," seems to me highly doubtful; I can find no evidence in anything we are told about him to suggest that he ever had any. To see the losing struggle of the Jansenists against the Jesuits, as both Sainte-Beuve and his biographer see it, in terms only of human character and political interests makes the story of "Port-Royal" merely pathetic—the defeat of the unworldly by the worldly. If they are to be considered solely as human beings, there can be no comparison between the saintly Dr. Hamon, who spent the last thirty-seven years of his life in the monastery, and the horrible Père Tellier, the Jesuit who, as a confessor of Louis XIV, helped persuade him to order the destruction of Port-Royal—a situation so unforgettably described by the Duc de Saint-Simon in his memoirs. But the tragedy of Port-Royal is that, despite the personal characters, the motives, and the methods of the Jesuits, their victory was in the long run a victory for Christian charity and humility. It was the Jansenists, not their opponents, who believed that salvation outside the Church was impossible, and the consequences of Pascal's views on sin have been admirably summed up in "The Descent of the Dove," by Mr. Charles Williams:

He giped at the Fathers of the Society [the Jesuits] for having said that a servant did not sin if he made his wages up to the market value of his services by stealing from his master. It is indeed a scandalous doctrine; it seems to permit theft. Only by chance does it occur to one that Pascal is coming near to damning, on his own showing, any underpaid servant girl who pockets a penny her mistress has left about. Perhaps he did not intend it, but here at least one can follow him to a single rule: if the servant girl is excusable, then the Jesuits were technically right; if Pascal is right, then she is (except by repentance) damned. The Apostolic Church, by and large, and despite the saints, has always known better.

In writing his book, Sir Harold has been prompted by two aims—to paint the portrait of a complicated, talented, unhappy, and not very pleasant man, and to defend a certain kind of literary criticism that in recent years has fallen into disrepute. It is not Sainte-Beuve's literary reputation alone that he wishes to save; it is also the reputations of such English critics as Edmund Gosse and George Saintsbury.

If we allow ourselves to despise Sainte-Beuve as a person, we shall end by despising him as a writer. This would be an unrewarding approach.

If this were true, then his attempt to vindicate the writer would fail, for

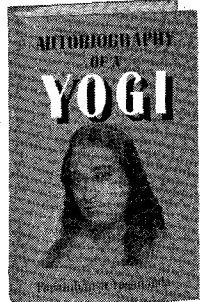
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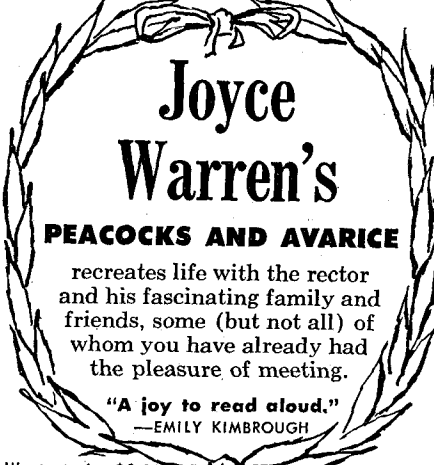
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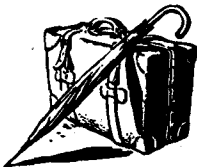


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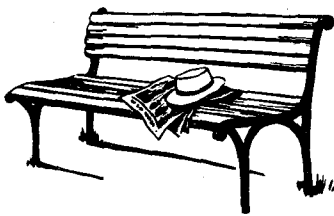
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nothing he tells about the man can convince either us or himself that he deserves more than pity.

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In a fairy tale, such an unprepossessing exterior might have hidden a beautiful soul, kind to all and cherishing a lifelong and never disclosed devotion to a beautiful princess. In real life, there was no such paradox. Sainte-Beuve was as lecherous as a monkey and, as a friend, envious and disloyal. One would like to hear what a woman would have to say about his affair with Mme. Hugo, for to any man it is incomprehensible. Dissatisfied wives have often been unfaithful with friends of their husbands, but when the husband is Victor Hugo, who, whatever his faults, was a magnificent male animal and a genius, and the friend is Sainte-Beuve, the masculine imagination boggles. Yet the liaison lasted for a full five years and Mme. Hugo seems to have been genuinely in love with him. This did not prevent his printing and distributing copies of compromising poems about her or writing in his notebook, "I loathe her! No longer has she any heart and she never had any brains." One is not surprised to learn that when he was asked if he had ever truly loved a woman, his reply was "That is a box which I never open." As for men, though he was never without friends, he rarely managed to keep one for long. In all fairness, one must add that the situation of a critic and reviewer is not easy. Many of those he knows best are writers, and whether they consciously cultivate his friendship for that purpose or are truly fond of him, all of them expect him to give favorable notices of their books. Sainte-Beuve was not the first or the last critic to say one thing about an author in a signed review and another, his true opinion, in an anonymous article or in private; it is not very

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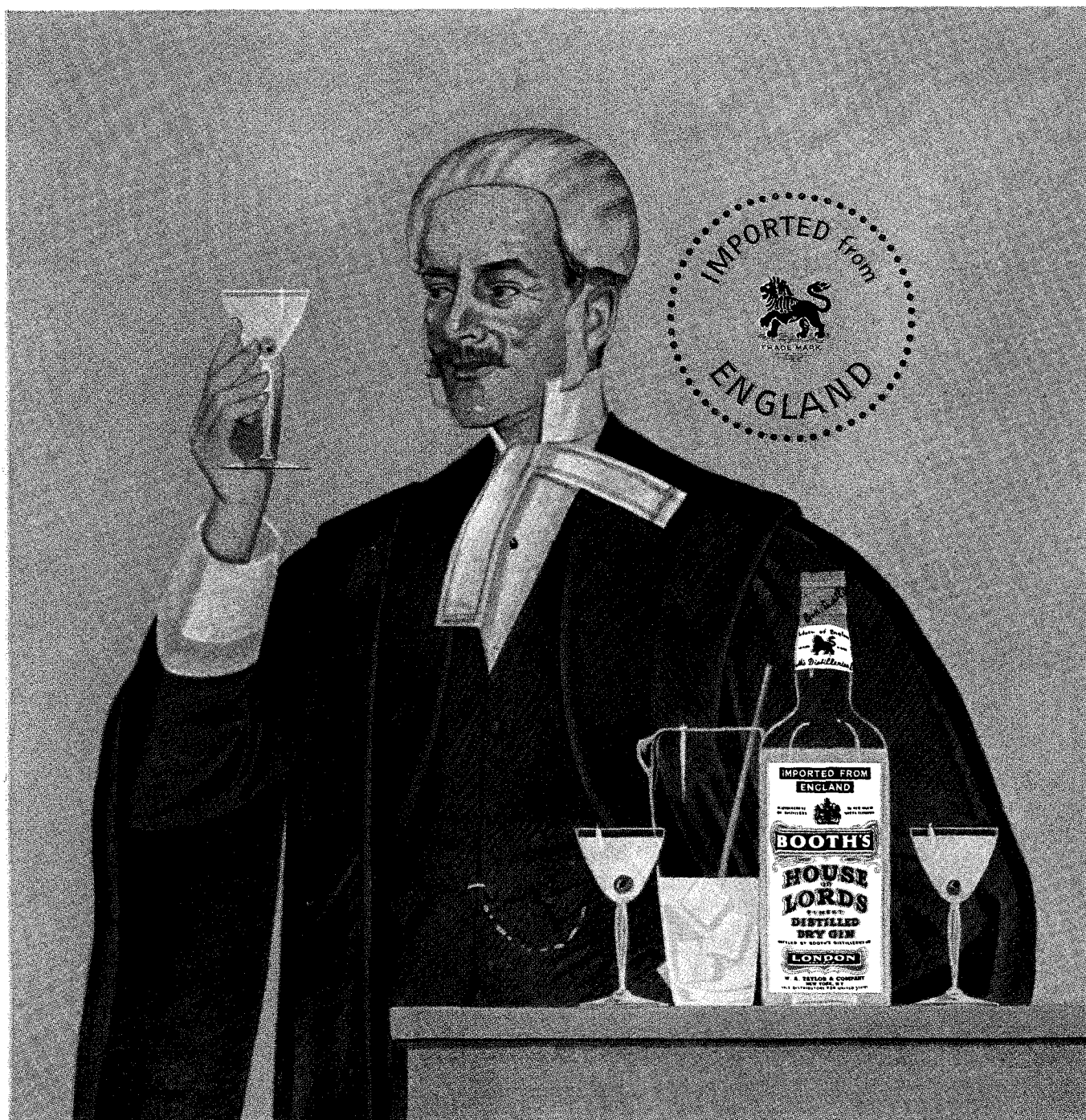
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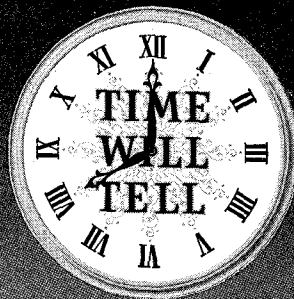
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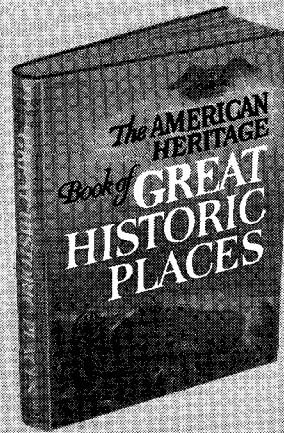
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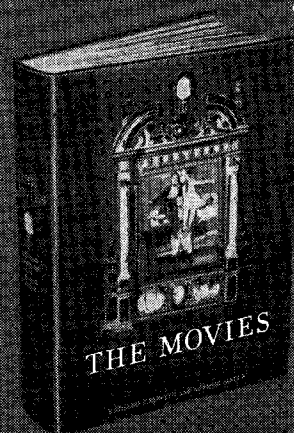
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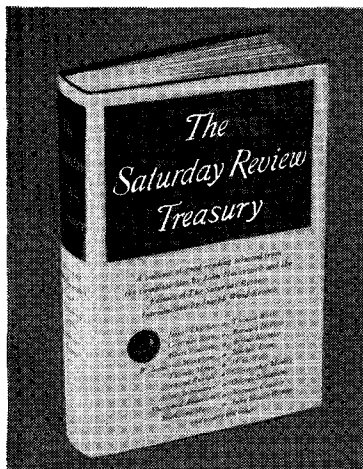
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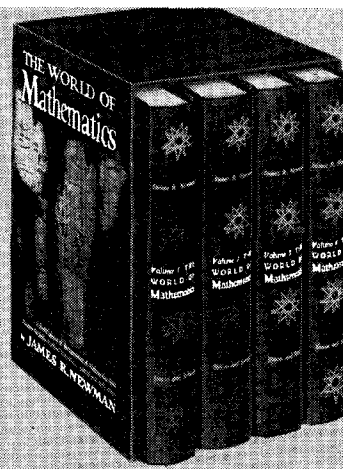
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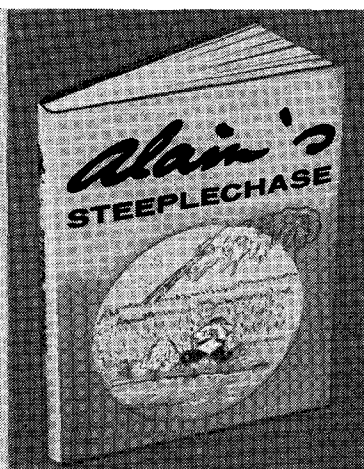
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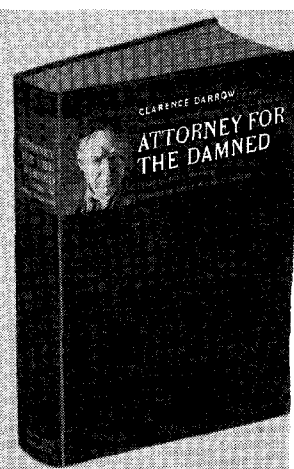
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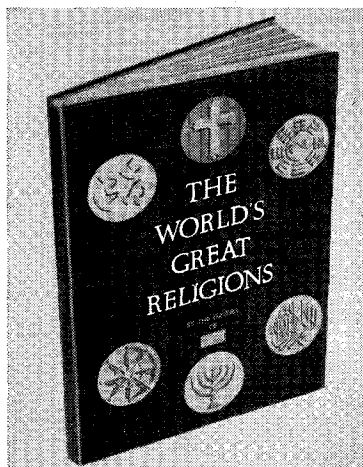
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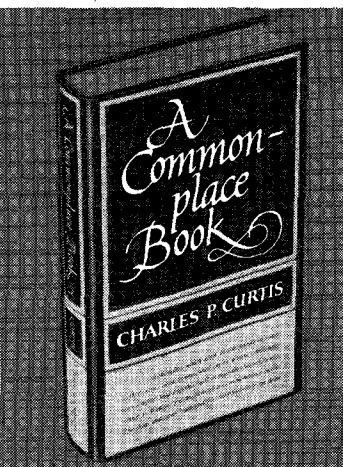
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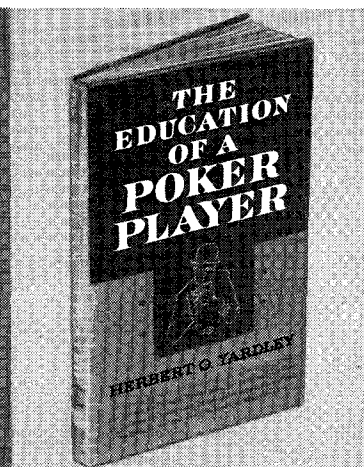
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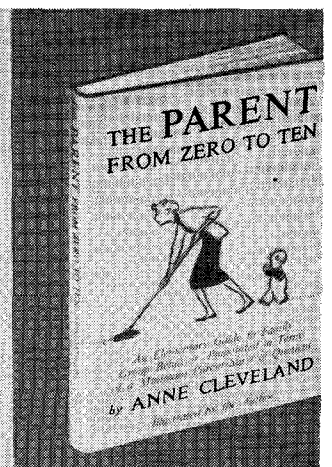
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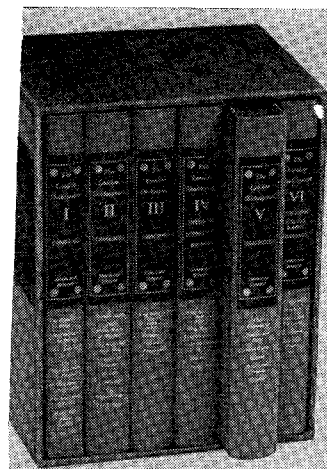
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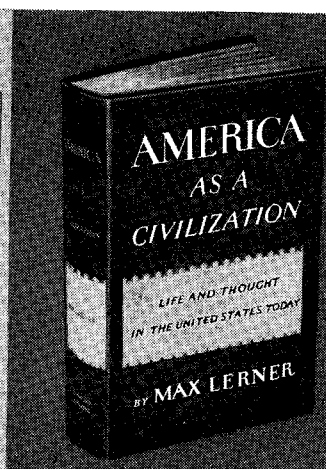
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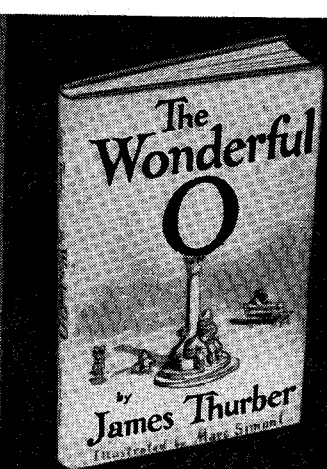
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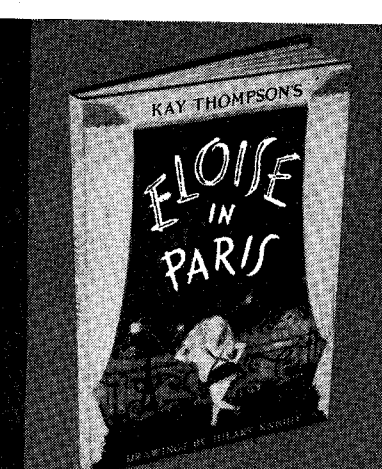
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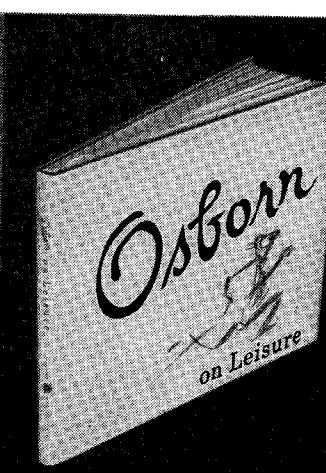
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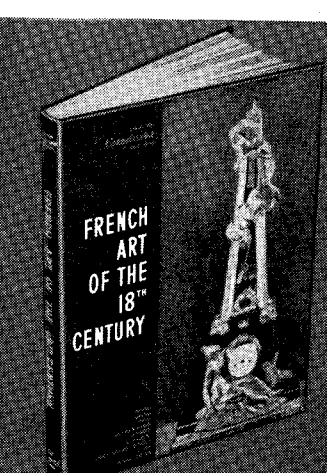
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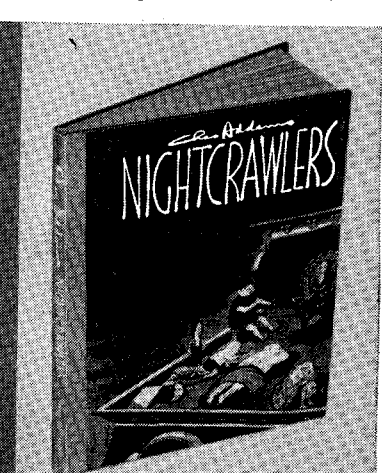
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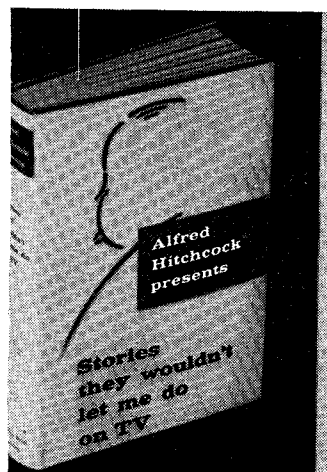
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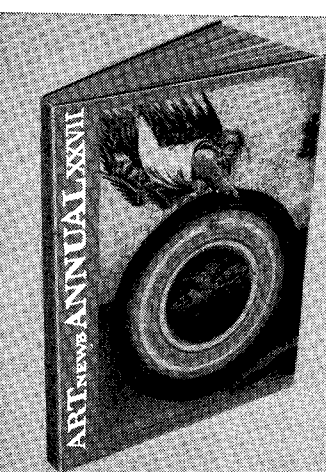
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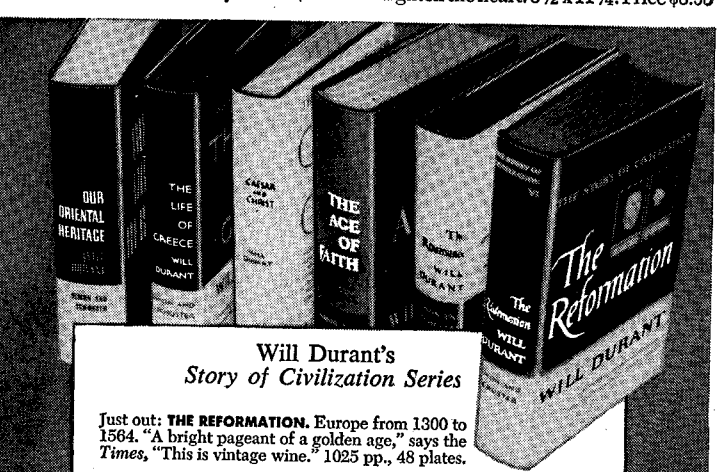
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would occupy his whole time from Tuesday to Friday. When once the blocking out had been completed, he would dictate the article to his secretary and get him to read it aloud. He would contend that the ear was a more sensitive organ than the eye; it was only when he could listen to his articles as read aloud that he could detect repetitions, assonances or obscurity of language. On Saturday mornings his secretary would go round early to the printer and return with the proof. The whole of Saturday and often of Sunday also would be devoted to correcting, verifying and adding to the proof. . . . By late Sunday afternoon the final version would be delivered. This was Sainte-Beuve's moment of relaxation. He would have an excellent dinner at Pinson's restaurant and thereafter go to the theatre or circus, which he much enjoyed, and walk up and down the boulevards inquisitive and often gay. Then on Tuesday the whole dreary round would begin all over again.

The final impression, however, that he makes on me is the one (in "Twilight of the Gods") he made on Nietzsche:

As a psychologist a genius for *méditation*; inexhaustibly rich in expedients for the purpose; nobody understands better how to mix poison with praise. . . . Ill at ease in the presence of everything possessing strength (public opinion, the Academy, the Court, and even Port-Royal). Embittered against all greatness in men and things, against all that believes in itself. Poet enough and half-woman enough to be sensible of greatness as a power; continually turning like the celebrated worm, because he continually feels himself trodden upon. As a critic, without a standard, without firmness, and without backbone, with the tongue of the cosmopolitan *libertin* in favor of variety, but even without sufficient courage to confess the *libertinage*. As a historian, without a philosophy, without the power of philosophic vision—on that account declining the task of passing judgment in all great questions, holding up "objectivity" as a mask. He behaves otherwise, however, with regard to all matters where a delicate work-out taste is the highest tribunal; there he really has the courage of himself, pleasure in himself—there he is a master.

GOGOL's verdict would probably have been even more severe, for though he was not officially a Slavophile, he shared the Slavs' dislike and fear of all the liberal and rationalistic ideas they associated with the French Enlightenment and Revolution. Nor would he have approved of Sainte-Beuve's personal life, for Gogol seems to have been as nearly sexless as it is possible for a man to be. His physical appearance may not have repelled others like Sainte-Beuve's, but it did not charm them. The critic Sergey Aksakov, who knew him intimately, said:

I don't know a single person who loved Gogol as a friend irrespective of his talent. People laughed at me when I used to



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say that Gogol did not exist for me as a personality, that I looked with veneration and love upon this precious vessel in which the great gift of creative art was enclosed, though I disliked the form of this vessel. . . . To such an extent was Gogol not a man to me, that I, who in my youth was terribly afraid of corpses, could not arouse in myself this feeling of natural dread in the presence of his dead body.

"Every time," writes Mr. Magarshack, "Gogol depicts a beautiful and sexually desirable young woman, he either makes her into an insipid 'chocolate-box beauty,' as in his 'Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka,' or endows her with demonic powers which lead to the utter ruin of her lover, as, for example, in 'Viy,' 'Nevsky Avenue,' 'Taras Bulba,' or even in 'Dead Souls.'" The sudden and violent crush on his childhood friend Danilevsky that he developed in 1838 suggests a homosexual tendency, but it cannot have become conscious; if it had, the following "Freudian" incident could not have occurred:

His desire to possess some part of Danilevsky made him wish to have at least his stick. "You made me a present of it," he wrote three weeks later on the 7th of March 1839, "and I don't know why I didn't take it with me." On April the 2nd he got it. "I went into my room," he wrote to Danilevsky on that date, "and saw your stick lying on the table. That was a wonderful surprise. It seemed to me as though I saw a part of you."

Gogol is one of those authors who have become the subject of a legend—Gogol was a satirical genius, the first Russian writer to expose the rottenness of the social structure of his country, until he had the tragic misfortune to encounter a fanatic priest, Father Matthew, who sent him mad, so that he suddenly renounced everything he had stood for, became violently reactionary, and ended by burning the second part of his masterpiece, "Dead Souls." Legends are seldom baseless, but they are equally seldom quite right, and one of the great merits of Mr.

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Magarshack's biography is that it corrects this legend with facts. Thus, while it is a fact that the bulk of his writing up till 1842 is, in effect, satirical and critical of Russia, Gogol was never a revolutionary who wished to change the regime under which he lived. The truth is that most writers, whatever they may say, are at heart conservative, for the material out of which they create their art, even when it is satire, is life as it actually is. Moreover, the kind of life they understand best is the kind of life they experienced during their formative years; that is to say, their first twenty years. If they do show revolutionary enthusiasms, the motive behind them is usually the romantic and poetic pleasure of seeing things go pop, or a hope that a change of regime will give them an importance and an audience that are at present denied them.

Under any autocratic regime in which all overtly political opposition is impossible, novelists and poets are in an unfortunate position, for everything they write assumes a political importance that they are far from desiring. In a democratic society, "Selected Passages" could never have caused such an uproar. People would have said, "Poor old Gogol! He is a genius but in political matters a baby," and gone back to reading "The Government Inspector" or "Dead Souls." But in Russia such a lighthearted dismissal was impossible; the sense of outrage expressed in the famous letter from the critic Belinsky to Gogol is an indication of the kind of political inspiration Gogol's earlier work had given him.

On the question of religious mania, it is clear that Gogol, who had always been a manic-depressive, began to suffer from it long before he met those two fanatics, Father Matthew and Count Alexander Tolstoy, for as early as 1841 he is writing such sentences as this:

You must do as I tell you, for henceforth my words are invested with divine power, and woe to him who does not listen to them.

As for the burning of the second part of "Dead Souls," this may well have been both a sadder and less tragic event than legend makes it. In the first place, it was not the first time Gogol had burned manuscripts. In 1829, he bought up all the copies he could find of his poem "Hans Kuechelgarten" and burned them; in 1841, he threw the manuscript of his historical play "The Shaven Mustache" into the fire because a friend didn't like it. In the second place, such evidence as exists sug-



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gests that the real reason Gogol succumbed to Father Matthew's bullying and destroyed the "Dead Souls" manuscript was that his artistic conscience told him that his continuation of the novel was not very good.

It is always suspicious when an author keeps writing to his friends about how wonderful his book is *going* to be, while at the same time little of it gets written, and the chapters from an early draft that were found after Gogol's death do not allay this suspicion. Of them, Mr. Magarshack has this to say:

Like his "Selected Passages," they are devoid of humor. Secondly, their positive characters, such as the idealized landowner Kostanjoglo and the idealized taxfarmer Murazov, are not living men at all, but merely pegs on which Gogol hangs the naïve ideas on the complex problems of his time he had already expressed in his "Selected Passages." Chichikov appears in them as a pale reflection of what he was in the first part of the novel, and the Governor-General, who forgives Chichikov as well as his corrupt officials because injustice cannot be rooted out by punishment and the only way of restoring justice in Russia is to appeal to the inbred sense of honor in every Russian heart, is so fantastic a character that he could only have been created by a man who had lost all sense of reality. Even the gormandizer Petukh, the only solid character in the second part, lacks that vitalizing humor of Gogol's which would have brought him to life.

Even Gogol's own comment after he had done the deed is enigmatic:

Some of it ought to have been burnt. As for the rest, they [Tolstoy and Father Matthew] ought to have prayed for me. But when I recover from my illness I'll put it right again.

He did not recover, nor does it seem that he wished to. The doctors could diagnose nothing specific, but nine days later he died screaming.

If it is silly to imagine the might-have-beens in the life of an individual or a nation, it is a silliness none can resist. It would seem that Gogol was one of those writers—there have been many others—whose creative period began and ended early. "Shponka," written when he was only twenty-two, is a completely mature and typical work, and there is little one wishes to read after "The Overcoat," completed when he was thirty-three. Given his temperament, one cannot help feeling that the best solution for him, when his well dried up, would have been the cloister. He would have been happier, that is, if, instead of trying to write a more "moral" kind of work and tell the secular world what it should do, he had simply renounced that world and litera-

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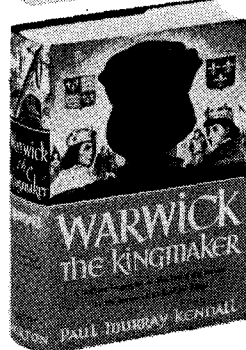
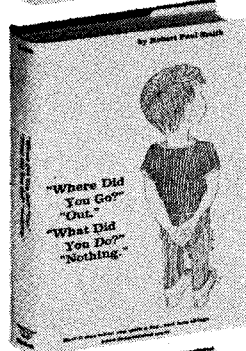
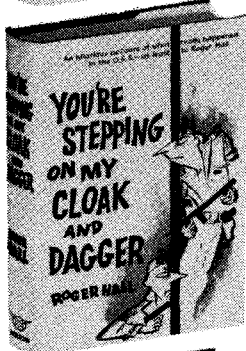
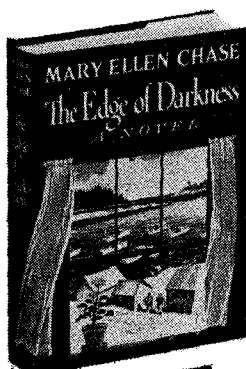
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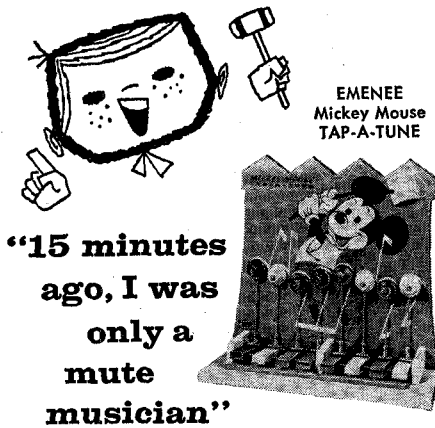
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ture for the contemplative life. This would have involved, of course, renouncing the desire to cut a figure in the world, and for a man who had always thought that great poets should be summoned "to important councils of State as experts on the human heart," such humility would have been difficult. There was more truth than there should have been in Belinsky's accusation:

The humility you preach is, in the first place, not new, and secondly, smacks of terrible pride. . . . Your book does not convey true Christian teaching, but a morbid fear of death, hell, and the devil.

Also, Father Matthew is scarcely the spiritual adviser one would have chosen for him. Had there been a Russian equivalent of Port-Royal, his end might have been happier.

Some of the most interesting passages in Mr. Magarshack's book, as in Sir Harold Nicolson's, are concerned with habits of work. Unlike Sainte-Beuve, Gogol oscillated between periods of intense activity and periods when he was unable to write a word. The early part of the summer of 1838, for example, was a bad period, and we find him writing to Danilevsky in Paris to buy him a wig, in the hope that "it would help to open up the pores of my scalp and thus release my inspiration which is getting clogged." But in July, while he was journeying in Italy from Genzano to Albano, release came:

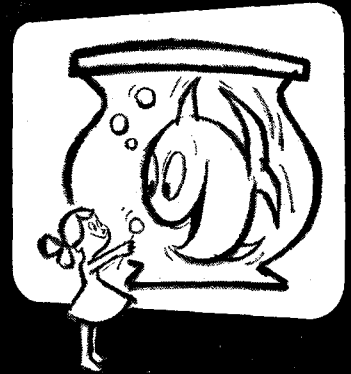
Halfway between those towns is a miserable inn standing on a little hill, with a billiard table in its main saloon, where people are constantly talking in different languages and the billiard balls never cease clicking. I stopped there. I was writing the first volume of "Dead Souls" at the time and never parted from my manuscript. I don't know why, but I felt like writing as soon as I entered the inn. I ordered a small table to be brought and sat down in a corner of the saloon. I took out my manuscript and, in spite of the noise made by the rolling balls, the indescribable din, the rushing about of the pot boys, the smoke, the close atmosphere, I became completely lost to the world and wrote a whole chapter without stirring from my seat. I consider that chapter one of the most inspired in the whole novel.

Like many artists, Gogol had his private magical rites for invoking the Muse:

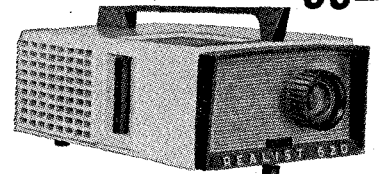
"He waved his arms about," his friend, who watched him through the keyhole of his room, records, "planted his fists on his hips, went through all sorts of contortions and clutched at his hair, ruffling it wildly and pulling most extraordinary faces."

Rather surprisingly for one who wrote in bursts, he was as great a per-

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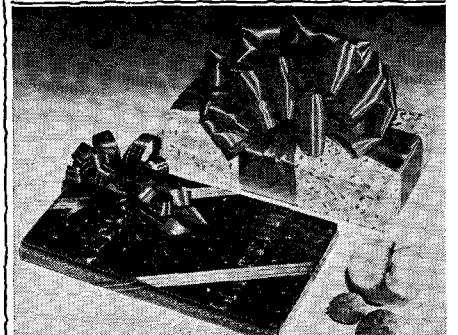
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fectionist in matters of style as Flaubert. One finds him saying:

At first you ought to jot down in a notebook everything as it occurs to you, however bad and watery it may be, but absolutely *everything*, and then forget all about it. After a month or two or even longer (you'll know when yourself), take your notebook out and read it over again: you will see that a great deal in it isn't as it should be, that a great deal of it is superfluous and that something is missing. Make your corrections and observations in the margin and put it away again. When you come to read it again, make new notes in the margin, and if there's no room left there, take a piece of paper and paste it in at the side. When the page is all covered, copy it out in your own hand. While doing this, new ideas, cuts, additions and emendations of style will occur to you by themselves. Among the words you have already written new words will suddenly appear, words which simply have to be there, but which for some reason did not come to you at once. Then, again, put it away. Go on a journey, enjoy yourself, do nothing or write something else. When the right time comes, you will remember your notebook: take it out, read it over again, correct it in the same way, and when it is all filled again, copy it out in your own hand. You will notice as you do so that, together with the improvement in your style and the greater polish of your sentences, your hand seems to have become stronger; you write the letters more firmly and more resolutely. This, in my opinion, must be done at least *eight* times. Someone may find that he could do it in fewer times, and someone else in more times. I do it eight times. Only after being copied out for the eighth time, and always in my own hand, is my work completely and artistically finished. Any further corrections and revisions are quite likely to spoil it.

The life paths of Sainte-Beuve and Gogol crossed once, in June of 1839, on a boat between Civitavecchia and Marseille. Although he was the elder, Sainte-Beuve's successes—"Port-Royal," "Les Lundis," the Academy, the Senate—were all to come, while Gogol's life as a writer was already nearly over. Gogol recommended to Sainte-Beuve the poet Belli, whose sonnets in Roman dialect have only recently been published. The meeting was without significance to either.

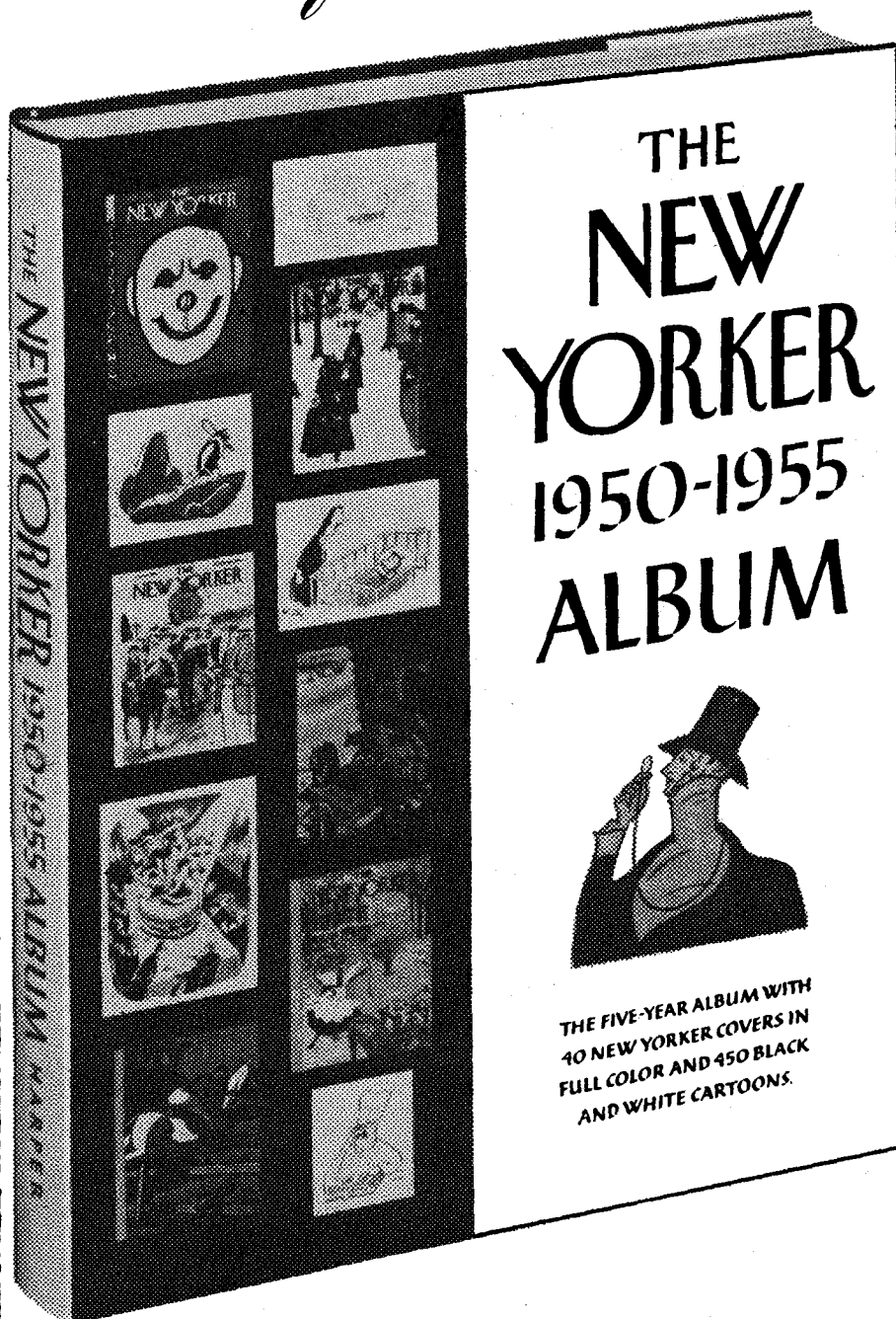
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of personal suffering to become a symbol of tradition and security to her neighbors, most of whom suffer severely from loneliness of one kind or another. It is upon these different manifestations of loneliness—the silent estrangement of husbands and wives, the isolation of the old and of unloved children and of solitary women—that Miss Chase concentrates in this careful and gently written book.

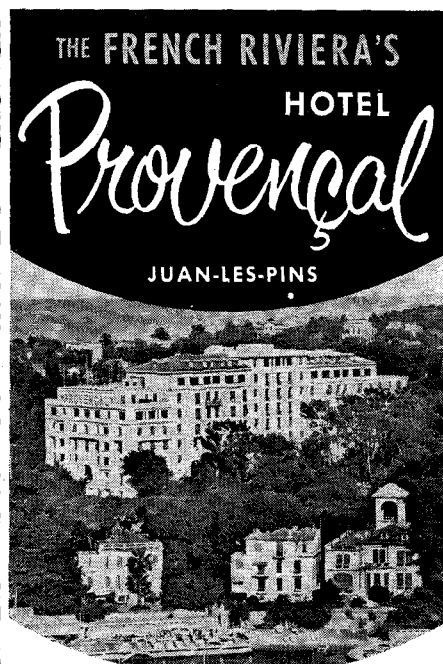
TALE OF A WHISTLING SHRIMP, by Vladimir B. Grinioff (Dutton). This amusing novel about modern Russia centers on the efforts of a good Communist—the vice-president of a bank—to save himself and his family from disgrace and banishment when reports get about that his young daughter has made rude remarks about the Party in public.

THE DANGEROUS GAMES, by Tereska Torrès (Dial). The scene is Paris. Juliette returns from her summer holiday with her two children to find that her husband, Frederic, is having an affair with a family friend, a beautiful night-club singer named Françoise. Juliette is not jealous, but she is sad, and Françoise is sad, too. Juliette and Françoise console each other, and they both console Frederic, who consoles them. Soon Françoise becomes interested in a mild young man named Alain, but he falls in love with Juliette and persuades her to share a love affair with him. Then Alain goes away, and Juliette, who has been guilty and happy, is sad again, but then glad because she and Frederic are still together after all. Sketchy.

I, RACHEL, by March Cost (Vanguard). An intense, romantic, and sometimes not quite coherent novel about the short, stormy life of the great French actress Rachel.

GENERAL

ROGER CASEMENT: A NEW JUDGMENT, by René MacColl (Norton). Roger Casement was born in Ireland in 1864. Most of his adult life was spent in the British consular service, where he served with such distinction (among other things, his exposure of labor conditions in Peru and in the rubber camps of the Belgian Congo attracted worldwide attention) that a knighthood was conferred upon him in 1911. At the outbreak of the 1914 war, having retired on a pension from the service and become surreptitiously interested in the Irish Republican movement,



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he skipped to Germany and attempted to recruit Irish prisoners of war into an anti-English "Irish Brigade." On the eve of the Easter Rebellion, he was landed, by German submarine, in Ireland, fell at once into the hands of the Royal Constabulary, and was hustled back to England, where he was charged with treason, tried, convicted, and hanged. Such are the indisputable facts of Casement's career. There are, however, certain aspects of his life about which controversy has long raged. One is: Was he actually guilty of treason? Another is: Was he a homosexual? At the time of his arrest, the English authorities informally announced that a diary had been found among Casement's effects that vividly recorded, in his own hand, numerous homosexual experiences. The allegation, though irrelevant, served to halt a popular demand that his sentence be commuted. But since that 1916 announcement, all requests to see the diary have been refused by the British government, with the natural result that its existence has come to be challenged. Like all Casement's biographers, Mr. MacColl, an English journalist, finds himself confronted by these two insistent questions. His answer to both is a well-considered affirmative. Casement did, he believes—and forcefully demonstrates—attempt to suborn Irish prisoners of war in Germany. And while he deplors the official policy that withholds the diary from responsible examination, he thinks that there is sufficient evidence in Casement's life to establish the authenticity of its homosexual content. For the rest, Mr. MacColl has produced a thoroughly admirable portrait—objective, understanding, and wonderfully entertaining—of a most contradictory man.

THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT, by Alfred Noyes (Citation). Another English view of the Casement controversy, and, as the title (from Yeats' "The Ghost of Roger Casement") proclaims, an impassioned one. Until recently, Mr. Noyes was comfortably satisfied that Casement was both a traitor and a homosexual, but a reexamination of the evidence has now convinced him that both charges are false. His argument is vigorous but, in the light of Mr. MacColl's coolheaded appraisal, not very compelling.

FORD: EXPANSION AND CHALLENGE 1915-33, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill (Scribner). The sec-



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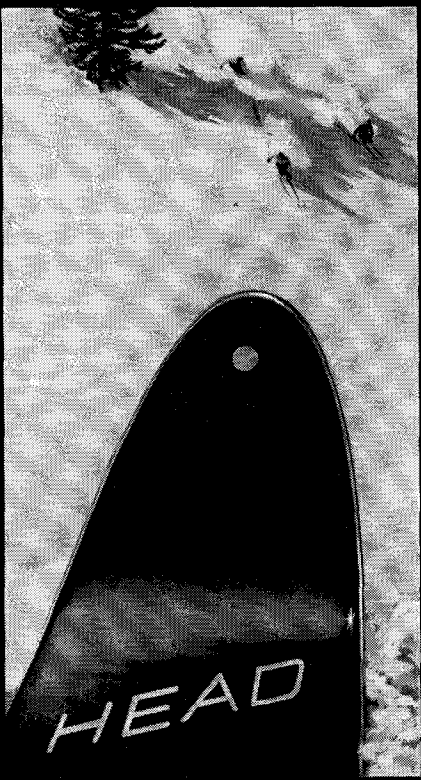
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ond volume of the authors' monumental history of the Ford Motor Company, covering the years of the ascendancy of the Model T, the First World War (and Henry Ford's unfortunate, well-intentioned Peace Ship mission), the coming of the Model A, and the beginning of the depression. Although this is a biography of an industry, the spry, inspired Uncle Wiggly that was Henry Ford peeps out from every page. We see him pursuing his hobbies—his love affair with the soybean, his dismal experiments with "edible-weed" sandwiches, his accumulation of antiques and the artifacts of a pastoral life that he did more than any other one man to destroy—and, less happily, we see him carrying on his bitter and foolish war with the Jews. We also catch glimpses of the little-understood tragedy of his relationship with his brilliant, upright, and unhappy son Edsel. The present volume, which may well be the high point of this project, is a sound piece of scholarship combined with careful popular writing, and it contains a telling likeness of one of the most uncommon common men ever to walk the earth. Photographs.

7 YEARS' SOLITARY, by Edith Bone (Harcourt, Brace). A Hungarian by birth (1889), a medical graduate of Budapest University, and a resident of Britain since 1933, Dr. Bone joined the Communist Party in 1919, in what was then Petrograd, and worked actively in its service in Russia, France, Italy, Germany, and England until 1949. On October 1st of that year, while serving as a correspondent of the *London Daily Worker* in Budapest, she was suddenly arrested by the secret police of the Hungarian Communist regime, surreptitiously charged with being a British spy, and quietly put in prison. She was held there, in solitary confinement, until 1956, when the abortive revolution enabled her to escape home to England. This book is her account of that seven-year ordeal—of physical endurance, of moral stamina, and of mental resilience. It is at once an indoor version of the Robinson Crusoe story, an icy exposure of Communist sham, and a long look into the remarkable mind of a supremely hard-bitten woman, and on all counts it is truly incomparable. Photographs, drawings, and a map.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS, by George Seaver (Har-



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per). A whopping biography of the great African explorer and medical missionary who was found by Stanley but had never been lost. Dr. Seaver, himself a clergyman with experience in Africa, tells Livingstone's story, from his boyhood in a Scots cotton factory, through more adventures than Ulysses', to his lonely death in the jungle, in great detail—sometimes in too much detail. He seasons his own journeyman prose with liberal excerpts from Livingstone's journals and letters, which are sometimes glibly pious, sometimes disingenuous (as when he reassures himself about accepting a gift of stolen cattle with I Corinthians 10:25), but always vigorous and wonderfully witty. Photographs and maps, some with Livingstone's own markings.

AND THERE WAS LIGHT, by Rudolf Thiel, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). A really first-rate popular history of astronomy—informed, well written, and dramatic when it has occasion to be. Mr. Thiel seems to be equally at home with ancient speculations, with the exploits of the Renaissance geniuses Copernicus, Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, and with modern theories about the stars of the hundred million galaxies now visible through a good telescope, including such troupers as the star Zeta Aurigae, which periodically boils over. There is a final chapter on space travel and flying saucers, but no mention of Sputnik, which uncoöperatively took off while the book was on the press. Many photographs and drawings.

THE GUILTY AND THE INNOCENT: MY FIFTY YEARS AT THE OLD BAILEY, by William Bixley (Philosophical Library). A chatty memoir of crime and punishment by a recently retired supervisory official of the Central Criminal Court, or, as it is more familiarly known, the Old Bailey, in London, before whose unruffled gaze ("Cutting the legs off a corpse is a prolonged and invariably noisy business") have passed practically all of contemporary England's most celebrated murderers, traitors, and embezzlers. Photographs.

LETTERS OF A RUSSIAN TRAVELER: 1789-90, by N. M. Karamzin, translated by Florence Jonas (Columbia). This curious little book, which here makes its first modern appearance in English, recounts the impact that late-eighteenth-century Germany, Switzerland, France, and

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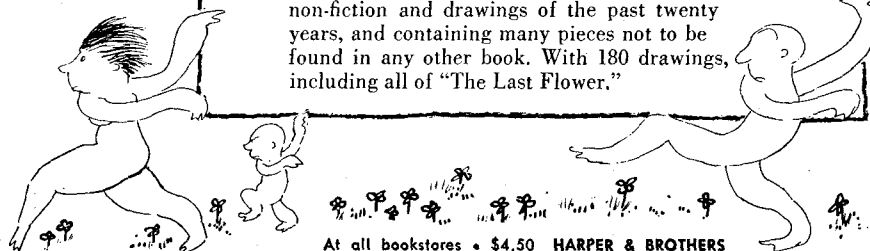
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England had on a young aristocratic Russian writer of almost swooning sensibility. Karamzin viewed Western Europe through the widest possible eyes ("A magnificent statue of Henry IV, most beloved of French kings. Was I able to walk past it? No! My feet just would not move; my eyes just stared at the image of the hero"), but in the intervals between such giddy spells he was capable of much shrewd and vivid observation, and his comments on the English ("So difficult is English pronunciation, so tricky, that the ear can hardly recognize the word which the eye knows! . . . It seems as though either the mouths of the English are gagged or there is a heavy tax for opening them. The people here scarcely unclench their teeth; they whistle, suggest, but do not talk") are keen enough.

THE SHAPE OF CONTENT, by Ben Shahn (Harvard). A book based on a series of six lectures that Mr. Shahn gave during a term he spent at Harvard as Charles Eliot Norton Professor. In it he sets forth his views on both the practice and the purposes of art with a clarity, cogency, and incisiveness that any professional writer might envy, and he manages to interweave with this a good deal of interesting material about his own development as an artist, as well as a running summary of his opinions on contemporary painting in general. These are sharply defined and a trifle crusty (he's against all art without social or philosophic content, and, perhaps a bit arbitrarily, he condemns most nonfigurative work on that basis), and since he names names quite frankly, the book is highly controversial. But it is also highly stimulating, mainly because of the very force and earnestness of his convictions. Illustrated, rather scatteredly, with reproductions of some of his own line drawings.

ALPHABETS AND BIRTHDAYS, by Gertrude Stein (Yale). In addition to the title piece, this volume, which is the seventh in the Yale University series of Miss Stein's unpublished writings, contains "All Sunday," "A Birthday Book," "Dahomy, or As Soft a Noise," "Birth and Marriage," "A Diary," and "History or Messages from History." Most of its elements were conceived by their author as entertainments for children. They are certainly not for adults. Donald C. Gallup, one of the editors of the series, contributes an introduction, the



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opening line of which is worthy of Miss Stein herself: "The winter of 1939-40 was a trying one in many ways."

THE WORLD TREASURY OF GRAND OPERA, edited by George R. Marek (Harper). This is a big (674 pages) and exceptionally intelligent anthology of all sorts of writing about opera. Its selections include fiction (the number of novelists who have taken their characters to the opera is remarkable), memoirs of and by performers and composers, essays in music appreciation and criticism, and journalism, history, and funny pieces. The choice of material is brilliant, and the scissors-and-paste work so deft that each item seems just the right length. Nothing so good has appeared in this field in years.

CARUSO: HIS LIFE IN PICTURES, by Francis Robinson, with a Caruso discography by John Secrist (Studio-Crowell). This is a fascinating and moving collection. Caruso, as everybody knows, was no beauty. And yet in these pictures, which show him as he was—short and pudgy, sometimes wearing an absurd mustache, and got up either in the eye-shattering mufti he fancied or in unlikely theatrical costumes—he is a delight to the eye. Perhaps this is because he was such a forceful, lively human being—a man who was so real, so immediate, that he became legendary in his own lifetime.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY, by Madge Garland (Barrows). An absorbing and handsomely printed pictorial survey of women's relentless—and no doubt sometimes despairing—efforts to keep up with the ukases issued by sculptors, artists, dress designers, photographers, and other dictators as to what is attractive. Miss Garland, until recently a professor of fashion design at the Royal College of Art, starts with a roughly sculptured stone torso of 3000 B.C. ("The story begins with a waist") and ends with present-day movie queens. Her theme is that every device of seduction, from the chignon (shown on a Sardinian gravestone of about 300 B.C. and on Canova's "Sleeping Nymph," for example), through pearl drop earrings (Titian's daughter Lavinia Vercelli, and the Marchioness of Headfort), to the heavily defined eyebrow (the Etruscan belles and Elizabeth Taylor), recurs over and over again through the years, the one exception being, happily, the protruding stom-



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ach favored by Dürer and Cranach. Miss Garland takes us through this roster with all the wit and assurance of an emancipated aunt discoursing on a gallery of family portraits. In dealing with Marilyn Monroe, "the personification of sex . . . of two continents," she adds, "Recently, however, she has starred with Sir Laurence Olivier and has married the well-known playwright Arthur Miller." That is the most heavily loaded "however" of the season. Ten dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHAT MRS. MCGILLICUDDY SAW!, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). The great mistress of the last-minute switch is at it again in this story, which begins with one elderly lady witnessing a murder from a train window and winds up with another one (Miss Marple) teaching Scotland Yard the rudiments of its business. Even the experts have given up any attempt to outguess Miss Christie, but it is still fun to try.

ANOTHER MAN'S MURDER, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). Mrs. Eberhart this time is interested rather less in murder than in romance (it takes the hero about a hundred and fifty pages to learn that he has always been in love with the wrong girl), and this, of course, is unfortunate. Still, her plot is well enough worked out; the Florida landscape is given a kind of ladylike charm; and the author's style remains as brisk and competent as any in the field.

A Californian offers the following as a typewriter test, twenty-five letter sentence, including every letter in the alphabet: "Fox: Lend Kip my jug. B. V. Schwartz."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Somebody's been at that jug.

The women presently wear only their badges (Nos. 25 to 28) and a white belt similar to those issued to the school safety patrol. Uniforms are expected to arrive within the next two weeks however. —*Point Pleasant Beach (N.J.) Leader*.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Tucson Star*]

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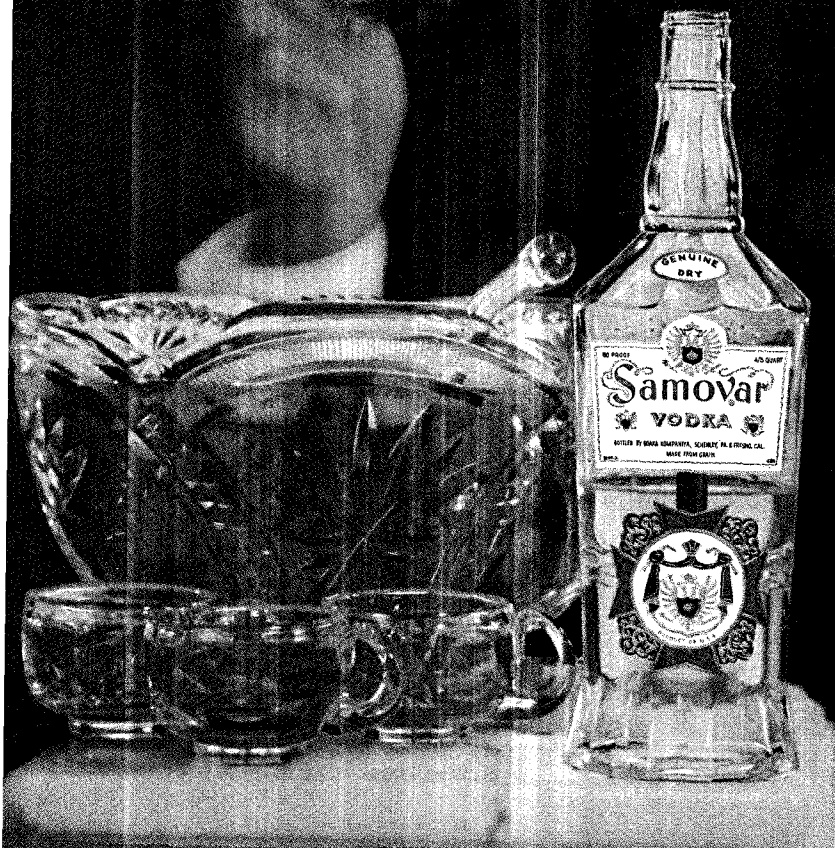
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Samovar VODKA



How to make Modern Holiday Punches

JUBILEE PUNCH. Pour over ice in a punch bowl: one bottle (fifth) Samovar Vodka, two quarts cranberry juice and a quart of sparkling water. Stir, add lemon juice for extra tang. It's delicious! (Serves 25 people at less than 20 cents per serving.) Take it easy... make it easy with Samovar Vodka.

HOLLY PUNCH. Pour over ice in a punch bowl: one bottle (fifth) Samovar Vodka, four jiggers green creme de menthe, and one quart sparkling water.

CONFETTI PUNCH. Pour one bottle (fifth) Samovar Vodka over ice in a punch bowl, chill. Add 2 fifths Cook's Champagne. Float maraschino cherries